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Harpers

MAGAZINE

WHAT SHALL WE TELL THE CHILDREN?

The Dilemma of the Modern Parent

By LIEGAN STIMES

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Henry Emerson Fosdick
John Langdon-Davies
Anne Seaver Richardson

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Harper's Magazine

THE CONTENTS FOR APRIL 1929

Frontispiece in Color	EUGENE SPEICHER	
What Shall We Tell the Children?	LILLIAN SYMES	529
Strong As a Man. *A Story*	RUTH SUCKOW	540
What Is Christianity?	HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK	551
An Apology for the Visiting Lecturer	JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES	562
Our New Sub-Plutocracy	DUNCAN AIKMAN	570
Conspiracy. *A Story*	LAURA SPENCER PORTOR	580
Women in the Campaign	ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON	585
The Academic Mind	HAROLD J. LASKI	593
"Black Man Trouble"	JOHN W. VANDERCOOK	602
The Conquest of Tuberculosis With Diagram	LOUIS I. DUBLIN	607
How the English Middle-Class Lives	GEOFFREY LAYMAN	616
Return. *A Story*	JOHN FRAZIER VANCE	625
A Sick Man in Spring. *A Poem*	ROBERT NICHOLS	631
The Cult of Unintelligibility	MAX EASTMAN	632
Bull Market	CHARLES MERZ	640
The Lion's Mouth "How to Make Household Scenes," by Frances Lester Warner — "The Swimmers," by John Macy — "So a Man Suffers," by MacGregor Jenkins. Drawings by A. B. Walker.		647
Editor's Easy Chair "Einstein Gets Us Guessing"	EDWARD S. MARTIN	653
Personal and Otherwise		657
Among the New Books	HARRY HANSEN	*Among Front Advertising Pages*
Where to Shop	JANE LORING	*Among Front Advertising Pages*
In the Financial World	PAUL TOMLINSON	*Among Back Advertising Pages*
Community and Industrial Opportunities	DON E. MOWRY	*Among Back Advertising Pages*
Steamship Sailing Dates		*Among Back Advertising Pages*

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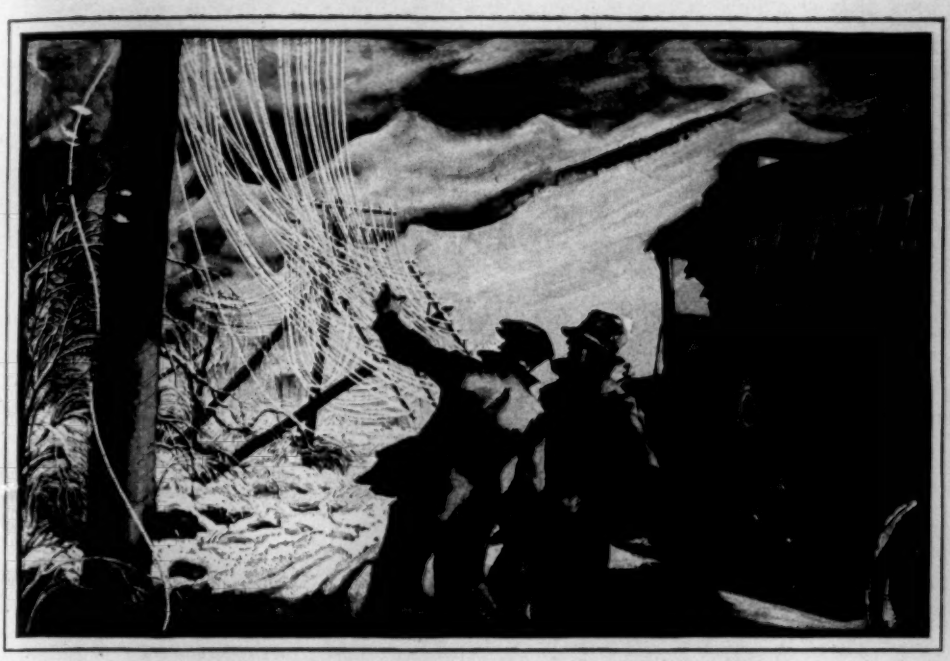

Suddenly, out of a spring sky . . .

An Advertisement of the
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All was well on the telephone front on April 27, 1928. Suddenly, out of a spring sky, rain began to fall over central Pennsylvania. As night came on this turned into a furious storm of sleet, snow and wind. Inside of 48 hours, 3700 telephone poles were down. Seven thousand miles of wire tangled wreckage. Thirty-nine exchanges isolated. Eleven thousand telephones silent.

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THE UNSOCIAL CHRISTIAN — Katharine Fullerton Gerould

Written out of deliberate conviction, this paper carries in an unexpected direction our discussion of the present status of Christianity in the modern world. Mrs. Gerould's contentions are no less ably presented than those of Bishop Fiske and Dr. Fosdick, and quite different.

MUST OUR CHILDREN START WHERE WE DID? — Emily Newell Blair

The Collinses have made money. Mr. Collins insists that his son and daughter begin married life without the aid of this money — that they learn to "make their own way." Mrs. Blair thinks he is utterly wrong. Her article, calling in question as it does a tenacious American tradition, will be strenuously debated in thousands of families.

EXPLORING SPACE — Edwin Hubble

The brilliant astronomer of the Mt. Wilson Observatory tells of the extraordinary extension of the limits of the known universe that huge telescopes and new scientific methods have made possible, and makes our whole galaxy of millions of stars look very small indeed.

ALIAS WALT WHITMAN — Harvey O'Higgins

A new explanation of the "good gray poet" which completely upsets most of the prevalent ideas about him, but is based upon documentary evidence and Mr. O'Higgins's knowledge of modern psychology.

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by HIRAM MOTHERWELL

PEOPLE WHO WANT TO BE EDUCATED
by LOLA JEAN SIMPSON

TEETH AND HEALTH
by LOUIS I. DUBLIN and DR. THADDEUS P. HYATT

MAKING TROUT MEDICINE
by BRENDAN LEE

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

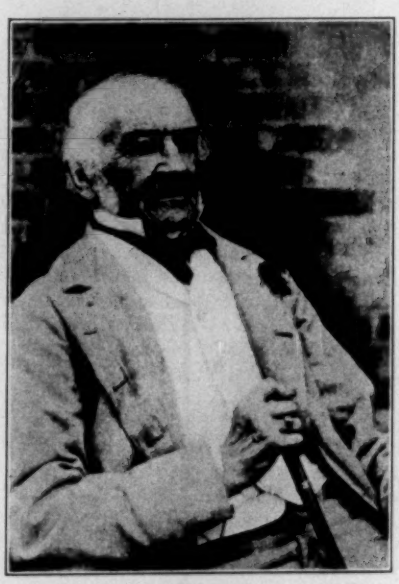
JOURNALISTS may properly be divided into two groups: they are either reporters or editors, and only a desk divides them. All the other numerous titles that have grown up in newspaper offices to designate divisions of labor are but elaborations of these two terms. The reporter has lately appeared in the world of books in various guises: we have him as police reporter in *The Front Page* by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, and *In the Reign of Rothstein* by Donald Henderson Clarke; we see him as the energetic and belligerent foreign correspondent in *You Can't Print That* by George Seldes, and as the student of foreign mentalities and customs in *Last Changes, Last Chances* by H. W. Nevinson; and in the form of the political correspondent he writes down tales of leaders in *Masks in a Pageant*, by William Allen White, and *Presidents I've Known* by Charles Willis Thompson. Readers who enjoy tales about personalities will find Mr. Thompson's book to their liking. It describes his association with McKinley, Taft, Harding, Roosevelt, Wilson, and Coolidge, and two "near presidents," Hanna and Bryan. Although tremendous quantities of stories have been told about Roosevelt, Mr. Thompson has some you haven't heard; and certainly he reveals a side of Wilson that has not been apparent in the formal biographies. Woodrow Wilson had a strange suspicious temperament but he had also a friendly side; and the newspaper men who knew him in the governor's office at Trenton, N. J., and in Washington recognized it. Mr. Thompson has been extremely fair and generous; he represents the correspondent who will not take unfair advantage of the chance remarks of a statesman but rather seeks to reflect his personality as a whole. There were times when Taft, who was an honest and able man in office, talked indiscreetly to the newspapermen without knowing what trouble his remarks might make; and time and again the men protected him. Roosevelt always weighed his words, and frequently knew the effect they would have, phrasing them with this end in view. Bryan was always the opportunist, and Mr. Thompson reveals him as good-natured and generous, but scarcely a first-rate intelligence, taking up issues which he thought would bring success and appraising every event in the light of its effect on his career. The political chicanery by which Harding became president is commented on in detail by Mr. Thompson, who saw it all; and the Harding administration comes in for harsh criticism. On the other hand there is an appreciative consideration of the character and work of President Coolidge, the man who did not overstep his authority. Mr. Thompson's study of the Coolidge style, which he regards as ideally adapted to dissemination among the nation, will interest those who have considered it not merely simple but empty. An able book, it does not aim to go far below the surface, nor does it give much attention to tendencies and motives. (Bobbs-Merrill.)

H. W. NEVINSON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

H. W. Nevinson is not only a great journalist, he is a great man. The last book of his autobiography reveals that. It is *Last Changes, Last Chances*, thus following the two previous volumes, which were called

Among the New Books

Changes and Chances, and *More Changes, More Chances*. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) This book deals with the Great War, the Roger Casement affair in Ireland, the Peace of Versailles, post-war troubles in Ireland, the French occupation of the Ruhr, and Mr. Nevinson's impressions of the United States. Always deeply interested in the underlying human significance of political events, Mr. Nevinson has looked beyond the moment and developed his own philosophy. "If the old philosopher was right in defining happiness as the active exercise of a man's vital powers along the lines of excellence, and in a life affording full scope for their development, I have no right to complain of scanty opportunities," writes Mr. Nevinson. He has traveled far and observed much, and his sympathies have extended to those whom fate treated harshly. Mr. Nevinson has never been an apologist for oppression, and has never been convinced that any one government was able to solve all the problems of the world. His views on the United States are those of the enlightened traveler; he attended the Disarmament Conference, the Republican Convention which nominated Warren G. Harding for president, and lived at Hull House in Chicago.



W. E. GLADSTONE
From "After Thirty Years" by Lord Gladstone

At Concord, Mass., he saw America's literary shrines and found contentment in the solitude of the woods surrounding Walden Pond, "the place I had wished to visit more than any other in America. It was there that my friend Thoreau had lived, and there in loneliness had conceived the little book which to me is the most beautiful product that ever sprang from American soil, as he himself was the most beautiful and courageous nature." There are many fine passages of observation and introspective reasoning in Mr. Nevinson's autobiography.

"THE TRUE HEART"

Sylvia Townsend Warner commands a style as individual as that of the late Elinor Wylie; she possesses tricks of phrase and ironic humor that make her novels delightful reading. Those who became acquainted with her through *Lolly Willowes* and *Mr. Fortune's Maggot* will find her latest book, *The True Heart*, wholly to their taste. She has again permitted the reader to maintain his air of superiority in observing creatures less knowing than he is, and she has slyly made their innocence and naïveté an appealing quality. Sukey Bond is the true heart, a little girl whom we meet as she gets her diploma from the orphanage where she has been taught the rudiments of domestic science; she passes out of its portals to take service on a lonely farm in Essex, which the tide often converts into an island. Sukey is a confiding and faithful soul; she observes the moods of nature and man; she falls in love with Eric, who has been planted on the farm because his mother, the wife of a rector, cannot have him about, for Eric is regarded simply as an idiot. But that does not affect Sukey's love for him, and when he is rudely removed from the farm she breaks her service to follow him and seek him out. Her adventures are those of an innocent and guileless child who enlists immediately the protection of Providence. Lone men on the road give her shelter, even the madam of a dive gives Sukey the best advice she knows and helps her on her way. The author's style undergoes no change, but her story becomes more and more improbable as Sukey progresses and, although the little girl's visit to the Queen brings out some highly ironic passages, the incidents seem less in keeping with the rest of the book. The author has such good command of her method, however, that the

Book of the Month Club choice for April!

DRUNK with power, he built an empire, a religion, and a reputation for debauchery supported by six wives. But the lecher wanted only to be a father; the king only wanted a son! And his cry for an heir, for an extension of his power, echoed throughout the continent, sending wives and ministers to the scaffold, immersing Europe in a bath of blood.

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by *Alfred L. Hall-Quest, Ph. D.*

Man isn't good because he *can't* be, says Dr. Hall-Quest. He presents his proof lucidly, wittily, humanely, throwing light, as he does so, on that fascinating enigma—MAN. Large, 12 mo., $2.50.

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by *Burton Rascoe*

A witty, teeming round of impressions, contacts, and critical edicts on the entire cultural world of today and yesterday. Edited by C. Hartley Grattan. Large, 12 mo., $3.00.

reader's enjoyment is not lessened, even when Sukey's adventures pass into the realm of royalty. (The Viking Press.)

THE CAREER OF A PRIMA DONNA

A rich knowledge of the opera in all its phases underlies *Prima Donna*, a novel of musical life by Pitts Sanborn, New York music critic. An ambitious and technical work in two volumes, it sketches the career of an American singer from her beginnings in a Puritan community in Ohio to her rise as prima donna soprano in Paris, South America, and at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City. Helma Seymour learns how to sing and, what is more interesting, to act, for she is a cold, self-contained person, despite the fact that she engages in various love affairs before the climax of her career. With an intimate knowledge of the intricacies of opera, of the careers of great singers, and of operatic methods in many lands, Mr. Sanborn builds up one of the most complete backgrounds that I have met with in any recent novel. For comparison one is drawn immediately toward Franz Werfel's delightful novel, *Verdi*, which also made use of an intimate knowledge of the opera. Whether the career of Helma Seymour is typical or not, it is revealing, for it discloses a hard path to success. La Seymour passes from one teacher to another; several are her best friends and advisors, but one takes advantage of her youth and inexperience. It is this man, a Spaniard named Gonsalvo, who makes the greatest impression upon her; for, many years after he has cast her aside, she repays him by becoming his benefactor, and thus cleansing her soul of any lingering rancor. Each of the numerous men who enter her life contributes his share; but her attitude is cold and unfeeling and, although there are moments when she finds happiness in their arms, it is not for long. Her career is to her the great factor in her life, and somehow she does not let men stand in her way. This gives Helma a certain aloofness, a lack of emotional qualities, with the result that the reader never becomes keenly concerned about her, even when she stands in the wings of the opera at Tours awaiting her debut as Leonora in "Il Trovatore," or when she is about to sing for the first time at the National Opera in Paris, or even in New York City. New York comes rather late in her career, when she is assured of her power; and we do not witness such emotional outbursts as accompanied the arrival of Marion Talley, whose debut was made the occasion for a great gathering of "home town folks." Considering Helma's background in Byzantium, Ohio, she probably acted as the average American woman would, and while a highly intelligent person, she is less convincing as a character in a novel. The musical element in the book is by no means amateurish; Mr. Sanborn knows whereof he writes; it never loses its interest for those who love the opera and its milieu, but for those who seek the novel first and the setting last, the paint is apt to lie a bit too thick on the canvas. The puzzle about Helma is that with so little of the emotional woman in her she should have ventured so often in what she thinks of as "theological sin." Her coldness is admitted from the first—in her first lessons in her home town she is offish, disdainful—and during one of her most successful love affairs, Ravet, her lover, laments the fact that she has not yet caught fire and wonders if her voice and her art will do so in Norma, or Isolde. At the end, after a humiliating failure in Mexico City, where Helma sings because she is to receive ten thousand dollars a night, the largest amount ever paid to a woman, she agrees nonchalantly to marry a man for whom she really has little feeling. If this is the typical career of a prima donna it offers little hope that

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
Author of "This Strange Adventure"

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MARY ROBERTS RINEHART'S NEW NOVEL

The growing tendency of Mary Roberts Rinehart to dig beneath the routine of everyday life for motives and influences that shape men and women bears marked fruit in *This Strange Adventure*. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.) The strange adventure, of course, is life, and it is lived chiefly by Missie, whom we observe through childhood, young womanhood, wifehood, and motherhood. This is an earnest attempt to uncover the deep influences that move a woman to act this way and that, or not to act at all. Basic, of course, is her upbringing in the eighties, as the child of a quarrelsome mother and a wayward father whom she has learned to loathe, and imbued more with loyalty than independent character. The society in which she moves, the rigid puritanism of her relatives, suppresses what small tendency toward self-expression possessed her; even her reasoned attempts at independent action fail when emotion and habit defeat her purpose. She gets no opportunity to love the man of her choice because her family is bent on finding a place for her in society; the man she marries turns out to be a rake, but convention demands faithfulness and forgiveness, and divorce is unthinkable. When another man who sympathizes with her finally gives her a vista of pleasant places, the coming of her son makes any break in her family life impossible. After that she is the mother; and her final rebellion brings with it tremendous emotional punishment, so that she is glad to crawl back to her child and beg forgiveness from her errant husband. Throughout the story Missie is the victim of circumstances which her own reasoning permits to continue. Even as a mature woman she falls victim to the domination of her son, who can hardly view life through her eyes. Missie is a pitiful figure, worn down by generations of correct conduct, which is here amply proved to be fatal to human character and independence. Mrs. Rinehart carries the story from the days of bustles and nineteen-inch waists to the present time, showing eloquently that the victories won by the younger generation do not apply to women who belong to an older era, for the newer freedom has given them merely troubled minds and an uncertain existence. As a foil against Missie, we have her sister Eileen, who cares not a fig for social distinction and marries into a group of newly rich; but she appears too little in the picture for us to follow her mental adventures. Mrs. Rinehart's book makes none of the usual concessions to story-book life, and may be thought of as a slice of American social readjustment, picturing the tragedy of the woman who cannot break with the past. Missie is consistent throughout, paying the price of respectability as many another woman has paid it in changing America.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER
Author of "The Grand Manner"

THE STORY OF ABIGAIL ADAMS

The life-story of the wife of the second president of the United States is no less remarkable than that of her husband, John Adams, and her son, John Quincy Adams. In *Abigail Adams: the Second First Lady*, Dorothie Bobbé has written a moving account of her life, from the days when, as Abigail Smith of Weymouth, Mass., she married John Adams, son of a farmer-shoemaker in Braintree. In the span of her lifetime the foundations for the United States were laid, and her husband was an active participant in its making. The author has rightfully depicted these great episodes from the woman's point of view. We see her worrying over her husband's safety during the days when the alarm was sounded by

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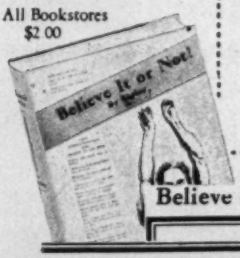

THE MARCHING CHINESE

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Lady Gough, distinguished blue-nose of England, wrote a book on Etiquette in 1863, and on page 80 I find this paragraph.

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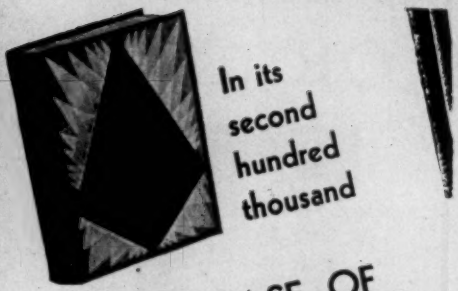

THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA

By ARNOLD ZWEIG

SIR PHILIP GIBBS says: "A really great book written by a man of rare genius who shows how the machinery of war entraps the souls of men and women caught in its wheels. It has made a deep impression upon my imagination."

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Paul Revere and the soldiers of Gage searched for her husband and John Hancock. She feeds the soldiers of the Revolution, gives shelter to whole families, contributes her share of the pewter spoons needed for bullets. From the hill behind her house she and little Johnny Quincy watch the battle of Bunker Hill and the burning of Charlestown, and there she learns of the death of the good Doctor Warren. The great days to which orators refer to-day were days of waiting and hoping, days of privation and tragedy. John Adams was in the thick of everything, taking part in the Congress, in the drafting of the Declaration, in appealing to France, in the making of the Constitution. We observe Abigail through it all, and pardon her for that little touch of apprehension which came when she reflected on her husband amid the gaieties of the French capital. We follow her to that strange village of muddy streets and swampy lands called Washington, where, as first lady of the land, she hung her washing in the uncompleted audience room of the White House, which even lacked front steps, for that matter. During a long career John Adams served his country in many capacities; his wife was his staunch helpmeet. They were able to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding, and she saw her son John Quincy Adams well on the way to high position, although she did not live to see him president. She had seen him help make peace at Ghent, and act as minister to England, then return to become secretary of state in the cabinet of James Monroe. There he was when she died, in 1818, aged seventy-four years. For eight long years her husband John Adams survived her, dying on that great day of his career, July 4, at the same time that Jefferson breathed his last at Monticello, in 1826. He was ninety years old and his son was in the White House. Abigail Adams has well deserved this biography. (Minton, Balch & Co.)

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Never was title better fitted to book than in the case of *The Cradle of the Deep*, by Joan Lowell. Joan is a girl who actually grew up on a sailing ship, and who has told the story of her upbringing at the urgent request of writers who have heard her tell her sea tales. The result is that a brisk wind blows through the narrative, which has been written with vigor and dash. Joan grew up under the tutelage of her father on shipboard, and for many years knew none of the milder qualities

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of women. Sailors were her companions and her protectors; high adventure was her lot; her education proceeded apace at a rope's end. She identifies herself as follows: "My father's ship, the *Minnie A. Caine*, was a four-masted, windjammer rigged schooner, engaged in the copra and sandalwood trade between the islands of the South Seas and Australia. I couldn't remember when I wasn't on a ship. Born in Berkeley, Cal., I was the eleventh child in our family. My mother hated the sea. Over a period of years father worked himself up until he was the ranking captain of the Alaska Packers fleet of salmon ships." But her great adventures occurred in the South Seas. Whether any other girl will envy her is problematical. Used to wearing overalls all her life, next to the skin, with no knowledge of woman's finery or woman's ways, Joan respected no social bugaboos, and learned to swear like any sailor. Like them, too, she could climb the rigging and enjoy a plunge in the surf. The members of the crew thought her a nuisance. Her father's wrath protected her from advances; she was the most carefully watched child on shipboard. Her book is a story of childish mischief and of strange situations in which she found herself. She narrowly escaped being tattooed—her father arrived in time; she was narrowly prevented from paying the penalties of strip poker; she tried her best to become a barmaid on shore, but her father spoiled her fun; she learned all the secrets of maternity by watching a native woman bear a child in the South Sea Islands; and when, finally, she was turned over to her mother, she made so much trouble that the family was glad to see her taken back on board ship. *The Cradle of the Deep* is a racy tale, and its authenticity is attested by the publishers, Simon & Schuster, who tell me that Joan is one of the most interesting young women they have ever known.

AMONG THE NEW PLAYS

Readers who follow the publication of plays in book form will be interested in *Plays of American Life and Fantasy*, a collection of stimulating plays made by Edith J. R. Isaacs, editor of the *Theater Arts Monthly*. (Coward-McCann.) These are plays of high adventure, and not "for folk without human interest and without imagination," says the author. They have been chosen from the rich addition which American authors have been making to the treasury of plays for the last dozen years. Some of these plays have

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R. S. Hancock, Box 691, Raleigh, N. C., is but one of many men and women trained by the Newspaper Institute of America to make their gift for writing pay prompt dividends. He writes:

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been published only in the *Theater Arts Monthly*. Here are "Moonshine" by Arthur Hopkins; "The Dreamy Kid" by Eugene O'Neill; "Blockade" by Olivia Howard Dunbar; "Brother Bill" and "Trap Doors" by Alfred Kreymborg; "The No 'Count Boy" by Paul Green; "Rose Windows" and "The Queen of Sheba" by Stark Young; "The Portrait of Tiero" by Zoe Akins; "The Autocrat of the Coffee Stall" by Harold Chapin, and half a dozen more. As the author points out, all America has contributed to the settings for these plays; they are not limited to Broadway and the office buildings of New York. *Wings over Europe*, a play by Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne which saw presentation in New York City at the hands of the Theater Guild, has been issued in book form by Covici, Friede. This is the play that takes place at No. 10 Downing Street and discusses war and defense of the future—and has no woman in the whole formal cast of characters. Then *Caprice* by Sil-Vara, adapted for the Theater Guild by Philip Moeller, has been put into book form (Doubleday, Doran). It must be twenty years since I read "Waste" and "The Voysey Inheritance." Their author, Harley Granville-Barker, whose name once meant wizardry in the theater, has just written another full play, *His Majesty*, which has been issued in book form by Little, Brown & Co. The same house publishes *Low Life and Other Plays* by Mazo de la Roche, whose *Jalna* was a widely read novel of last year, and two formidable volumes containing plays that are useful to every student of English literature—*British Plays from the Restoration to 1820* edited by Montrose J. Moses, including examples from Etheredge, Wycherley, Dryden, Congreve, Cibber, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and Shelley. Probably the most inclusive single volume of plays that has come to me this month is *Great English Plays* edited by H. F. Rubenstein, which in the course of fine type and 1136 pages of thin paper reproduces twenty-six plays from "Everyman" to "Lady Windermere's Fan"—truly an exciting galaxy.

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story is told accurately, and to those for whom the French Revolution is an unending source of mystery and wonder, as well as human wisdom, this book will be most interesting reading. (D. Appleton & Co.)

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

In the March issue of *Harpers Magazine* is printed in "Among the New Books" a list of new detective stories. Since that was written we have received a letter from W. S. Foster, Philadelphia, Pa., requesting just such a list. The only difference is that Mr. Foster wants to know which are those that are based on fact and also those purely fiction. The titles published in the March issue will doubtless answer Mr. Foster's first request; but we regret to say that we do not know which, if any, of these stories has some actual crime as its basis. The authors who have written their stories around the true experiences of a detective in tracking down his man have not revealed just which detective or murderer they had in mind. We will add several titles to the list printed last month. *The Secret of Sea Dream House* by Albert Payson Terhune, another Harper sealed mystery; *Pretty Sinister* by Francis Beeding, Little, Brown Co., Boston, Mass., *The Goul* by Frank King, G. H. Watt Co., New York City; and *Arsène Lupin Intervenes* by Maurice LeBlanc, The Macaulay Co., New York City. Each of these books sells for $2.00. . . . From Madrid, Spain, Mrs. Maurice Fromkes writes to ask for biographies of Richard Wagner. We feel that she will find the best answers to her questions in the following: *Wagner as Man and Artist* by E. Newman, Alfred A. Knopf Co., 730 Fifth Ave., New York City, $5.00; *Richard Wagner as He Lived* by William Wallace, a Harper publication, $2.00; and *Richard Wagner: His Life and His Dramas* by W. J. Henderson, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 West 45th St., New York City, $3.50. We also wish to thank Mrs. Fromkes for her very kind regard expressed in her letter. . . . Mr. Wilbur McKee, Wesleyan, Ohio, wants advice on books about modern Russia which can be used for study in college. For a variety of opinions about Russia under its present regime, we suggest: *Reforging of Russia* by E. W. Hullinger, E. P. Dutton Co., 286 Fourth Ave., New York City, $3.00; *Bolshevist Russia* by A. Karlgren, The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City, $3.50; *Present Day Russia* by Ivy L. Lee, also The Macmillan Co., $2.50; *New Russia* by Dorothy Thompson, Henry Holt

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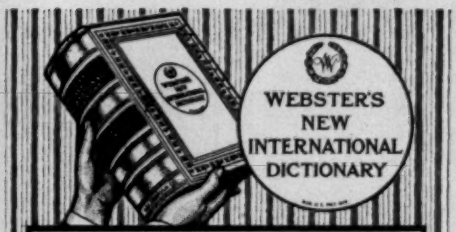

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Co., 1 Park Ave., New York City, $3.00; *The Mind and Face of Bolshevism* by Rene Fülöp-Miller, Alfred A. Knopf Co., 730 Fifth Ave., New York City, $6.00. . . . A request for the cheap edition of Boy Scout Books is rather misleading, as there are a number about boy scout adventures published. Also our correspondent, Mrs. Lucy D. Acree, Mullins, S. C., may have in mind the *Boy Scout Hand Book*, published at 50 cents by The Boy Scouts of America, Park Avenue Bldg., 2 Park Ave., New York City. There are two *Boy Scout Series* published by A. L. Burt Co., 114 East 23rd St., New York City, both containing twelve titles in each series, and selling at 50 cents per volume. The two writers of these books are Herbert Carter and Lieut. Howard Payson. Another series is called *The Boy Scout Life Series* published by Barse and Hopkins, 21 Division St., Newark, N. J., at 50 cents each, ten books to the set. Our writer also may refer to *The Boy Scout Year Book* published by D. Appleton Co., 35 West 32nd St., New York City. This only comes in one edition, priced $2.50. For information on the Appleton Dollar Library we suggest that Mrs. Acree write direct to Appleton Co., whose address is given here, and they will send her a catalogue and full particulars. The price of *Everyday Problems of the Everyday Child* by Dr. Douglas Thom is $2.50. This book is also put out by Appleton Co. . . . The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City, will furnish Miss Elizabeth Money, Oconomowoc, Wis., with information about the writer, F. Marion Crawford. Miss Money wishes also to know the price and publisher of Mr. Crawford's book, *Saracinesca*. Macmillan is the publisher and it sells for $1.75. This firm also put out all the Marion Crawford titles. . . . Our next correspondents are, we fear, going to be disappointed in the very meager information which we have been able to locate in answer to their questions. Several months ago D. Rohm, Osterburg, Pa., wrote to us about some stories whose titles and authors he remembered, but could not recall if they were novels or short stories. In the case of *The Open Door* by Gouverneur Morris we could find no such title among his novels, nor is it listed in any of his books of short stories now in print. If Mr. Rohm had not said that *Footsteps* came out about five or six years ago, we might have thought that he had in mind the new mystery story by Kay Cleaver Strahan (Doubleday, Doran, Garden City, N. Y., $2.00) called *Footprints*. As this book came

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out on February 8th of this year, we cannot offer it as a substitute. The third title requested in this letter is a little vague in the writer's mind, but in any case we were unable to locate anything resembling it. All these stories were read by Mr. Rohm in magazines some half dozen years ago and are doubtless now out of print if they ever appeared at one time between covers. . . . We will have to ask Florence H. Clum, New York City, to exercise a little patience and she will have the answer to her question about the book on Comparative Religion by Professor Hayden of the University of Chicago, which is to be published this fall by Harcourt, Brace & Co., 383 Madison Ave., New York City. The price is not given. The books, *Samplers* by Leigh Ashton and *Samplers and Stitches* by Grace Christie are not listed in the American catalogues. Therefore, we must assume that these are published only in England. However, *Embroidery and Tapestry Weaving* by Grace Christie are sold here by Isaac Pitman, 2 West 45th St., New York City, who may be able to give Miss Clum the desired information on the other two books. . . . There is no cheaper edition of *The Golden Bough* by Frazer (The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City) than the one which sells for $5. Our correspondent, Mrs. C. C. Branch, Newport News, Va., who made the above request also asks for books dealing with a simplified digest of the writings of Jung, Adler, and Freud. She has tried the original works of these writers and found them too deep for enjoyment. There seem to be no books which deal with the theories of these men in simple terms or in an explanatory manner. We regret that we have been unable to locate more information for these readers and shall be glad to receive any word from others who may by chance have further clues to the books which they have written about.

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Harpers Magazine

WHAT SHALL WE TELL THE CHILDREN?

THE DILEMMA OF THE MODERN PARENT

BY LILLIAN SYMES

ONCE, in those dear, dead days when high-school girls wore pleated skirts almost to their ankles and opaque lisle stockings beneath them, I was publicly rebuked by my teacher for crossing my knees in the classroom. Not more than three inches of shin were visible below my voluminous plaid skirt, but those three inches were made the basis of a fifteen-minute lecture on the proprieties by the shrivelled little spinster in starched white shirtwaist and whaleboned collar who taught us French. Beginning with the abstract moralities, her homily ended with the more concrete announcement that nice young men would never find themselves attracted to immodest young women who showed their limbs in public.

Those were the days in which moral suasion was beginning to take on a somewhat pragmatic air. Twenty years previous to this, I should probably have been told that for a female to expose a small section of her limb was wicked and an offense to God; but to the flaming youth of my high-school days God was already becoming a rather nebulous concept, and the word "wicked" had faintly exciting connotations. Hollywood had not yet discovered sex appeal, but much of the moral training of girls, at least, was based upon a refined version of that primitive lure. Instead of "God doesn't like," it was "Men don't like that sort of thing." Men or boys, we were told, might temporarily "rush" the fast type of girl who powdered too freely, stayed out after twelve, and permitted herself to be kissed, but they never, simply never, married that kind. They were really attracted by the sweet, wholesome girl who, while independent, was still refined and acted and dressed in good taste. To be "intriguing" in a refined way was the ambition of the average girl and the mainspring of her conduct.

For boys the persuasion to morality and good conduct was quite different. Inasmuch as they were to be the ag-

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gressors in relation to the opposite sex, it did not matter so much what girls liked. In fact, it was considered rather weak-minded for them to consider girls' preferences at all. As with the girl, the threat of God's wrath as a punishment for misdemeanors had lost its persuasiveness, and parents were reduced to arguments of expediency. The boy who smoked or stayed out late was endangering his chances for the football or track team. Clean, simple living was essential to health that, in turn, was essential to the athletic prowess which all boys coveted. All this, in turn, was essential to success in business and professional life, which was the coveted goal after school days. The boy who hung around a pool room could never expect to become a captain of industry or even a successful bond salesman. A successful career was the reward of virtue dangled before the eyes of the adolescent boy just as a successful marriage was to be the reward of the refined and accomplished girl.

Those of us who were blessed with somewhat "advanced" parents received certain delicate hints regarding the Facts of Life, none of which told us anything we didn't already know. The beliefs in Santa Claus and in the Stork usually pass from the child's mind at about the same time. The physiological facts conveyed to us at adolescence were both belated and inadequate. There were a thousand things about ourselves and our relation to the opposite sex which we needed to know, but no physiology book would have covered these points, and our parents were either too ignorant of them or too inarticulate to express them. The psychological aspects of those relationships were as important as the physiological, but no one thought or talked about them then. Perhaps a sufficiently objective vocabulary had not yet been invented in those pre-Freudian days.

If our parents were beginning to discount the more primitive aspects of fundamentalism, they still clung to quite arbitrary standards of conduct. I remember that when my daring girl cousin of seventeen was caught smoking a cigarette her mother wept for two days, and the rumor spread among the relatives that she would probably turn out to be "a fast one." My own parents seem to have been without religious convictions—at least, I was never sent to Sunday School or given religious instruction—but the code by which I lived was practically that of my little Roman Catholic and Methodist neighbors. I should do as I was told because I was told. I was told that certain things were wrong but not why they were wrong. Being a girl, there were things I mustn't do because they were unladylike, and people didn't like unladylike girls. I must not contradict older people. I must respect gray hairs—a doctrine which I greeted with violent and vociferous "whys." It would have been more convenient for my parents to have answered, "because God says so"; but they were already on the threshold of a rationalistic age.

II

We who are the parents of our present youngest generation cannot approach the problem of our own parental difficulties without some understanding of our relationship to the generation that has gone before us and of the inadequacies of our own upbringing. To every new generation of adults the codes of its fathers, as it looks back upon them, must seem inadequate in the light of new necessities. The faith men lived by yesterday never seems to answer completely the requirements of to-day. I think that the break has been particularly definite between ourselves and our parents. Between us and them have come war on an unprecedented scale, revolution, counter-revolution, social chaos, disillusion with all the bright slogans which claimed our youthful enthusiasms, a general deflation of idealism. Perhaps in Europe, in the disturbed forties, there was a similar acceleration

in life which left father and son, mother and daughter several generations apart.

At no time perhaps has the actual world of reality been much like the one for which teachers and parents prepared us; but at no time, I think, has there been the difficulty of adjustment which faced that generation which had its childhood and youth just before, and its adult life just after, the World War. Every war, including certainly our own Civil War, has been followed by an era of graft and plunder in public life, disillusion and confusion in private life. We cannot set men to doing all the things they had been taught were brutal and uncivilized without producing in many of them a cynical disregard for all social codes. Those of us who came into adulthood in this last war-time world found later that we had somehow achieved either a hard-boiled surface or a protective coloration.

Having lived through an era of "blood and guts," actually, or vicariously through newspapers and magazines, we found that our sense of the niceties of speech and conduct had become blunted. In life, literature, and drama we saw reflected our need for stronger stimuli, cruder sensation, more strident appeals. I remember my horror, during the early World War days, when I read Barbusse's *Under Fire*, Latzko's *Men in War*, and Ellen LaMotte's book, *The Backwash of War*. Two recent war novels, more brutally frank in fact and vocabulary than any of these, failed to stir me either to pity or indignation. Like most of my generation, I had become immunized to shock.

The same held true in the social world. Some of us, having been raised in a world in which men and women, when they drank at all, drank "like gentlemen" and knew how to hold their liquor, graduated into a world in which it had become the convention, almost the moral obligation, at parties, to "pass out" as speedily as the supply of gin would permit. Raised in a period in which it was considered unladylike for a girl to show the calf of her leg, we graduated into a world in which girls came to costume parties in two bandana handkerchiefs, wore street dresses above their knees, and were afraid of being thought inhibited.

While we were still groping in the wreckage of our own shattered beliefs, feeling for some foothold of reality upon which to take our stand, we who were the "sophisticated" younger generation of not so long ago suddenly found ourselves called upon to act as guides, teachers, and friends to another generation.

I can imagine that there are large numbers of people to whom this prospect is not terrifying. Probably most people do not find it so. They are still strong in the faith of their fathers. Neither social cataclysms nor Einsteinian discoveries have power to make them doubt. They will raise their children, as their grandfathers did theirs before them, regardless of the fact that these children will have a world to face totally unlike the old. Such people live in a state of happy certainty about God and man. But, except in the most rural districts, I think they may be the last of their kind. Whatever professions of conformity and belief the young may make for the sake of family peace, the world has become too closely knit together for new attitudes to be excluded much longer. This may seem the rash conclusion of a city dweller, too prone to interpret the national *zeitgeist* in terms of his city's sophistication; but the "New York idea" of to-day becomes the "Des Moines idea" of to-morrow.

Those of us who have grown up and become parents in this world of shifting uncertainties must envy our forefathers the pure whites and blacks of their moral horizons. Life was conveniently simple in those days of good and evil when everyone knew just what to do and just what to tell the children. There was no more virtue and no less evil in the world perhaps, but the virtuous had no troublesome doubts concerning the

source of their sanctity and the sinner knew just where he stood with God and man.

But if the ancient taboos based upon the wrath of God no longer served our parents in the days of our youth, so their more pragmatic codes, which claimed material success as the reward of virtue and good taste, can no longer serve us who are the parents of to-day. It is idle to tell our adolescent daughters, even those who look forward to marriage as full-time careers, that men won't like them if they do certain things. All about them they can see older girls violating all the taboos and ending up in the odor of sanctity and orange blossoms with thoroughly eligible males. Those who look forward to careers outside of marriage are likely to answer this argument with "Well, what of it?" All about them they see happy, useful single women living their own lives and having a good time. They know and we know that much of what was considered bad taste yesterday has become quite acceptable to-day.

Nor can we tell our boys that success is wholly a matter of hard work, clean living, and personal integrity. We ourselves know better. We have grown more cynical on this point than on any other. We know that success comes more often to the shrewd and unscrupulous, the hard-boiled bargainer and the insensitive egotist than to the fine, sensitive, and generous human being. We know that the qualities of a gentleman—in the real, not the conventional sense of that word—are more likely to be a drawback than an asset in the struggle for success. Tolerance, wide interests, a sense of genuine values, intellectual integrity, and emotional maturity are not the qualities which make one rich in worldly goods. All about us, with a few exceptions, we see men with vulgar and immature minds inheriting the earth. Perhaps this is not so true in the professions; but even here, if the predatory mind is less common, it is usually the single-tracked, highly specialized mind that achieves Rolls Royces. This has been true in other generations, but they have had less courage to admit the fact.

III

Yet, in spite of what seems a complete extraversion of our civilization, we moderns, as the advertisements put it, are indulging in a self-searching introspection and a social criticism such as no American generation before us has known—and here perhaps lies our hope of salvation as well as the source of our confusion. If, on the one hand, we have crass materialism, ostentatious display, and crude entertainment, on the other hand we are producing an analytical literature and drama which, ranging from gentle interpretation to savage satire, constitute a challenge to our social philosophy and our individual conduct. The drama and literature of social criticism have been with us since the days of the Greeks, but to social criticism we have added a complete understanding of individual psychology. If "Abie's Irish Rose" ran for five years in New York, "Strange Interlude" has played to packed houses for over a year, even though it has done so by grace of the publicity entailed in winning the Pulitzer Prize and a reputation for daring. It is difficult to see how even those who came to snicker and be shocked could have remained entirely immune to its critical implications.

If a great mass of unthinking people is increasingly engrossed in material prosperity, an intelligent minority is increasingly self-conscious, self-critical, disillusioned. We have seen so many platitudes proven false, so many conventions overthrown with impunity, so many gods toppled from their pedestals in the last fifteen years. However much we may go through the old rites for the sake of our jobs, our families, or our social standing, in our hearts we hold few things sacred, save, perhaps, some degree of personal integrity. If we are honest, decent, discriminating in ex-

perience and considerate of our fellows, it is because we choose to be for the sake of our own approval, not because we expect success in this or eternal life in another world to result from our righteousness. We have found many of our parents' codes inadequate to the complicated situations we have had to face in a changing world, and so we have had to fall back upon whatever inner light we have been able to summon for our judgments. We suspect that whatever codes we may now impose upon our children may be inadequate to the new problems they will confront in a still changing world of twenty years hence. We have little idea of what that world will be like. We know that then, as now, there will be basic offenses which no man can commit with impunity, but we do not seriously expect our children to be tempted to those offenses. Murder and theft will never be tolerated in any civilized community, but how, for example, will the world of twenty years hence feel about the wholesale murder called War? Shall we teach our sons to abhor such a solution of international difficulties and, if so, will they find themselves at twenty-five or thirty, part of a civilized majority that has outlawed war, or part of a despised minority of conscientious objectors in some Federal prison?

But these are simple problems compared to the more subtle ones of our sons' and daughters' whole general adjustment to life and to other people, particularly to the opposite sex. Because it is here that the greatest changes are taking place and we who are groping blindly for some philosophy of life upon which to base our own conduct can only guess at the changes of the next few decades. That life will not be simple for our children seems fairly certain. That it will be less simple for our daughters than for our sons is also certain, because it is in the status of women that the greatest shifts are being made. In the relations between men and women, growing out of these changes, most of the unhappinesses and difficulties of life arise. Even the most trivial of these difficulties will have a momentary seriousness for the people involved.

Just a year ago, at a costume party, I was followed into the cloakroom by a young girl whom I knew slightly. She was almost in tears and said she wanted advice and perhaps the loan of her taxi fare. The man with whom she had come to the party wanted to go home and had asked her to go back with him to his apartment. When she had refused he had accused her of being "a bad sport—a repressed little Puritan," etc. Now he was sulking in a corner. What did I think she should do, she asked. Was she really being inhibited or silly? Of course, her mother would think the proposal insulting; but one couldn't feel that way these days. Bill probably thought he was complimenting her on her seductiveness. She really was quite modern and she hated being a prude, but he was tipsy and she was afraid she couldn't handle him—yet, she didn't want to be a bad sport. She was asking me, as someone between her mother's generation and her own, who could understand the situation. . . .

"Do you want to go?" I asked her.

"No. He makes me sick when he's drunk, but—"

"Then don't go. Surely, you are uninhibited enough to know what you want and to do as you like about it. Tell Bill to go home and sleep it off."

She left the room with the sacred fire of personal freedom kindling in her eye.

Here was a situation for which the girl, caught between the training of her home life and the intellectual pretensions of her own generation, was totally unprepared. In her mother's day young men did not take young girls to parties and then get tipsy. If they had, they would have been ostracized from polite society. The girl rightly felt that to assume the outraged "How dare you, Jack Dalton!" attitude of a former day would have been silly and out of place because Bill was really a good sort when

sober, and she would have to meet him again and again in a society in which drunkenness was considered more amusing than taboo. Neither was she prepared for the completely casual attitude toward such matters professed by so many young moderns. She wanted to be, as she expressed it later, "free but not messy"—a difficult feat of tightrope walking for girls of nineteen, if not for those of us who are somewhat older.

IV

It may be said that a serene and wholesome home life is the child's best guarantee of future happiness and satisfactory adjustment to all these problems; that with such a background he can face the complications of adulthood and work out his own solutions. This is probably true to some extent, but it is becoming increasingly difficult to assure him that serene and wholesome home life. Modern parents are becoming more and more conscious of their individual needs and more desirous of playing other roles than the parental. Intelligent, well-rounded men and women who are something more than just parents are the ones best fitted by insight and wisdom to be the guides and companions of youthful souls, but they are also the men and women who need other forms of self-expression. Their attempts to combine these varying needs and desires, together with the solution of their practical problems, may result in strained and difficult household situations. I suspect that the seeming wholesomeness of our ancestral homes has been greatly overrated. Certainly as we look back upon our oldest living generation and upon the lives of our parents, with their fears and repressions and prejudices, with the unhappinesses they chose to bear rather than protest against, we begin to realize that the neurotic was not invented by Freud and Jung. Indeed, our own scarred egos bear silent witness to the none-too-wholesome backgrounds of the less complicated decades.

Furthermore, whatever the home may or may not be in this crowded life we live, we cannot keep the world outside from impinging upon the consciousness of our children. Before they begin to read, the radio, the comic strip, and the chatter of neighbors all bring the contemporary world to their intelligence. When they have begun to read we cannot keep out of our houses the newspapers, magazines, novels, books, and dramatic reviews upon which the adult mind must feed. And once in the house, we cannot keep them from the intelligent and inquiring child unless they are written in too dull a manner to engage his interest. The adolescent child cannot be kept in a nursery, even were nurseries practicable in the average modern apartment. We need not take him to see the serious problem play, but it is difficult to keep him away from the movies where the same problem is presented with either a smirk or a sentimental varnish.

Recently I received a letter from an intelligent friend, discussing this problem. "What *should* every young girl know?" she wrote. "I find it rather difficult to decide. The physical aspect of the thing is so simple and so inadequate. Joan has known all about the basic facts of sex since she was seven. That was no problem. Her whole attitude on the subject is clean, informed, normal. But now she is thirteen and beginning to read everything she can lay her hands on. The other day she returned from a week-end with a friend and announced that she had read Hemingway's novel *The Sun Also Rises*. That certainly is no book for a thirteen-year-old. What was I to do about it? She knew that I had read the book, and if I had scolded her for doing so, it would have given the whole thing an undue importance in her mind. I remembered the eagerness with which I had read *The Lady of the Camellias* when I was thirteen and how glamorous the whole thing had been because it was forbidden. I didn't want to make Hemingway's shopworn heroine glamorous to Joan nor

could I dismiss her by calling her a wicked woman and her admirers drunken sots. That's what my own parents would have told me, but neither she nor they quite fitted into those categories now. Joan was bursting with questions about them—people who did things she thought were 'pretty rotten' and yet seemed intelligent and likable. Why did they drink so much and why did Brett go off with one man when she was engaged to another? There was nothing to do but go through with it, and I spent the next hour trying to interpret in some way she could understand that bewildered, hopeless crowd of post-war expatriates one sees haunting the cafés of the Boulevard Montparnasse. They were my own generation and some of their problems were my problems, but I hadn't begun to think them through. I found that this interpretation really involved a philosophy of life—which I didn't have. I came nearer to formulating one in the hour that followed than I ever had before. Then I told Joan that, while I didn't want to censor her reading, there were books in the house which I preferred she wouldn't read until she was a little older because she had not yet had sufficient experience from which to evolve a standard of judgment about them; that an adult might read a book much as a biologist might dissect an interesting but disagreeable object in a laboratory, in order to understand that object as a part of life and to relate that understanding to his own experience. But until one had had experience, until life itself had taught one a great deal about oneself and about other human beings, books of this sort were useless to one and only likely to mix one up. It was a feeble explanation, but she seemed to understand what I was getting at."

I can imagine that this situation is a common one in modern parental experience. We Americans live in closer contact with our children than do most Europeans. In the average American family the adolescent child stays up until nine or ten, studying or taking part in the conversation with parents and guests. Among intelligent people this conversation may cover a range of subjects outside the child's experience and arouse his interest in those subjects. In these days when the pathological as well as the normal aspects of life are so freely discussed and analyzed, it is difficult for the modern parent to draw a conversational line.

Frequently the child achieves an apparent sophistication which has no relation to any experience it may have encountered in either home or school and which leaves the bewildered parent pondering the hopelessness of any attempt to guide the footsteps of his progeny.

Last summer, at the country home of a friend, the two small daughters of the house offered to entertain us with a "show" during a rainy afternoon. They were nine and eleven. During the winter months they attended a private city school, and their summers were spent on a hundred-acre farm. They had never been permitted to sit up after dinner and listen to the family discussions. After a short, giggling session above stairs, the two children emerged upon the make-believe stage at the end of the room. The younger, in an old dress of her mother's, was cast in the role of an indignant maiden aunt, while the older, very décolleté in her bloomers and a silk shawl, draped Spanish-wise, was evidently giving us her version of a John Held, Jr., flapper in an advanced state of intoxication. She puffed a chocolate cigarette vigorously. The maiden aunt, in the high thin voice that children always assume when they imitate their elders, proceeded to lecture the inebriated flapper upon the error of her ways and the lateness of her return home.

"What do you mean by coming home like this at two o'clock in the morning?" she demanded, trying to look severe. "Don't you know that nice girls don't do such things?"

To which the eleven-year-old mimic of the younger generation replied with

an abandoned sweep of her shawl, "Aw, baloney!"

Neither the language nor the situation used by these children could have been a matter of first-hand knowledge. Even the movies to which they were taken were carefully chosen. There remained only the Sunday newspapers, a magazine illustration, or the conversation of their playmates to account for the precocity of their little drama.

V

Occasionally one meets a modern parent who, in reaction against the repressions and futilities of his own upbringing or because of his bewilderment in the face of moral complexities, has determined on a course of complete individual liberty for his children. I once knew a man whose stern New England training had soured his own capacity for relaxation and enjoyment. He was determined that his own three children should grow up "joyous young pagans" who would never hear the word don't, never find their natural impulses cramped by repressive authority. As a result of his experiment, the most philoprogenitive visitor cannot leave his house without having stifled an impulse to strangle the three young barbarians who kick, scream, and ravage through the place, making conversation impossible and a headache inevitable. That their first contact with a hard-headed world in which some impulses must be restrained and in which men and women must live together in some degree of mutual consideration may produce neuroses far worse than did the repressions of his own childhood has never occurred to this modern father.

The dilemma of the modern parent is not so easily resolved. We are preparing our children for life as it is and probably will be for some time. We want them to live fully, freely, happily in a world of other human beings. Complete individual liberty in a complex civilization is obviously chimerical. That there is room in our civilization for a far greater degree of personal freedom than most of us enjoy seems quite obvious. We all are hampered in our lives by outworn taboos and conventions which have lost all essential meaning and the breakdown of which would injure no one. Every human being has a right to decide for himself what degree of discomfort or social ostracism he is willing to endure for casting aside these outworn symbols, and the courage to do this is one of the characteristics which the modern parent will wish his children to possess.

But here again we are somewhat bewildered. We know from experience and observation, whatever our purely intellectual revolt has been, that certain conventions under which we live and which hamper to some extent our freedom of movement have not been superimposed upon us, but have been built up on the basis of racial experience during long ages of human struggle. They have survived because they have best answered the deepest needs of the race. We know that the mere breakdown of restraint in the immature soul leads nowhere. If we have had an opportunity to watch the hectic, unhappy lives of some of the belated adolescents who disport themselves in certain modernist circles, we have probably felt the urge to proffer the advice of the Dr. Freud of Anita Loos's classic to its preferred blonde heroine—"Go home and get a few inhibitions." If we know something of psychological science, we know that the flamboyantly "free soul" is often acting out some inner compulsion of which he is unaware.

Few of us have reached very definite conclusions about our own or other people's conduct. We do things which are forbidden by law, the Bible, and the Book of Etiquette without consciousness of guilt; but to many of us there are acts and attitudes permitted by all these authorities which seem impossible. I drink wine with my dinner, covet my neighbor's fur coat, and cut my salad with a knife, but I should find it impossible, I fear, to foreclose on a mortgage

if I held one. Both time and circumstances may alter these convictions. Our lives are governed largely by what we feel about a certain thing at a certain time; and those of us who have lost faith in the immutability of rules of conduct can use only what good judgment we possess.

So fluctuating a code as this, however, must presuppose some inner stability and maturity if life is to be something more than a disordered mess and our convictions a mere rationalization of our impulses. We cannot expect the child or the young boy and girl to have this stability. Somewhere between the outworn practice of complete authoritarianism and the utopian ideal of a complete individual liberty we must take a stand which will prepare the child for the actual world in which he will have to live. I imagine that the cowed and obedient son of a stern unbending Puritanism and the young Nietzschean egotist of militant anarchist training may have an equally uncomfortable time of it in the 1940's.

Perhaps there is little that the parent can do for the child's equipment compared with what is done by the school, the newspaper, the street, and other associations. To many children the world outside the home carries more weight than the world inside it. But what little direction and help we could offer most of us are unable to give because of our inability to be completely honest with ourselves. We know that our own attitudes differ from those of our parents. We know how inadequately equipped we were to meet a world in which the old rules were not always applicable, but we shut our eyes to the fact that many of the traditions which we hold dear may be passing. All about us we see happy honest people doing things that would have brought the law upon them a few generations ago and which bring social disapproval even now; but we refuse to face the fact that their ways may possibly be the forerunners of general practice in the world of our children's maturity. Our attitude toward most social problems is that of the average man's attitude toward the prohibition amendment. The average man does as he pleases about obeying it but he wants it to stay on the statute books as a mystical inducement to other people's sobriety.

I have said that it is in the status of women that the greatest changes are taking place and in the relationships of men and women affected by those changes that many of our difficulties arise. If love and marriage in our day are complicated problems, they may be even more so to our children unless we are able to give them a saner approach to these subjects than we ourselves have known. The woman of the next generation may know better what she wants and where she is going than we who are caught between the old allegiances and the new ambitions; but whatever her decision may be about herself, the men of the next generation will need to adjust themselves to it with better grace and completer understanding than have their fathers. As economic conditions continue to push back the age at which men and women can settle down to marriage and family life, some adjustment of the relations of young men and women will need to take place. Social conditions may make it impossible for a man to support a family until he is over thirty; but nothing can keep young people from falling in love before that time nor from seeking some outlet for their impulses. We can leave them to approach this subject in the old shamefaced, furtive, or accidental manner of our own youth or we can help them to some understanding of both physical and emotional values that will keep them alike from needless repressions and from premature and trivial indulgences.

We cannot help them without complete honesty with ourselves and them. If, in order to save ourselves the trouble of thinking through the conflicts which confront us and of formulating a personal philosophy, we attempt to impose upon them some ready-made code out of keep-

ing with their time, we shall merely drive them from us. All about us we see ample evidence, in our empty churches and our empty homes, of what this course can do. Preachers and parents may attempt to rationalize these phenomena as they will, the fact remains that young people are not interested in what many of them have called "the old hokum" any longer. I think that if we were to tell them frankly that we ourselves are puzzled and bewildered by many of the problems of modern life, that we are not always sure what is best, that we are trying to think and feel our way through, just as they are, to conclusions which are socially workable and individually satisfying, they might be interested in making these intellectual excursions with us, helping us as well as themselves to satisfactory solutions.

I have in mind the home of a liberal university professor which I once visited for a few days. Breakfast and dinner were always the occasions of intense and interesting discussions of every possible subject by the professor, his wife, his two children, and whatever guests were present. The professor was a pacifist, but his sixteen-year-old son with militarist tendencies had joined the high school R. O. T. C. Father and son argued the question of preparedness all through one dinner, poking fun at each other or getting momentarily heated in a good-natured way.

"You're a young reactionary," the father finally concluded.

"Oh, you're an old Bolshevik," retorted his son with a good-natured grin.

But the nineteen-year-old daughter leaned in the opposite direction. She didn't believe in legal marriage, she announced, and would never indulge in it, but she very much wanted three children. No one laughed at her or looked shocked. When her mother questioned a quotation from Judge Lindsey, the daughter came back with a paragraph from Westermarck's *History of Marriage*. The professor backed up his daughter on some points, disagreed with her on others, and finally maneuvered her into the position of defending the rights of children to two full-time parents. Anthropological authorities had been summoned, wild surmises had been made and ripped to pieces, guests had taken part in the discussion with great gusto. It was an exciting evening. Those two children will never need to go to Greenwich Village in order to "express" themselves. They can do so right at home. When they graduate from their family they will know how to think clearly and feel maturely.

The ability to do these two things is probably all the modern parent can help his children to achieve. They are the tools with which the young must forge their own lives. We can stand by, offering whatever suggestions and advice seem applicable at the moment or answering whatever questions are put to us as honestly and undogmatically as we know how. If we attempt to do much more than this we are likely to induce either thoughtless rebellion or spineless dependence.

It is difficult for even the most modern parent to keep up this "hands off" policy. We all know so well what we should like our children to be. We are so eager that they shall avoid the mistakes and accidents that have made our own lives unsatisfactory. I should like my own small daughter to be the kind of woman I admire—clear-headed, unprejudiced, sincere, and yet sensitive, sympathetic, and charming, with a keen brain, a warm heart, and an attractive exterior. I have no idea how such a combination of virtues may be achieved, and I know that there is little I can do to assure them for her. But I would not, if I could, as a fairy godmother, banish from her future all pain and difficulty, all struggle and misunderstanding; for only through these can she develop an understanding of humanity.

Perhaps the one redeeming feature in the situation of the modern parent is this: that if we are not very clear about what we should do, we usually have

some understanding of what we should not do. Modern literature and psychology have impressed us with the dangers of too much interference, too close emotional attachments, too much mutual dependence in the relationship between parent and child. Most of us understand now that we must prepare our children to live without us, not for continued devotion to us or dependence on our judgments.

In her recent book, *The Psychology of the Adolescent*, Dr. Leta S. Hollingworth of Teachers College, Columbia University, says:

> The major persistent problems of adolescence are, as we have seen them, to get away from the family, to achieve self-support, to develop a heterosexual attitude, to formulate a point of view on life. When all these major adjustments have been satisfactorily managed, the adolescent has achieved psychological adulthood. He has achieved emotional maturity. He has arrived at a condition of self-control and of self-possession, unified and wholesome.

These, as Doctor Hollingworth says, are the major problems of adolescence. There are a host of minor ones. But all about us we see physically adult human beings, many of them parents, who are still psychologically tied to their own parents' apron strings and who have never formulated a point of view on life. There are many who have never been able to achieve self-support and whose sexual impulses are as diffused as a child's. If we have had to live in close quarters with any of these we have emerged determined not to reproduce another generation of their kind.

To give our children the benefit of what life has taught us without curtailing their right to learn from life; to teach them the value of freedom without lessening their sense of responsibility toward other individuals and the social group; to make them self-reliant and eventually self-supporting without inoculating them with the virus of success-worship; to make them fearless of life and whatever experience it may offer while giving them discrimination and the courage to reject what is foreign to them—all this is what the modern parent day-dreams of doing. Is it any wonder that in our more wide-awake moments we are staggered by the job that confronts us or that in moments of weakness we may sometimes yearn for the days when a personal God was in his heaven and father laid down the law from the head of the table?

STRONG AS A MAN

A STORY

BY RUTH SUCKOW

MOLLIE SCHUMACHER drove into the yard of the Bell farm. At first she thought there was no one about, it was so quiet. The garage doors were closed, however, and Frank always left them standing wide open when he took out the car.

She shut off the engine. But she kept on sitting in the car with her hands on the worn steering wheel, so comfortable that she hated to get out. She noticed how dry the September sunshine made everything look. The heavy pale grain of the grindstone was warm in the sun. Milk had been spilled at the corner of the corn crib where the cats were fed. It made a whitish stain on the bare ground, and flies were thick above it. There was a look of country peace about the old red barn. The loft window was open, and shaggy, dusty hay stuck out. In the open wooded pasture behind the barn the oaks had that dry look, too, in the sunshine.

Summer was almost over again! Mollie felt a thrust of fear. Summer, no matter how hard anyone worked, was an interlude. It didn't really matter. But just as soon as that first crispness came into the air it was different. The handle of the pump burned with cold when she went out to the vine-covered stoop to get the water before breakfast. . . . Again she was impatient because they kept on living in that old-fashioned house at the edge of town where they couldn't even have city water or a furnace—things everybody had nowadays! In the summer, it was pleasant enough, with the flowers and the birds, for which Charlie had made a dozen queer little houses of bark and boards. But the cold spurred her ambition. When frost came you had to decide things. It might come any time now. It would get harder and harder to start the Ford. It would be too cold to drive in an open car. Her summer work would be over.

Nearly over. . . . These days when she started out early, eager to get away from the puttering routine of home, packed her bag of samples, called back impatiently that they could expect her when they saw her, and then, after long dallying with the starter and heated attempts at cranking, heard joyously the loud steady noise of the engine, sprang in quickly before it had a chance to die down, and at last was out on the open road.

She had been grumbling all summer about the annoyances: having to fool with this old car, getting caught in the rain somewhere out in the country and driving home over slippery roads, her goods not coming on time. But she had an affection for the Ford, which she had bought second hand at a sale in the country—although she got so furious at it sometimes that she called it every name she could think of. "You damned hell-fired old *skate!*" once she had sobbed at it.

But when it was running well, when the road stretched long and smooth, when the fields were fresh and the sky was blue, when the engine hummed noisily and the fenders rattled, she

squeezed the steering wheel with both hands and felt that she loved the old rattletrap. She was so happy that she sang. She drove on and on and on, trying new roads, pretending that it was because she was enterprising and was looking for new customers. When she came to a patch of woods where it was shady she stopped the car, took out from her handbag the sandwich of homemade bread and summer sausage she had stolen into the kitchen to make when Luisa wasn't around, and ate it luxuriously. She liked to sell things and to dicker.

"Hoo hoo!" Mollie called.

Mate came to the door at last in an old bungalow apron.

"Well, look who's here!"

"I thought you folks must be all asleep."

"I was lying down. I don't know, I've felt kind of bum ever since I had those teeth out. I ought to get my ironing done to-day, there's some pieces I need, but—come on in, Mollie, what you standing outside for?"

"Wait. I want to get some things out of the car."

Mollie ran out and opened the back of the car.

"Land, you do pick up the most things! Where'd you get all that junk?" Mate demanded, in amusement.

"Oh, I don't know," Mollie said, laughing and blushing, half sheepish and half proud, like a child caught in some game of its own. "I see things when I'm driving around, and folks give me things. Gosh, Matie, I don't know where it all does come from! But I always seem to come home with the old bus loaded."

She had some seed corn that Henry Fuchs had given her to try out, and a bag of crab apples, a jackknife she had found in the road, a few hazel nuts she had picked to see whether they were ripe, a pail of honey, a spray of sumach, and half a dozen melons.

"Where'd you get the melons?" Mate demanded.

"Oh, some girls back here on the road had a stand and were selling them. I always like to take something home to Lu and Charlie. Here, I want you and Frank to try one of these."

"Oh, no; we'll have melons of our own before long."

"Oh, take this one—it's supposed to be a new kind. Go ahead, Mate."

"Well, but I hate to."

Mollie followed Mate into the parlor and sat down with a luxurious sigh in the cool room shaded by pine trees. She took off her hat and wiped her face and neck until they were red. Her hair felt stiff with dust.

"You're sweating like a man," Mate observed.

"I have to work like a man, I can tell you."

"Ain't it awful hard work for you, going around with that Ford?"

"Oh, well, I can do it!" Mollie boasted. She laughed, and her eyes sparkled. "I came across a fellow in the road—couldn't get his car started, so I got out and tinkered around with it a while—and I don't know just what I'd done to it, but the darn thing started up the minute I turned on the gas! You ought to have seen that fellow's face!"

"You ought to have been a man," Mate said admiring yet disapproving.

She looked at Mollie. Mollie was big all over, and Frank always said, when she helped him lift anything, that her arms were as strong as his. Her reddish-brown hair grew rough and thick and slightly curling, and below the dusty roots was a tiny gleam of perspiration. There were dark hairs on her upper lip and chin. Her lips were full and vital, and her nose had a bold outline. But her brown eyes were childlike. They had an ingenuous glow in the coarse vigor of her tanned face. There was something defenseless in their warm darkness. When she was pleased or touched they misted over.

"I expect I look like thunder by now," Mollie said, uncomfortably. "Well, who could keep fixed up, running

around the country and doing the things I do?"

"You're all right," Mate lied politely. Really, she was disapproving of Mollie's dusty shoes and her blue gingham dress with big hoops of perspiration under the arms and the hem of a dark brown slip showing at the back. "You've got a smudge, though, on your neck."

Mollie rubbed vigorously.

"Oh, well, when I get home I'll have a good scrubbing. I start out clean, Mate, but gosh, I can't keep that way! Who can that runs a Ford? Anyway, I caught an old biddie for Lena Toogood, when I was there, that she couldn't catch, and I had to chase that female devil all over the landscape."

Mate did not answer. She had always disapproved of Mollie for not thinking more about her clothes, although when they were off together after nuts or elderberries she depended upon Mollie to shake the trees and find a way to get over fences. Mate herself had never learned to drive their car and had to wait when she wanted to go to town until Frank could take her. She regarded the car as beyond her management and her comprehension, just as she did some of the farm implements—and this although she had been brought up on a farm, had known how to milk since she was an infant, and would have no help with her stove or her washing machine.

Mollie opened her sample bag.

"I brought along that underwear I thought'd be nice for Frank," she said. "And then I've got your corselette, in the other bag. I think this is the nicest thing yet I've struck for men. Look here."

She held up a winter-weight union suit, eying it with proud satisfaction and discussing in detail all its good points, while its pathetic legs dangled.

"I don't know," Mate said, dubiously, "Frank's never worn that kind."

"Best of reasons for wearing it now!" Mollie said vigorously. It made her impatient that all the people around here were so afraid to try new things, which to her were the very breath of life. "I know what Frank wears—those old clumsy two-piece things, still! It's not that I'm so anxious to sell, Mate, but I'd like Frank to try a good handy piece of goods like this and get rid of those old contraptions. I want the people around here to take up new things once in a while! Now, I'll tell you, I'm going to leave this sample here, and as soon as it gets cold I want Frank to try this, and if he don't like it, all right, I'll take it back—give it to somebody for Christmas or let Charlie wear it."

"I don't think we ought to take your sample," Mate demurred.

"Oh, fudge! Season's ending, anyway."

"Did you say you brought my corselette?"

"You bet!"

Mollie talked while she fitted it. "I had another nice suit of men's summer underwear, but I sold it to a fellow I met on the road. That was a funny sale! I passed him, and I saw he was walking, so I says, 'Want a ride?' He says, 'Sure!' We got to talking. He told me he was a lightning-insurance man. His car broke down, and he was walking out to see Bert Gulley. He asked what I was selling, and I told him I had the best line of men's underwear he'd ever seen. I says, 'Don't you want to look at some of it?' and he says, 'Sure,' and I stopped the car and got out my samples, and he bought that one—it was just his size. He told me he'd get me a job selling insurance if I wanted it!" Mollie gave an eager, delighted laugh. "I bet I could make a go of it, too!"

"Aren't you afraid to ask strange men like that to ride with you?" Mate asked, in horror.

"Afraid! What of? Think they're going to run off with me?"

"They might rob you."

"Oh, fudge! And all they'd get from me—!"

"Well, I think it's awful risky."

"That don't bother me any. I like it! Oh, anyway, I can't pass somebody

walking along in the heat while I'm riding and not at least offer the fellow a chance to ride if he wants it. I had a tramp one day—I took him as far as the creamery."

"Weren't you scared to have him in the car?"

"No, he was a real nice fellow! He'd been bumming around out in California and he told me a whole lot about raising honey from onion blossoms—I'd like to try that! I learn all kinds of things from these bugs I pick up on the road."

Mollie laughed delightedly again, and rocked strenuously. It was fun to horrify Mate—and then it was so cool in here, and she wasn't anxious to get home where they all disapproved of her "going around selling things."

"You better stay for dinner," Mate urged.

"Oh, gee, I can't, Mate! I've got to get on. I spent half the morning chasing that old biddie for Lene. Say, though, if you'll let me do a little of that ironing for you—"

"Oh, I couldn't let you do that! You've got your own work."

"Oh, come on, Mate, I'll be glad to do it for you. It'll give me a change. I can just as well help you out a little while I'm stopping here."

There was no resisting Mollie when she was determined to do something for you, Mate knew. So Mollie was soon hard at work with the electric iron in Mate's back kitchen. Mollie always worked harder at anything that wasn't her own work and wasn't what she was supposed to be doing.

Frank Bell came into the house shortly before noon.

"I thought I saw a car out here that didn't belong! Hello, Mollie," he said, heartily, "how you was?"

"Fine, boy! How's yourself?"

He stuck out his hand and grinned. "Want to shake with a nigger?"

Mollie said, "Sure, you bet I do; yours aren't much worse'n mine."

"Well, us fellows that handle engines can't keep tony, can we?" Frank asked. He shook Mollie's hand with jocular vigor until Mate squealed:

"Frank, let go, you're hurting her!"

He retorted, "Aw, Mollie's not hurt so easy as all that. I'm working up her strength so she can crank that Ford."

"Well, you aren't going to set down in any of these chairs in those clothes you've got on now."

"Oh, I ain't!" Frank retorted jubilantly. He waved his blackened hands at her until she ducked and squealed again. "Say, what's that melon I see out in the kitchen?"

"That's Mollie's."

"No, it isn't," Mollie said, eagerly. "I brought it for you folks. Come on, let's have a taste of it."

"Now? Before dinner?"

"Sure!" Frank said, heartily. "Mush melons, any time."

"I'm not going to have Frank Bell sitting down here in this room and eating melons in those awful clothes."

"Aw, say, I can't change my clothes every time I step in and out of the house!" Frank began indignantly.

"He can eat outdoors," Mollie broke in. "Come on, Frank; you do get treated pretty mean. I got some more in the Ford. You come out mit."

They ran away from Mate's expostulations, and Mollie rummaged through the miscellany in the back of the Ford until she'd found a nice little melon for Frank. "Here, boy! How's this?" He stood eating it happily, letting the juice drip into the road and caring nothing for his black hands.

"Gosh, look at the plunder!" he said, marvelling. "Here, Mollie — want a bite?"

"Sure, I'll take a bite."

He broke off a dripping hunk of melon, orange-tinted and coolly juicy in its pale-green rind. Mate stood on the back porch watching them in disapproval. They were spoiling their dinners. Frank and Mollie were like a pair of kids when they got together. She was glad to have Mollie stay, though, in spite of the extra work any company made. She livened

things up and took a hand at helping with all kinds of work. Frank went back to finish his job with the machinery, and Mollie washed luxuriously in the cool soft water at Mate's sink. She was going to stay for dinner after all.

"I oughtn't to. But the morning's gone anyway—gosh, I don't know where to! Well, I got some of that ironing out of the way for you, Mate."

Mate's being so particular was all right when it came to a meal. Frank came in, scrubbed and with his hair wet, in a pair of clean, faded blue overalls. Mollie loved to eat in company. It wasn't the meal, she always said, but the sociability. Still, Mollie could get away with a pretty good meal, too, as Frank Bell had often noticed with amusement.

"Well, Mollie!" he began. "Business pretty good?"

"Took in fifteen dollars' worth last Friday!" Mollie boasted.

"Zat so! How much you taken in to-day?"

"Oh, not so much to-day—so far; don't know what I may do this afternoon," Mollie said easily. "I haven't stopped many places. Kind of got stuck. Well, Lena Toogood was chasing around after an old biddie, and I stopped and caught it for her, and I don't know—did some more things."

"She ought to save you a good order for that!"

"She ordered fifty cents' worth, I guess. One pair of cotton stockings."

"Well, that was pretty good for Lene."

Mollie ate with gusto mashed potatoes, pork, and gravy. She had picked a big stiff bouquet of zinnias for the table, and it made her happy to look at the bright, gaudy colors.

"Well, if you can take in fifteen dollars' worth in one day," Frank said, "I expect you'll go on selling union suits and stockings."

"No, that's only pick-up work."

"You've got the car, and I should think you could get all around the country here and do a lot of business. Work up a good trade. I always thought you were a good salesman, Mollie."

"No, it's almost over. No, sir, what I want," Mollie said vigorously and scowling, "is real work, something that'll call out the best there is in me. Oh, it's fun to sell stuff for a while . . . but *that's* what I'm after—something big!"

"Yes, something big," Frank began, dubiously.

But she went straight on, "This is nothing! This is something I can do with one hand. What fun is it to make money that way? No, *this* isn't what I'm after."

Her face glowed darkly and her eyes sparkled. Frank was impressed, as he always was when he talked with Mollie face to face. She was a strong woman, all right, and a mighty capable one in lots of ways, about as much so as a man. But he asked facetiously:

"What do you want to do? Some more vi'lets?"

Those "vi'lets" . . . That was the trouble with Mollie: always wanting to get into some fancy kind of business that nobody'd ever heard of; not contented with straight buying and selling. That showed that she was a woman. He got rid of his respect and got back his amusement, which suited him much better, but still with a little uneasy feeling that Mollie might make a go of one of those crazy businesses some day: she could do things.

"That all fell through," Mollie answered him robustly.

"What was the trouble? Couldn't you and Artie get together? Thought you and him was all ready to go down South and make your fortunes!"

"We might have, too," Mollie answered, looking back over the plan with a reminiscent glow—her schemes were always radiant to her in anticipation and alluring in retrospect. "There's something in it for the fellow that takes a-hold. No, the trouble was, Art got cold feet, and the Missus, I guess, got

'em first—heard about the snakes down South and was afraid to go down there."

She wanted to turn it off, but Frank was started on it now and wouldn't let it go. He asked, mulling over his amusement:

"What was you and Artie going to do with the vi'lets when you'd raised 'em? Going to take 'em into town and stand and sell 'em to the visitors on the street corners? Say, Art Gilbert would have made a cute flower boy!"

Mate was listening to all of this nonsense without a smile, with her hand on the handle of the coffee pot, ready to fill the cups again if anybody wanted coffee.

"Pass Mollie the meat, Frank. She's out of everything. You better tend to your knitting here instead of talking about vi'lets," she said, with a dry coldness. Mollie's schemes neither impressed her nor gave her any amusement. If Mollie had any real sense about things she'd marry some farmer around here—a widower, somebody who needed a good, strong wife and would be glad to have her; her friends would help her look around for somebody—or else she'd make up her mind to settle down where she was, with Luisa and Charlie, and attend to things at home.

"Well, I still think it's a good plan for the fellow that can work it," Mollie affirmed stoutly. "Why shouldn't people raise violets as well as raise potatoes?"

Frank was now highly amused. "Sure, and so was the goldfish a good plan!" he said. "What become of them? Last I heard you was chasing old man Davies all over town to try and rent his crick from him and set up a goldfish farm!"

"Well, and that was all—"

"And then once you was going to fence off half your place and raise skunks there and go into the fur business along with John Jacob Astor. Wouldn't you have had a sweet place? Talk about the slaughter house! On summer nights—wow, pugh!" Frank laughed hilariously, and made appropriate gestures.

"Frank Bell, you're at the table! You act nice or leave," Matie said with frozen dignity.

Mollie was red but she stood up under it. "That's all right, too, there *is* a fortune in that for the right fellow. I looked that up and I've got bulletins and reports to prove it."

"All I can say is—give me the pigpen!"

"*Frank Bell!*"

Frank saw, then, that he would have to behave for a while. To show her disapproval of the whole conversation, Mate began to ask dutifully now about the other Schumachers.

"How are Luisa and Charlie getting along these days?"

The sparkle went out of Mollie's eyes and she scowled.

"Oh, the same as they always do! Lu don't have time from five o'clock in the morning to eight o'clock at night to pick all the grass by hand around the trees. Charlie goes back and forth to the office."

Mate, however, would not talk satirically about the two, whom she considered more sensible than Mollie because they stuck to home, although they weren't such good friends of hers.

"I suppose Luisa's got lots of sewing done this summer," she said primly.

"Oh, yes, she's made over a lot of flour sacks into shirts and nightgowns that neither Charlie nor I will wear, and thinks she's accomplished a lot. Oh, yes, they're both the same as always: everything at our house is."

Mollie's face was dark as she stabbed her fork into her gooseberry pie that had a sparkling crust of sugar upon the flaky, bubbled crust of dough. She said, defiantly:

"I may go away this winter!"

"Where to?" Mate demanded, with resentful skepticism.

"To Chicago," Mollie answered, pretending to be nonchalant.

"Chicago! What would you do there?"

Frank, a little remorseful for the way

he had teased Mollie, and thinking that she had more ability than Mate would ever give her credit for, said judiciously:

"Well, Chicago's got room for lots of people."

Mate looked as if Mollie had said the South Pole.

"I'm thinking about going there." Mollie was too eager to unburden herself, however—too helplessly and expansively communicative—to keep up the barren triumph of mystification and reticence.

"Well, I s'pose you'll have a fit when you hear who—" Then she told them about the letter from Dorrie Parker. No matter what people in White Oak had predicted, Dorrie had been getting on well, after all. She had been working in a beauty parlor, and now some *person* (Mollie went over that very hastily—she didn't want Frank and Mate to know that the person was a *man*) was going to help her to set herself up in business. She wanted Mollie to come to Chicago and go in with her.

"I'm not crazy about that business," Mollie said. "It always seems to me as if folks ought to have something better to do than just fool with their looks. But I'd kind of like to help out for Dorrie."

As Mollie had expected, Mate had "lots to say." While there was nothing absolutely definite against Dorrie Parker, her reputation had not been good and she had left White Oak under a cloud. There had been rumors of her carrying on with other men at the time of her divorce. Mollie Schumacher was about the only person who still heard from her. Dorrie had written, sentimentally, that Mollie was the only friend she'd ever had in White Oak. (Well, that wasn't true, but maybe it seemed so now.) She wanted to get Mollie out of there. Between them, they could work up a good business.

Frank Bell, however, was inclined to be on Mollie's side—perhaps it was just to oppose Matie.

"Dorrie Parker's a good worker," he declared. "Folks is patronizing those places now."

"Yes, the big fools!" Mollie put in with a snort.

Frank said that Dorrie might have made a few mistakes, but she was a smart woman—knew where she was headed better than most women did. Mate listened, in silent indignation that he should defend Dorrie and urge Mollie on—she was scatterbrained enough without any urging!—to desert her home and "go in with that woman."

"Well, now, *that* sounds like a scheme that might work, Mollie," Frank said, in generous approval. "I'd rather polish up folks' fingernails, if I was to choose, than get up meals for skunks."

"Well, I think I'll do it," Mollie said, vigorously. "If only . . ."

"If only what?"

That warm mist filled her dark eyes.

"Oh, well . . . if it wasn't for Charlie and Lu. They needn't think they can stop me! But, I don't know . . . if they should really feel bad about it—if I thought they couldn't get along without me . . ."

The mist gathered into large tears. Frank was astounded. He saw no sense to that at all. With the quarrels that went on in that household, and Luisa doing all the housework anyway, and Charlie Schumacher such a mild soul—he could get all the amusement he needed in life out of making those gimcrack bird-houses! Mate thought it very proper, however, and something that Mollie ought to have been thinking of before.

"I don't know whether this pie's very good," she apologized. "I believe I got a little too much lard. Let me warm up your coffee, Mollie."

"Well, I oughtn't to—coffee upsets me—but then—"

"Oh, have some more!" Frank said. The ready mist had dried from Mollie's eyes. Frank felt happy and convivial. He said to Mate:

"Shall we treat wine?"

Mollie's coming was a fine excuse.

Mate never touched Frank's wine. He went down into the cellar, found a bottle, and came in from the kitchen with the two miniature glasses almost slopping over with a deep red brightness that held all the warmth of the late summer—that was like the sparkle of dew in the morning and the grapes growing ripe on the fences and the dark velvety red of the blossom tufts on the sumach. Mollie liked to be a good fellow with Frank—and she liked the looks of the stuff, she said.

"This is my last year's grape. Time to drink it up and make some more. Well, Mollie—good luck!"

"Good luck, boy!" she responded heartily.

They drank.

In spite of all the orders she'd meant to take that afternoon, Mollie didn't get away from the Bells's when dinner was over. Frank, when he'd had one glass of wine, had to have another; and then he thought about the cigars his cousin in Chicago had sent him for his birthday, and had to have one of those. The wine made him think about making more wine; and that made him remember his old cider press and how he had been wondering if he couldn't get the thing fixed up.

"You know, I'd forgot we even had it. Father used to run it every fall. But then, I don't know, guess it got out of kilter, and it got stuck into that old shed, and I never saw it until I went out to look for something else."

"Yes, and you'd find plenty more things if you'd go through those sheds!" Mate put in.

Mollie had to see the press. She liked to tinker as well as Frank did.

"Come on, finish up that cigar, Frank; let's go out and have a look," she urged. "I can just take a squint at it before I go. Maybe we can get the thing to working."

She followed Frank out of the back door, calling back to Mate:

"Wait with those dishes, Mate, I'll be in to help you—now, don't you go and do them."

Mollie and Frank went off through the farmyard. The ground was dry, and the air was warm, and the sun was a glorious gold in the blue September sky. A string of cats, adult and half grown and mere little scampering infants, trailed after Frank. He made pets of the cats and fed them.

"Oh, stop and give 'em their milk, Frank!" Mollie pleaded. Her eyes grew warm and humid. She had slapped Pete Heim in the face once for beating his old horse. "I can't hear the little beggars meeowing like that. Here, kitty, come, kitty."

"You won't catch none of them!" Frank told her, with admiration for the adroit elusiveness of the cats. Mollie made a dive for them, and the whole tribe fled at once, with soft, vanishing evasion—all but one little tiger with white mittens and round emerald eyes, who stood poised, with eyes glittering, until Mollie's fingers almost touched his whiskers, and then was gone, in one flattened furry dive, beneath the woodshed.

"Little villains! confound 'em!" Mollie said, hotly. She adored cats, but they always ran from her.

Frank laughed uproariously. "You'll never get any o' *them*, Mollie! Not if they don't want you to. They're smart! . . . Well, here's where I dragged the press. I kind of gave it a looking over, but—I don't know, something's out o' whack—I ain't figured out what."

Mollie's eyes darkened into concentration. "Well, now, sir, we're going to find out what's the matter with this thing!"

Both began to study it, Mollie bending over it, and Frank crouching with knees bowed out. He had set the press outside the woodshed, and the pleasant sunshine of early autumn burned down glossily upon their heads as they conjectured and tinkered.

"Think it's this here that needs tightening?"

"I think it is, Frank. Then I think she'll run."

Mate came out when she had finished the dishes and stood watching them. She looked slightly satirical, but she had brought out a hat and a sunbonnet, and she said:

"You better put these on your heads if you're going to stay out here."

The dryness of her tone made them both feel guilty. Mollie exclaimed:

"Say! I wonder what's the time."

"It ain't late," Frank assured her. "Let's finish the job. 'Course, I hate to take you away from your canvassing—"

"Oh, well," she told him, robustly, "that ain't the only thing on earth. I'd like to see you get this thing to working."

It was late enough when Mate told them the time. Frank said:

"Well, the afternoon's gone now, anyway, Mollie. Better stay on and have supper with us and make a day of it."

"I can't!" Mollie cried, in a panic. "I was going to stop at all these places along the road this afternoon. I haven't sold a thing to-day but those cotton stockings and one of my own samples. Well . . . oh, well, why not go the whole hog?"

She threw away her afternoon with splendid recklessness. Her eyes sparkled and she was warm with sunshine and happiness. She and Frank were like two children playing hooky from school. They tinkered with the cider press for another hour, coming at last to the conclusion that they couldn't make it go, anyway.

"But I found out what was wrong with it!" Mollie boasted, with a triumphant laugh. "I'll look for a bolt when I go through town, and then Frank can make his cider."

Frank said seriously:

"I sure am grateful to you, Mollie. Hope I haven't taken too much of your time."

She answered generously:

"Oh, shoot, Frank, forget it! It wasn't what I'd planned to do, but I guess it was just as good as selling a few stockings. You and Mate might just as well be enjoying some cider this winter."

She glowed under Frank's praise of her mechanical prowess.

When they had finished with the press he wanted to take her to see his melons.

"Here's old Rastus! Why, what's the matter with him?"

"Oh, I don't know, he's hurt his paw some way," Frank said.

"Rastus! Did the old boy hurt himself? Well, that won't do!"

As soon as she reached the melon patch, Mollie sat down on the bare, hot ground, and took the dog's paw in her hands. The paw was swollen, and sand and burrs were tangled in the coarse, black fur. Frank, impatient to have her look at his melons, said, "Oh, I guess it'll heal up, Mollie"; but that wouldn't do for Mollie. Here was something that called for help, alive, and more absorbing than the cider press. She made Rastus go back with them to the house, and then called for warm water, a cloth and a darning needle from Mate. Mate thought that was a dreadful fuss to make over a dog. Rastus yelped and snarled, so that Mate shrieked, "Be careful!" and even Frank was worried, but Mollie held him until she had got out the splinter.

"See there, what it was! No wonder! Now, old boy, just a minute—"

She laughed with triumph again. She forced Rastus to stay while she put salve on the wound and bound it up in her best surgical style. Frank laughed at her.

"How long do you think he'll keep that on?"

Still he and Mate both, although they derided so much to-do over an animal, were glad to find out what was the matter with the dog and to have the splinter out.

"There now!" Mollie cried.

Mate was beginning to get the supper ready. Mollie remembered about the

dishes—she was full of contrition and helpfulness.

"But there's always so much. If I'd done that, I couldn't have done the other things."

She insisted on gathering the eggs for Mate. Mate considered that a task: Mollie adored it. She hunted through old boxes with hay pushed into one corner, through folds of the harsh old dusty robe in the ancient cutter, through the mangers and the loft. She carried the eggs in a basket to the house through the low shafts of sunshine. The excitement of all her accomplishments was upon her still, of the praise and gratitude they had yielded her, and she sang, happily—off the key.

"Well, I certainly didn't think when I stopped in here I was going to stay for supper! But I guess I've done a pretty good day's work of it, after all."

When Mollie was ready to leave the glow and triumph of her visit were still upon her. She was taking more plunder with her: eggs and a glass of fresh jelly and an old rooster in a gunny sack mysteriously moving and plunging on the seat beside her.

"Now, you keep that sample, Mate," she was urging. "Frank, you try that suit when cold weather comes—you'll never wear anything else, I'll tell you that!"

"We sure are grateful, Mollie, for all the help you've given us."

"Oh, shoot! Forget it!" But she glowed happily. "I think that press'll run now, Frank, when you get the bolt. Put some more of that salve on the dog's foot. He'll get some good out of it even if he does lick off most of it."

"Aren't you afraid to drive home alone at night?" Mate asked, fearfully.

"No! I enjoy it. There's nothing I like better in this world than to go off in this old car by myself and get the wheel under my hands, and go it!" Mollie said, with shining eyes.

"Sure, you bet! That's the truth," Frank told her. "Mollie ain't one of these scared she-males that always thinks she's going to be run away with."

"You bet I'm not!"

She tried the starter. But it had a streak again and wouldn't go.

"You crank it for her, Frank," Mate said, anxiously.

Mollie cried:

"No, I'll crank the old beast, I'm used to it. Here, boy! Give me hold of that crank."

But Frank would not let her. The car started, and Frank shouted at Mollie above the loud noise of the engine:

"Well, Mollie, we're glad you've stopped. And we're sure grateful—"

"Now you forget it! If we can't do a few things for folks once in a while when we get the chance, why, what's the use? Well, I've had a fine day of it—and I'd like to know why that isn't just as good!"

"Sure!" Frank said, heartily.

"You're going to get the engine heated," Mate told her.

"Well, good-by, folks!"

"Good-by, Mollie."

She started with a suddenness that almost killed the engine—recovered, went on—and stuck her head out of the car, to Mate's horror, just as she was turning out of the driveway, to shout back to the dog:

"Good-by, old boy!"

The loud rattle of the car came back to them from the road, and finally was lost in the country stillness.

"Well, sir," Frank said with relish, and with a laugh, "she's a great Mollie."

He thought over all Mollie's escapades, and the goldfish, and the violets, and laughed.

"I bet she didn't do fifty cents' worth of business to-day. Do you suppose she really will go to Chicago? I don't know why she shouldn't. They isn't anything for her on that place. Charlie and Luisa you couldn't move with a derrick. If the town burned up Charlie Schumacher wouldn't notice it as long as he could go on puttering with those bird-houses."

"Well, I don't know what Mollie does so much more!"

"She could do all kinds of things, Mate. I'd like to see her go to Chicago. Those girls haven't got a thing but that old place and what little salary Charlie gets. Mollie may be left alone some day."

"She won't go," Mate said, calmly.

"Why won't she?" Frank demanded, belligerently.

"Because I know she won't."

Frank stopped to take this in. Then he said, as if in defense of his own statements:

"Well, anyway, Mollie gets a darned good time out of it!"

Mate still had her look of small, calm, satisfied wisdom.

The last far-away hum of the car was lost, now, in the hugeness of the evening, and the crickets took up the sound in a thin, shrill, minor chorus.

Mollie was away off on the road by this time. She drove a wild and speedy course, and other cars tried to keep out of the way of her Ford. It was getting dark and chilly. The graveled road stretched long and pale ahead of her. She knew all the bumps and turns, the patches of dim trees that she passed, the farmhouses. The shrill chirp of crickets from the damp evening fields seemed to sustain the movement and weaving of her thoughts upon its high, incessant monotone.

She was still happy and elated. All day she had done what she wanted to do. The sunshine stayed with her. But the vapory chill from the dark fields of stubble sank into her. Nearly all the harvests now were gathered. The happy little events of the blue and golden afternoon seemed to melt away from her, now that she was by herself again. The glow of the praise and gratitude died. Luisa wouldn't like it because she hadn't come home. Well, she'd caught Lena's hen, and fixed Frank's cider press, and ironed for Mate, even if she hadn't sold many things . . . but, where had the day gone? Where had all these things left her, and what was coming? It was only off and home again. And fall was coming.

She turned into her own driveway and went under cedar branches that scraped the top of the car, and into the shed she used for a garage. There, before she went into the old house where one little dim kerosene light was burning in Luisa's window, she sat again in her car, with her hands on the worn steering wheel.

She was home again. There was always a finality about that. In one corner of the shed was a work bench with bark and twigs for Charlie's birdhouses. Mollie scowled. Kerosene lamps, and the dark old house narrow and smelly in the summer evening . . . she thought of Dorrie and her trig, ambitious little figure, her hard little way, the new shop, modern and shining and white. What was there for her here at home through the long winter when snow banked up under the wooden window sills? She was crazy to be out and doing. Why must Luisa always wait with that old lamp until she got into the house? They couldn't keep her forever. . . . But if they should tell her again that they needed her, and wanted her to stay with them—how was she going to get away from that? She could not think of them small and remote in the chilly old house in the long dark winter.

And what had become of her day's ambition? The fifteen dollars she was certainly to have at the end? Well, she couldn't see folks needing something done and go on by. Too many people did that. The praise and gratitude, at the time, was so much richer to her than the money. No one could say she hadn't accomplished something to-day. But she was aware with despairing guilt of the lone fifty cents in her pocketbook. It made the close darkness of the old place draw in around her.

Her big sunburned hands had a strong grasp on the wheel, but over the darkness of her eyes—warm and defenseless—came the mist of ready tears.

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

THE first work of intellect is discrimination, and nowhere in the field of religion is that more needed than in comparing with one another the great faiths of mankind. The older attitude of Christians was to call their own religion true and to lump under "heathendom" man's other worships and beliefs. Missionary maps printed the so-called Christian portions of the planet white while the remainder was indiscriminately black. To state the matter with restraint, this idea is no longer tenable.

Indeed, to many it has become so patently absurd that, in reaction against it, they now conceive all religions to be indifferently of one quality. Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, Zoroastrianism, Bahaism, Judaism, Christianity—all these, we are told, spring from the same spirit and at heart mean one thing. At inter-religious conferences sweeping assertions are made that the prophets and founders of the world's religions all "speak the same language" and "strike the same note." Irenic and polite though this is, it happens not to be true.

Moreover, this sentimental reduction of mankind's faiths to such a minimum that unity can somehow be wangled out of them does no honor to the faiths themselves. If I were a Buddhist I should not wish to be told that Buddhism is identical with Christianity. Buddhism has profound and distinctive sources and has pursued a historic course of development rich in peculiar associations and meanings; to lose these differential elements in religious abstractions which can be indifferently affirmed of all faiths does Buddhism no honor. The glory of a religion lies in its unique contributions.

While, therefore, every liberal mind desires a growing *rapprochement* among the world's faiths, the wise will not try to achieve it by loosely asserting an identity which does not exist. By appreciating, rather than by forgetting, the characteristic elements of each religion we are most likely to achieve fraternity.

What, then, is Christianity?

Starting in Galilee nearly two thousand years ago, it has run an amazing course. Diverse ages, races, and temperaments have played upon it. In it can be found all the dominant types of religious experience and expression known to mankind. Upon it mystics, metaphysicians, and moralists of many sorts have left their mark. It has become stark asceticism in some, and in others it has assumed the pomp of ecclesiastical autocracy. It has been pacifist in the Quaker, and militarist in the Crusader. It includes within its historic movement many kinds of theology, from the frontiers of pantheism to the borders of polytheism, and many sorts of sacramental theory from magic up. What is Christianity? The more one knows about it, the more difficult the answer becomes.

To many a youth this is no merely theoretical inquiry. He has always supposed himself a Christian but now he is bewildered as to what being a Christian means. He may sit in a classroom with a Buddhist on one side and a Confucianist on the other. Sometimes he un-

derstands them better than he understands certain types of Christian to whose talk in chapel he must listen. Christianity no longer is the simple thing it used to seem to him. Apparently it can mean almost anything. He hears a preacher say that it is like a snowball which has rolled across the centuries and picked up *en route* all sorts of refuse and debris.

Yet it must be possible to get some clarity about this matter. There must be some quality that specially characterizes the Christian philosophy of life and constitutes its major contribution to the world. What, then, is Christianity?

II

Whatever differential factors may characterize the Christian religion, they certainly are not discoverable where popular orthodoxy commonly looks for them. All the superficial elements of orthodox Christianity can, I think, be paralleled in non-Christian faiths. Acceptance of an inspired Book is no peculiarity of Christians. In the theories which Islam holds about the Koran, or Hinduism about the Rig Veda, in the uses to which these holy books have been put, and in the methods of interpretation employed upon them, one finds reduplicated all the characteristic ideas and practices associated with the Bible.

Miracles are certainly no specialty of Christian faith. They are the psychological children of the ancient world-view, and while dressed in diverse clothes, Indian, Chinese, Japanese, or Palestinian, they are recognizably akin. The same kind of miracle, such as raising the dead, transforming one element, like water, into another, walking on the sea, and feeding multitudes with a small food supply, is found familiarly among the records of historic faiths.

The deification and worship of the religion's founder is no peculiarity of Christianity, nor is the ascription to him of a miraculous birth. Indeed, that latter idea not only appears in one form or another with reference to Buddha, Zoroaster, Lao-Tse, and Mahavira, but is used as a common explanation of extraordinary personality in cases that lie outside religion proper, like Augustus Cæsar. Whether appearing in forms gross or refined, its commonness makes evident how familiar an idea it used to be in accounting for outstanding people. Origen, the Christian apologist of the third century, when pleading for the Virgin Birth of Jesus, took this fact for granted. "According to the Greeks themselves," he wrote, "all men were not born of a man and woman. . . . There is no absurdity in employing Grecian histories to answer Greeks, with a view of showing that we are not the only persons who have recourse to miraculous narratives of this kind. For some have thought fit, not in regard to ancient and heroic narratives, but in regard to events of very recent occurrence, to relate as a possible thing that Plato was the son of Amphictione . . . by Apollo." Justin Martyr, born not long after the composition of the synoptic gospels, put it more bluntly. "If we even affirm that he was born of a virgin, accept this in common with what you accept of Perseus."

Owing to the disaster of the Great War, and the consequent discouragement about the world's future, we have recently had a recrudescence of premillennialism; and fundamentalists have been insisting on the second coming of Christ as a necessary item of Christian faith. They are certainly nearer right than some liberals are on one point: very probably Jesus, and most assuredly his first disciples, did expect just such a sudden ending of the age and cataclysmic coming of the Kingdom as the premillennialists predict. This belief, however, is not at all peculiar to Christians. The Mohammedan expectation of the returning Mahdi comes from the same psychological sources; and the Shi'ah of Persia still are awaiting the return of Muhammad, son of Hasan al-Askari,

who has been about to appear since the third Islamic century. As for Buddhists, they are expecting Maitreya, the next Buddha. Already in the Tusita heaven he is awaiting the divine moment to descend to earth and restore the Law. The imaginative hopes of his epiphany are cut from the same pattern as the Messianic expectations of the Hebrews, and, "Oh, that I might live to see Allenya Metai!" is the earnest prayer of many Buddhist hearts.

No matter where one looks in Christianity one finds in its ostentatious orthodoxies, in the items of faith and practice pushed to the front by its controversies and commonly insisted on as indispensable to its integrity, elements entirely familiar to the students of non-Christian faiths. Various religions exhibit similar doctrines and practices with reference to the sacraments; ideas associated with atonement are present in all highly developed faiths; "No one can be saved without regeneration" sounds Christian, but is a quotation from a pre-Christian Greco-Roman Mystery Religion; and even justification by faith, so far from being exclusively Pauline or Lutheran, is being stated today and lived upon with peace and joy by one of the powerful Buddhist sects. As for customs such as pilgrimage, relic-worship, and the like, they appear everywhere. One who has seen Christians, Mohammedans, and Hindus on pilgrimage cannot mistake the common psychological elements in their behavior; while between the bones of the Three Wise Men in Cologne Cathedral and the holy tooth of Buddha in Ceylon there are differences of historic detail but none of essential meaning.

When one plunges deeper and thinks of vital matters, such as prayer and philanthropic love, Christianity has no monopoly. If Jesus said, "When thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret," Epictetus said, "When you have shut your doors, and darkened your room, remember never to say that you are alone; for you are not alone, but God is within." If the Christian scriptures say, "Love your enemies, and do them good, and lend," the Buddhist scriptures say, "By calmness let a man overcome wrath; let him overcome evil by good; the miser let him subdue by liberality, and the liar by truth."

No longer are these resemblances explicable in terms of borrowing, nor is it possible to say, as the early Catholic missionaries in Mexico and Peru said, that the devil to frustrate them had forehandedly furnished the people with a caricature of Christianity. These widespread and deep-seated resemblances between separated faiths, beginning in primitive religion, as all readers of Frazer's *Golden Bough* know, and running up into the highly organized religions, have psychological explanations; they are due, not to mutual copying, but to similar emotional reactions to the mystery of the world and the deep needs of human nature.

The days are gone when wise adherents of Christianity are jealous of this world-wide dissemination of common ideas. One should as soon feel jealousy because architectural beauty is to be found in the Taj Mahal and not exclusively in Gothic cathedrals, as to envy Buddhism its spirit of love, or regret that Islam teaches men to pray. Indeed, the universality of an idea or practice is a weighty evidence of its working power; and the prevalence of even such conceptions as Christian orthodoxy shares with other faiths shows the deep-seated human needs to which they have ministered.

Nevertheless, the combination of these similar elements in the various faiths brings widely different results. White paper and black coal may both be carbon compounds, but, for all that, they are unmistakably diverse in nature and function. So Buddha and Christ do not on the whole speak the same language nor strike the same note. Their followers have a desperately difficult time

to understand one another. The various religions are really various, and the study of their distinctive elements is at least as important to the understanding of them as emphasis upon their unities.

In what terms, then, can we describe that quality which gives peculiar flavor to Christianity so that when it is absent Christianity is not Christian at all? This differential seems to reside in one major matter, discoverable elsewhere, to be sure, but so emphatic in Christianity, so dominant in the Founder's message, so unescapable in the ethic of the movement which succeeded him, that from it as from a fountain flows the result which makes Christianity Christian.

The genius of Christianity lies in reverence for personality.

III

At first sight, this reduction of the manifold complex called the Christian religion to so simple a formula will seem to many the substitution of a thin abstraction for a rich reality. But this abstraction is not thin; like Aladdin's lamp, it has amazing potencies which have built into the Christian system its distinctive and abiding qualities.

Were one to select the special contribution which Jesus of Nazareth himself has made and is making to man's thought, one could do no better than to call him the champion of personality. Some have tried reducing Jesus to a poetic dreamer who loved flowers and children and held beautiful but impractical ideals. Renan, for example, says, "Tenderness of heart was in him transformed into infinite sweetness, vague poetry, universal charm." That, however, so far from adequately representing the historic Jesus, bleaches the color all out of him.

Others have reduced Jesus to an ecclesiastical reformer who, rebelling against the shams of institutional religion, got himself crucified in consequence. Certainly he was an ecclesiastical reformer concerning whom the religious dignitaries of his time felt, as in Shaw's drama King Charles felt about Joan of Arc when he said, "If only she would keep quiet, or go home!" That, however, does not represent the initial motive of his ministry.

Others have represented Jesus as a social reformer, a prophet of the Kingdom of God, who foresaw a reign of righteousness and brotherhood on earth and willingly died for it. That picture of him undoubtedly is true, but his social prophethood was the consequence of something profound in his philosophy.

Others have thought chiefly of Jesus as a metaphysical hypostasis, the second person of the Trinity. Such theological endeavor to explain him in terms of current philosophy in the ancient Greek world was inevitable; but Jesus of Nazareth himself was something quite different from a metaphysical hypostasis. He was an historic character and he made a concrete and describable contribution to human thought. He was the champion of personality. He laid hold on that, lifted it up, conceived it in all its appearances in child, woman, peasant, or king as infinitely valuable. Moreover, he thought of personality as the central fact in the universe and used it as the medium of interpretation for all other facts.

Seen against the background of the centuries which immediately preceded him this constitutes the uniqueness of Jesus' message. Whether one is a Christian or not does not primarily depend on the acceptance or rejection of the orthodoxies of official church and creed. Give new names to many of these creedal conceptions and ecclesiastical practices and one may be a Buddhist, or a Hindu, or a Mohammedan. Whether one really is a Christian or not depends on whether one accepts or rejects Jesus' attitude toward personality.

IV

During this next generation Christianity will probably have to fight for its life, and the struggle will concern itself

more and more manifestly with this central matter. Rear-guard actions will continue around belated disputes about ancient miracles, biblical infallibility, and what not; but the crux of the conflict will not be there. Can we in this modern world maintain Jesus' attitude toward personality? The answer to that question is the sign of a falling or rising Christianity.

If one thing more than another seems to fly in the face of appearances, it is the statement that personality is the primary and victorious element in this universe. Here we human persons are upon this revolving planet in the sky. We are very tiny, and the universe is huge. Our span of life is brief, while the universe was crashing on unimaginable ages before we were born and will crash on after we have departed. We are frailty itself, at the mercy of a few particles of disordered matter, so that a slight accident can snuff us out like guttering candles. Tenuous and temporary, a human being seems anything but triumphant in this overwhelming cosmos. Yet at its best Christianity has taken up the cudgels for personality, for its divine origin, spiritual nature, infinite worth, and endless possibilities.

Take it or leave it, that is what Christianity is about. That is its guiding star and its dynamic faith. Personality, the most valuable thing in the universe, revealing the real nature of the creative power and the ultimate meaning of creation, the only eternal element in a world of change, the one thing worth investing everything in, and in terms of service to which all else must be judged—that is the essential Christian creed. Like it or not, the Christian religion, to use James Harvey Robinson's phrase, is "heavily anthropocentric."

If anyone wishes to argue that the appearances are against this estimate of personality, I agree. The appearances are certainly against it—size, for example. Consider the star, Betelgeuse, which, brought nearer to the earth, would fill the entire horizon, and then try to assert the conviction that man, a mere pygmy, is the triumphant element here! The appearance of time is against it. In the vast cosmic cycles why should man, appearing yesterday, expect to last beyond to-morrow? The appearance of strength is against it, as anyone must feel who has experienced or even has imagined an earthquake shaking men to destruction, as a lion shakes off vermin. As for death, that looks as though—like the magnetic rock in the old legend—it pulls all the nails from the timbers of our ships until they disintegrate in the deep. One who wishes to win the argument on the basis of appearance can have it.

I cannot, however, imagine anyone who has followed the course of science and philosophy being deeply impressed by so easy a winning. Appearances prove little or nothing. It certainly does not look as though our clear sense of up-and-down were pure illusion, and that half the time we are hanging by our heels on the under-side of a revolving globe. It does not look as though solid steel were made of electrons operating by hundreds in atomic nuclei—each nucleus one ten-billionth of a pin point. As for the cosmos at large, which seems obvious enough, it surely does not look like Einstein's curved space-time.

The outstanding attribute of materialism is its naïveté. It bets on the appearances, while if anything seems certain, it is that the ultimate nature of reality must lie at least as much deeper than appearance as do the truths of astronomy, physics, and mathematics. It might conceivably be that, not what Bertrand Russell calls "omnipotent matter" that "rolls on its relentless way," but personality constitutes the key to the truth.

Certainly, big as it is, the universe would have no meaning without personality. Some silent, swift catastrophe conceivably might blot out all mental and spiritual life. Nothing would be left except the universe minus personality. Planets would swing in their

courses with no eye to see. Wind would blow in the trees and surf break on the rocks with no ear to hear. Sunrise and sunset would mark the revolution of the earth with none to care. Age after age the stars would shine with no mind to interpret. There would be neither science to explain, poetry to praise, art to depict, music to celebrate, nor character to give response—nothing but endless things without personality.

Even if one does not fully assent to them, one can understand those philosophies which assert that in large measure a universe like that would be not only meaningless but non-existent, since personalities, by their canons of interpretation and formulations of law, not only observe but help to create the very cosmos in which they live. What is color without an eye? What is the "law of gravitation" without a mind? Somehow an absolutely mindless universe simply is not a universe. Even physical science, when it gets back to the ultimate reality which it can glimpse behind molecules, atoms, electrons, and protons, finds a series of mathematical relationships. Now, mathematical relationships, whatever else they may be, are mental.

Moreover, the possibilities of creation seem to be locked up in personality. Look existence over and only here in this amazing thing is there any promise of development; only in what this pregnant and potential being may yet become does the cosmos, so far as we can see, have any future.

Long before we faced this problem in our modern terms, Christ took up the cause of personality's preëminence. Like a true son of his time and people, he did not speak about it in abstract terms. He was concrete, picturesque, poetic, dramatic. He said that when one personality turned from spiritual failure to success all the angels sang; that it was not the Father's will that one personality, even in a child, should perish; that quality of character was revealed primarily in the way we treated personality in others; and that to gain the whole world was an unprofitable bargain if one failed in building personality within oneself.

If, as some claim, the essence of religion lies in the sense of sacredness, then no doubt beclouds the nature of Jesus' religion. To him personality was supremely sacred. Mankind's faith for ages had dealt with holy rocks, mountains, trees, and caves, sacred temples, sacred days, sacred sacraments; the sense of holiness had attached itself to an endless variety of things, animals, customs, and personages. But Jesus cared for none of these. He allocated the sense of sacredness to one place—personality. Nothing on earth was sacred to him save as it contributed to personality some increment of what he called life more abundant. Whether he healed the body, taught the mind, or inspired the spirit, whether he attacked economic customs that exploited people, or risked his life against an ecclesiastical system that misguided them, he was motived by one central principle—the utter sacredness of personality.

That attitude constitutes the essence of Christianity. It is either magnificent or mad. It certainly is not tame.

Mr. H. L. Mencken, describing the desire of reforming Christians to recover the ethical principles of Jesus and try to live by them, says, "All this is grateful to my gills." I wonder! Mr. Mencken says that the cosmos is a gigantic flywheel making ten thousand revolutions a minute and that "man is a sick fly taking a dizzy ride on it." He calls man "a local disease of the cosmos—a kind of pestiferous eczema." He values man as "the supreme clown of creation, the *reductio ad absurdum* of animated nature." One suspects that Mr. Mencken would have more trouble with Jesus than with any other character in history, not at all because the Master would be guilty of those ministerial "wowserisms" that he so violently abhors, but because Jesus was the champion of personality and said his most scathing words, not against

heretics, nor even against sinners, but against cynics.

The "simple Jesus" is not simple in the least. He is the leading representative among men of a tremendous philosophy of life. As Ralph Waldo Emerson put it, "Alone in all history he estimated the greatness of man."

V

That this Christian idea of personality has some hard sledding ahead of it seems clear. It runs into headlong collision with prevalent ideas: that man, for example, is a physical machine made by the fortuitous self-arrangement of matter, with interesting mental and spiritual by-products. An ingenious scientist has invented a mechanical dog with selenium eyes which, when one flashes a light into the eyeballs, will follow the glare about the room—an amazingly clever physico-chemical machine. Human personality is being so conceived; and our thinking, loving, creating are not uncommonly pictured as highly complicated chemical operations.

To be sure, serious difficulties exist of which even the proponents of this view are conscious. If a human being is only a physical machine, he is at least a queer kind of physical machine, doing things that ordinarily machines are not supposed to do. For example, we aspire, setting our hearts on high ideals and striving after them. Imagine a machine doing that—a Ford car longing to be a Rolls Royce. Moreover, we repent, sometimes wondering in agony whether, after tragic moral failure, it is possible to hope for pardon and recovery again. That experience does not seem identical with a chemical operation. Even on the physical plane we human machines generate little machines called children, that grow up from infancy to maturity. I forbear imagining the consequence if Ford cars should do that.

Our behavioristic friends are right in insisting on the mechanistic aspects of the personal organism. Moreover, they are thereby making available an eminently useful method of investigation and control, with important consequences bound to come from it. When, however, they cease being scientists dealing with working hypotheses and try to become philosophers formulating dogmas, they fare no better than other dogmatists. They become enslaved to words. They call us machines, but we are obviously machines that think, love, distinguish between right and wrong, repent, follow ideals, sacrifice for one another, believe in God, hope for immortality, and construct philosophies to explain the universe. That is to say, we are not anything which anybody in his senses can mean by a machine.

The more insistent and dangerous enemies of the Christian philosophy, however, are not our fads of materialistic theory, but our abiding attitudes of moral selfishness. Wherever personality is being cramped, fettered, debilitated, and abused, there Christianity is being denied. If the churches would put that idea in the foreground of their minds they might get some Christian things done instead of remaining what too largely they are—societies for the propagation of an outgrown mythology.

It was on this moral side that Jesus approached the problem of personality. He came at the matter, as he came at all matters, not theoretically, but practically. He cared about people and believed in them. He leaped the barriers which caste and convention had erected and was in this sense the first great democrat. His major parables concern the treatment of persons. How the Good Samaritan dealt with the victim of the robbers, how the family handled the returning prodigal—such matters seemed to him so crucial that for him the divine judgment was altogether concerned with the way people, especially the poor, the sick, and the imprisoned, had been treated. Even the most sacred institutions, like the sabbath,

and by implication all other forms of human society as well, are to be judged by their effect on people. They were made for man, not man for them.

This elevation of personality's value has produced in the Christian movement a certain militant and aggressive unwillingness to leave things as they are so long as people are being wronged. Say the worst you will about Christendom, it is, nevertheless, the place where democracy has had its best chance, where science has at last got under way, where education has been most freely given to children, where poverty has been most tirelessly attacked, where philanthropy has been practiced on the largest scale, and where to-day the general public conscience is most disturbed about industrial exploitation and war. To credit all this to Christianity would be incredible; but Christianity has been one of the major ingredients in the civilization where this has been true.

To be sure, the most anti-Christian attitudes have often controlled the churches. Many ecclesiastics have discouraged humanitarian movements, backed tyranny, defended slavery, blockaded endeavors to improve industry, end child labor, and abolish war, and in general have been among the world's worst citizens. But always underneath such official religion that other element, without which no Christianity is ever Christian, has worked like leaven. In its nobler hours, Christianity has been unable to escape from the spirit of its Founder, and has known that its essential business in this world is the championship of personality.

VI

So far as the theory of Christian personalism is concerned, one of the major problems which the modern mind faces centers in the idea of God which is involved. For the Christian enthusiast for personality inevitably approaches God in personal terms.

Many to-day have desperate difficulty with this endeavor so to think of God as personal, and no wonder! The universe does not on the whole act as though it were under efficient personal supervision and control. When I hear some hymns, sermons, and prayers taking for granted or asserting with naïve simplicity that this vast, ruthless cosmos, with all the monstrous accidents which it involves, is a neatly planned and personally conducted tour, I recall the more reasonable hypothesis of an East African tribe. "They say," reports an observer, "that although God is good and wishes good for everybody, unfortunately he has a half-witted brother who is always interfering with what he does." That, at least, bears some resemblance to the facts. God's half-witted brother might explain some of life's sickening and insane tragedies which the idea of an omnipotent individual of boundless good will toward every soul most certainly does not explain.

To be sure, we can use our wits to some effect in justifying the ways of God to man. There are four factors in creation from which come all human tragedy and pain. First, the law-abiding nature of the universe that will not vary its procedure to save anyone; second, the progressive nature of human life, that starting us with ignorance, disease, poverty, slavery, or war, makes us fight our way through difficulties and over obstacles to a better future; third, individual initiative and self-determination by whose misuse we often mess up our own lives and ruin others'; fourth, our intermeshing relationships, so unifying our fortunes that what happens to one of us always befalls others too.

From these four factors come all the calamities of men. Yet would we be willing to eliminate any of the four? Would we make the universe whimsical and not law-abiding, or make human life static and not progressive, or make ourselves automata with no initiative, or break up all human relationships and leave our lives isolated like bottles in the rain? All our calamities come from

the same factors that provide our opportunities and joys; and were one of us granted omnipotence for an hour he might well hesitate, in spite of the suffering involved, to disturb this fourfold basis of the world.

Nevertheless, when our wits have done their best, life is still an abysmal mystery. Modern Christian thought frankly faces the fact that in our popular pictures of God as "a sort of infinitely magnified and improved Lord Shaftesbury," who creates, plans, supervises, and controls every event in the universe as an omnipotently affectionate and efficient individual might do if he had a free hand, we have added another idol to the list of man's theological images. Christian thought, however, insists that the recognition of this does not mean that we are thrown back on an impersonal idea of God as blind force, uninterested in man and his values as the weather is careless of the flowers.

All intelligent endeavor after an idea of God must begin its quest with reverent agnosticism, with the recognition that whatever we affirm about God can be only a partial and inadequate symbol. When a child begins to study geography he thinks of Italy as like a boot. So it is, but how inadequate a statement about the Italy of Michelangelo and Raphael, Petrarch and Dante, of Venice, Florence, and Rome! Whatever language we little children on this wandering island in the sky ever use about God is like that—a far-off, partial symbol. We are picture-thinkers when we talk about God and we cannot help it, and our pictures, drawn from limited experience, cover only an infinitesimal fragment of the whole.

To suppose that such acknowledgment of the incomprehensibility of God is skepticism is absurd. "All that can be said about God is *not* God, but only certain smallest fragments which fall from His table"—Saint Catherine of Genoa said that. "Divine things are not named by our intellect as they really are in themselves, for in that way it knows them not; but they are named in a way that is borrowed from created things"—Saint Thomas Aquinas himself said that. Nobody, I suspect, who has imagination enough to grasp the problem can think otherwise. What we can say about God to what is left unsaid is, as James Martineau remarked, "as the rain-drop to the firmament."

It is important, however, to say what we can say as truly as possible. Whether we take a mechanistic, physico-chemical process as our picture of God, saying as another put it that the ultimate reality is a combination of phosphorus and glue, or whether we take personal life at its best as our admittedly inadequate endeavor to represent him in our thought and devotion, does make an immense difference. What Christianity is at this point admits of no doubt. It is once more the champion of personality. It regards personal life as so significant in the universe that it can be used as the symbol in terms of which we think least inadequately about God.

Accept it or reject it, Christianity involves that. It challenges every merely mechanistic interpretation of the world. It regards materialism as of all systems of magic the most incredible. For materialism is magic. To suppose that physical particles maneuvering in the void fortuitously arranged themselves into planets, forests, mothers, musicians, artists, poets, scientists, and saints is not to work out a philosophy; it is to run away from philosophy and believe in magic.

As for Christianity, its primary postulate is regulative for its idea of God. It discovers him most surely and significantly within personal life. When it is intelligent it does this modestly, taking in earnest Paul's assertion that "at present we only see the baffling reflections in a mirror." All its ideas of God are admittedly symbols, intimations, adumbrations, suggestions; they certainly are not definitions. It rejoices that we cannot comprehend God, for if

we could he would not be worth comprehending. It does not suppose that we have achieved more than an infantile lisp when, with our delimited experience of personal life, we utter our profoundest assertions that God is personal. But it does everlastingly return to the proposition that personal life is the road out toward the truth.

The gist of what the church has meant by the Divinity of Jesus lies in the idea that, if God is to be symbolized by personal life, he should be symbolized by the best personal life we know. The interpretation of the Spiritual World in terms of personality and the interpretation of personality in terms of Christ—that is in brief the summary of Christian theology.

VII

Inevitably, this philosophy issues in the hope of immortality. If one tells a modern Christian that that hope is vain, that the survival of the personal organism after death is so against all known possibilities as to be incredible, the Christian, I suppose, might answer somewhat as follows:

Imagine twin babes, unborn in their mother's womb, gifted with the power of thought, the one a skeptic and the other a believer. They are living without light and without breathing, both of which would be to them unthinkable. The crisis of birth, tearing them loose from the matrix on which their existence seems fundamentally to depend, would appear to them like death. As for picturing the world without, that would be impossible.

The skeptic babe could say to the believer, "You are only a wishful thinker; you desire to go on living and so you think you will. How can you be decently scientific and think that? You see how absolutely our existence depends on present circumstances. You are credulous to suppose that the disruption of them will still leave us alive."

To which the believing babe could reply, "My faith is not mere wishful thinking. Month after month nature has been at work here developing something so marvelous that I am confident of an aftermath. Nature is not utterly irrational. She means something by all these preparations, and something will come of them."

To which the skeptic might retort, "How, then, do you picture the new life? If you are so sure about the future, describe it! What is it like?"

This would obviously put the believing babe in a difficult situation. "I do not know how to picture it," he would have to say. "It is to me unimaginable, but it may still be true. I am agnostic about all details. Only of this I feel confident, that nature is not so senseless as to undertake such a promising process with no end in view. The crisis that you call death will turn out really to be birth."

I sympathize deeply with that believing unborn babe. He is in the same case with multitudes of Christians. The outward appearances admittedly are against life after death. Nevertheless, not the skeptic babe but the believer would be right. The crisis did look like death but it was not. It was birth.

At any rate, Christianity, being the champion of personality, is irrevocably the religion of hope. It sees this world as a home for the rearing of persons, not as a gallows on which ultimately they will all be hanged.

Such is the essential genius of Christianity. Whether one looks at its morals, its metaphysics, or its characteristic emotional reactions, reverence for personality is the key to their understanding. In a previous article I said that religion begins in devotion to spiritual values, is undergirded by confidence in their Conserver, and issues in communion that brings peace and power. When, however, one finds such psychological elements of religious experience in their typically Christian forms they are always shaped by personalism and colored by its hues. Spiritual values are conceived in terms of enrichment to

personality; the Conserver is symbolized by personality at its best; the communion is with an unseen friend.

One does not mean that this emphasis is so exclusively Christian as to be undiscoverable in other faiths. That claim would be absurd. No faith would fail to assert that love for people as expressed in practical service is part and parcel of true religion. Listen to Buddha: "As a mother at the risk of her life watches over her own child, her only child, so also let everyone cultivate a boundless mind toward all beings. And let him cultivate good will toward all the world, a boundless mind, above and below and across, unobstructed, without hatred, without enmity. This (way of) living they say is the best in the world."

Yet I am confident that a Buddhist would at once acknowledge that the genius of his religion is far from identical with such enthusiasm for personality as this paper has described. Indeed, a good Buddhist might stoutly assert his satisfaction that his faith holds to another view altogether. Individual existence, he might say, is an illusion; we are like bubbles on the sea, and our peace is to be reabsorbed into its endlessly prolific depths. Continuance of individual existence, he might insist, is a curse; and only Nirvana, with the quietude of a candle that has been blown out, is the ultimate hope.

Not all schools of Buddhist thought would say exactly that; they are as diverse as are the multitudinous sects of Christendom; but no one who knows the genius of Buddhism can possibly mistake it for Christianity. Even at the risk of seeming prejudiced, I think Buddhism is a defeatist philosophy. It despairs of personality, thinks it transient and futile, counsels the renunciation of desire as the remedy for ill, and in the meantime pities men that they must exist at all. Christianity is aggressive and spiritually militant. It believes in personality, its infinite possibility, its permanent continuance, its ultimate victory.

Meanwhile, multitudes of people in our so-called Christian land will find it exceedingly difficult in the next generation to be Christians. For some, behavioristic psychology and materialistic philosophy will make the Christian ideas of personal value seem untrue and, for others, the forces of commercial exploitation and selfish greed will make them seem unreal. Many will fall back on being Christians within limits, believing in the sacredness of personality, more or less. In their better moments they will dare to think high thoughts about it, but faith in man will prove too difficult to hold steadily, and the personal God and immortality will seem too good to be true.

The fact is there never have been many Christians. There have been millions of believers in the pagan and semi-pagan accretions which ecclesiastical Christianity has held in common with other faiths, but Christians, who shared Jesus' reverence for personality, have been few and far between.

This is the real challenge to the churches.

What have their sectarian divisions to do with reverence for personality? What have their theological wrangles in common with the cause that Jesus of Nazareth had at heart? What if they could be made to see that their primary business is the championship of personality! What if the enrichment of personality by worship or by better schools, a juster economic system, and a warless world, could become their great enthusiasm! What if the philosophy involved in this championship, interpreting reality in terms of spiritual values instead of dirt, could absorb their thought! Such a perception of what Christianity is might cause as salutary a revolution as ever has convulsed and reconstructed the churches. It might even make Christianity Christian!

AN APOLOGY FOR THE VISITING LECTURER

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

YOU cannot lecture in America for four or five years without realizing that the visiting English lecturer is by no means a universally popular figure. Indeed, you find that there are some circles, notably the more literary, and the more serious in New York, where the fact of being an English lecturer is a definite handicap to establishing friendly relations. You may be deceived for a time by the number of tea parties to which you are invited and by the amount of printed matter highly complimentary to you provided for public edification, but sooner or later you must find out. The revelation probably does not come through anything you hear said about yourself, but through what you hear about other English lecturers, not at public teas, but in private, where people speak as cat to cat; and what you hear about them gradually makes you more and more uneasy about what they hear about you. I propose to analyze some of this ill-feeling and to defend my fellow-lecturers; and in doing so, in seeking to excuse them and myself, I frankly admit that I am accusing them and myself as well. We do behave badly, we are open to censure, as much and perhaps more than any other group of human beings; and, as always, part of the fault lies in our heredity, our nature, and part in our environment, that is in America itself.

There is, of course, part of this dislike for visiting lecturers which may be discounted at once as trivial and uninteresting. It is the dislike which is naturally felt by natives when they see crowds listening to and staring at speakers simply because they are foreign and a little exotic. I have often wondered what an English nightingale, perched at liberty on a tree in Regent's Park, must think when it sees hundreds of people going through turnstiles and paying at the London zoölogical gardens to hear some gaudy South American parrot screech and chatter in a cage. Is it content that no hungry generations tread it down, or would it like to be paid for singing of summer in full-throated ease?

Perhaps it is annoyed; but no one can blame it nor the American literary man for disliking a foreign competitor, whose strong suit is not talent, nor grace, but simply the fact of being foreign. You pay a nickel less at a sandwich shop for an American cheese sandwich than for one built of Swiss cheese; and I always buy the former, not merely to save the nickel, but out of a sentiment of sympathy for the American cheese thus slighted, though its merit is certainly equal to that of its rival.

But when we have discounted this very natural source of irritation, this well-founded and most excusable form of jealousy, we are left with a truly formidable stream of accusations and criticisms, persisting despite enthusiastic audiences, increasing engagements, unstinted hospitality, and loud-voiced publicity, following the English lecturer around the country. It is, as I have said, not so much what he hears about himself, but what he hears about the others, which disturbs him out of his well-satisfied sense of popularity and success. He begins to wonder whether

the cause of Anglo-American friendship is really served by all this talking; whether it would not be better if the British government were to place an embargo on the export of all subjects not palpably deaf and dumb; whether English lecturers do not serve the same evil function as a certain type of American tourist in Paris and elsewhere. He wonders too why pressure is not brought to bear on the American government to put a high tariff on foreign talkers, seeing that current political dogma believes that the best way of encouraging local industry is to put a prohibitive tax on the foreign product. And then perhaps he stops wondering and begins to argue, to defend and to counter-charge. And at this point he writes this article.

II

Why is the English lecturer *in vacuo* often unpopular with nice intelligent people? What are the charges? It is stated against the English lecturer that his manners are abominable; and at once it must be admitted that some English lecturers are sometimes disgracefully ill-mannered. Let us give a typical instance which is representative of dozens of stories lying around for the evilly disposed to collect and embellish. The scene was a large room in which were seated after dinner half a dozen or so Americans and two English ladies, one a lecturer, the other her companion. The lecturer had put through a long-distance call, charged up to her hostess, to an unknown cousin who had invited the two of them to his country house. "I don't think," she said to her companion, as she laid down the receiver, "that we shall like him; he sounds *very* American!" The half dozen Americans continued to sit there, laughing inwardly, for the incident was only one of a succession of like incidents with these particular specimens. You could not have a better example of a certain naïve category of the accusations levelled at the English lecturer and his alleged ill-concealed contempt for his very kind hosts. Can it be defended?

It cannot quite be defended, perhaps, but it can be explained—but even then in only one way. That incident is typical of the appalling things said and done by an *enfant terrible;* and it is as an *enfant terrible* that the English lecturer abroad can best be explained and even defended.

For the English lecturer is rather like a child suddenly freed from all sorts of restrictions, with the result that this freedom sometimes goes to his head. Watch a well-brought-up child at a birthday tea; freed of the rule "bread and butter first," he will almost certainly eat too much cake. Or watch a child who has usually been kept in his place by adults; some grownup allows him to take liberties with him, and quite soon the child has snatched the proffered inch of friendship and taken a mile on his own. Now that is the psychological state in which every English lecturer constantly finds himself in America; freed from restrictions and rules which have supported his character and behavior hitherto, he very soon loses his head and becomes a nuisance, and he does things which he would never do in his own country, nor tolerate in a visiting American.

Let us look for a moment at the English lecturer in his native habitat. He is usually a person of very slight importance; he may have written a promising book, or been a member of Parliament, or even done a little capable scientific research; but ninety-nine out of a hundred of his fellow-countrymen are getting through life happily and healthily without ever having heard of him. True, there are exceptions: greater lights, suns not satellites, who venture now and again to shine upon these shores; but as a general rule these prove inaudible and, after pocketing large fees for whispering variegated nothings to the front row of their audiences, return to their native land, and America knows them no more. Of these we need not speak, as they are a class apart. The ordinary English lec-

turer who makes a habit and a profession of his tours alone concerns us.

Not only do ninety-nine out of a hundred know and care nothing about him, but most of the small minority who do, disagree, disapprove, or dislike him and have no objection to showing it plainly on all suitable occasions. No one is ashamed of not having read his books, no one pretends to understand his scientific experiments when they have not had the necessary training, nobody agrees with his politics when they really belong to another party. And then he comes to America, and everything is done to make him have a colossal opinion of himself: people buy his books in the morning and know the names of the characters by the afternoon; what he has to say about science just thrills them; his political descriptions assume the proportions of an apostolic *message*. "We have the greatest admiration for Ramsay MacDonald," says the lady in a small-town club in Wisconsin to the labor party lecturer, and then later, "I am sure that nobody in your audience would dream of voting for a man like La Follette." All this, done for politeness, naturally makes a man conceited, and how can it fail to make him rude, seeing that rudeness is the fruit of the tree of conceit? Nothing can be a greater strain on good manners than to be taken as omniscient.

That is one of the first restrictions removed from these poor innocent children abroad—the restriction of disagreement. There is also the restriction of poverty and material discomfort; these drop off them instantly. They find themselves feted, cherished, entertained by people who are willing and able to surround them with undreamed-of comfort. For the asking, all sorts of luxurious treatment is given them, and quite soon they are complaining of the minutest little details of the arrangement of their bed or bath; having swallowed camels galore in their own country, in America they very soon strain at a gnat.

An English lecturer who stayed for weeks the guest of a very wealthy and kindly lady, went about saying, "Well, you would expect comfort *there*, but do you know I had to get out of bed to turn out the light"; while another complained that where he was staying there was one bathroom between two bedrooms serving them both. One is surprised at such criticism, but the surprise wears off when one remembers that in his own house in England there is probably only one bathroom to the whole establishment, and that at the end of a chilly corridor, with one bath towel to last out the week. True, it is surprising that an educated man should complain of his host's bathroom at any time, but in these cases an enormously heightened standard of living and a bottomless hospitality destroy all sense of proportion, all sense of decency. Having been given so much, the spoiled child loses his landmarks and does not know where his demands should stop.

Here is another instance: a well-known English publicist was asked to lecture at a certain club, and inquiries were made as to his fee. He accepted the invitation but declined the fee, asking only that his expenses should be paid. The generous fellow arrived with his wife several days before the lecture and immediately complained of the rooms in his hotel. They were moved up higher, but without satisfying him, until, as a last effort, they were installed in the vice-regal suite—for this was across the Canadian border—and there they stayed after the lecture was over for a full week. The hotel bill far exceeded anything in the way of a fee ever paid in the club's history. And yet the publicist went home, wrote a most appreciative book on America, and regards himself as one of the strongest links in the chain of Anglo-American good will. He simply lost his head, like a child taking not only the proffered inch of friendship, but a mile or so more on his own.

III

I do not, however, propose to publish an anthology of regrettable incidents

such as these to be taken down and used in evidence against all English lecturers whatsoever. Nor will I waste time, like a medieval monk with plenty of years before him, in an attempt to rebut the general accusation; in pointing out that this is not proof that English lecturers are bad-mannered, but simply evidence to be weighed against other evidence to the contrary; in asking if American lecturers are immune from a like accusation; in deprecating all attempts to argue from the particular to the general. I must take a shorter cut and affirm that if the manners of English visitors are admittedly bad, then it is to a large extent the fault of their American hosts.

We have already seen that America corrupts the good manners of English lecturers by removing the restrictions which limited their behavior on the other side of the Atlantic, by contradicting them too little and by giving them too good a time, by demanding, positively demanding, to be treated as an *enfant terrible* treats unfortunate strangers; but America does not stop at these methods. She insists further on taking away from him the English lecturer's ultimate prop, that valuable asset, so unjustly ridiculed, "*British Reserve*." The skill with which the lecturer's reserve is undermined is nothing short of diabolical.

For the English lecturer would like nothing better than always to be both polite and sincere; and the only way in which you can safeguard both these virtues at once and on all occasions is to be reserved, and above all never to ask personal questions nor answer them. Suppose, for example, a man enters a house for the very first time and his hostess asks him, "How do you like my carpet?" The American knows that this is just a formality like two ants touching each other's heads and passing on, or like any question about health or any statement about the weather; he, therefore, says, "I think it's just the cutest thing," or "I'm simply crazy about it" and passes on to the next conversational gambit. The Englishman genuinely believes that his personal opinion has been asked, and after due consideration says, "I hate imitation Axminsters" or "I prefer polished boards," and the next English lecturer will hear that he has been complaining of the furniture in his host's house.

I do not suggest that it is always or often my lady's carpet that causes the trouble, but it may be any one of the thousand things about which our opinion is demanded of us, the family heating system, the small-town high school or insane asylum, prohibition, the American Constitution; it is all one, Englishmen find it difficult to say, "I think the American Constitution is simply the cutest thing I ever heard of" or "I'm just crazy about your insane asylum," and in consequence they are always getting into trouble. It would not help him to have read Bryce, or all the text books on psychiatry and asylum construction; for it is not an opinion based on knowledge that is required, but an emotion attuned to the people who ask him these silly questions. He is asked constantly for his opinion upon things about which his opinion is unprintable; but even this is not the worst, for he is asked about things about which his opinion is sublimely worthless. And what can be a greater strain on good manners than to be treated as if you were omniscient?

Then again, the English lecturer is unfairly trapped by another notoriously common statement: Americans never tire of saying, "Oh, we love you to talk about us; it does not matter how much you criticize so long as you don't stop talking about us." If that is meant to apply to all Americans, why it is a cunning, thumping lie, contrived to entrap the *enfant terrible*, the innocent abroad, to double him up, and drag him down and damn his soul alive. The truth is that the Englishman, asked his opinion on anything, and taking the question seriously, is as often as not doomed forever; for not only may he not criticize, far less may he approve,

and least of all, may he have no opinion at all.

Just look at what happened to Charles Dickens, the great if not the first of English visiting lecturers. He said that from his own personal observation there was a great present, and if customs did not change, a great future for the American cuspidor industry. He has not been forgiven until this day. Why he said it is of course a mystery; perhaps he thought that he could change it, as he had changed poor houses, by saying it; how little he knew the forces against which he was contesting. I have had to conduct personally a chewing-gum count on a square yard of sidewalk on Michigan Avenue in order to convince one Chicagoan that the end product of the Wrigley building finds itself deposited indecently and in public from time to time. But you must not mention the thing to your audiences; for, as one public notice puts it, "Spitting is Un-American."

On the other hand your English lecturer must be careful how he praises anything, for that is almost as dangerous as criticism. When you are feeling really enthusiastic about America, and lost in admiration for its people, learn to keep silent. Thus, if you are thrilled by the vitality and energy all around you, by the wonderful way in which Americans organize to get what they want, keep silent, otherwise you will be contradicted: "Vitality! why it's simply nerves; and we have to keep always on the move so as to prevent us ever having the time to think." And just try saying that to you New York is the most beautiful contemporary city, especially coming in from the sea; not only will your audience assume you are laughing at them, but you will be taking out of their very mouths the favorite remark west of Poughkeepsie, south of Newark, and north of Rye, "New York is not America."

If to criticize or to praise is equally dangerous, surely it is safe to have no opinion at all? It is not safe, it is fatal. You will be asked, throughout your tour, twice a day, what you think of the Prince of Wales. Do not attempt to tell the truth. It is virtually impossible for an American to conceive that days pass without your ever thinking of him at all; do not say that you never met him; say that he is cute, or if the girl says so first, agree with her without a pause.

In short, the English lecturer, asked a question in America, is in the same position as the famous one known to chess players where the pieces are arranged in a certain way and your opponent says, "You may take black or white and say you will win, lose, or draw, and whatever you say will be wrong." And this is why it is so gross of Americans to deny the English lecturer his native breastplate, reserve.

IV

Worse than to be rude is to be contemptuous of those from whom you accept kindness; and this black vice is imputed to us. To a limited extent it is true, and we can best strengthen our defense by defining the extent to which we are defenseless. Wherever we go we find people whom we have every desire to respect insisting upon a pretended interest in our doings, when we know perfectly well that they are bored and indifferent to all that seems worth doing to us. It is this eternal treating of the English lecturer as if he were a child. "Daddy, look what I've made," says the small boy, displaying a worthless example of his handiwork. "Oh, isn't that lovely, I do like that very much, may I have it? I want it so much," says that liar, his father; and the child is generally satisfied. The English lecturer is not as young as this, moreover, he does not expect or desire the business man or his wife to have a consuming passion for poetry—shall we say?—in general, nor even for his poetry in particular. And when they pump up a show of such passion he does tend to despise them. On the other hand there is nothing more delightful than an hour's

talk with some turpentine king, or watch king, or super-plumber, when these people tell you all about how they did it and what it means to their own ego that they have done it. When this happens the English lecturer is flattered, for he has been treated for a rare moment as if he were an adult. "Well, I guess I know nothing about your books, though my wife has surely bought them; I leave culture to her as I'm too busy to give any time to it myself. Will you try these cigars?". That is the prologue which offers hope of a pleasant evening.

Moreover, there is another point which should be emphasized in this context: even in cases where the English lecturer is more than usually vain and can be swamped with compliments without despising the source from which they flow, he is generally able to keep his judgment about the other English lecturer who preceded him last week. He knows that this fellow has practically no right to any opinion on any subject whatever, and when the memory of him and his table-talk is evoked with rapture, why his contempt is even more apt to dawn than in the other case.

And then there is the more serious fact that in wandering round America the lecturer is brought up against a particularly serious fault which is perhaps peculiarly American. Let us give a few examples from the records of a fellow-lecturer. These incidents all relate to one and the same tour of two or three months and they have to do with race prejudice. First the lecturer found himself in a woman's college of a Southern state where his subject was The Scientific Attitude to Race Prejudice. After the lecture, "I quite agree," said the President's wife to him. "Race prejudice is a dreadful thing, except in the case of negroes, where it is all right, for in the Bible it says, 'God cursed the children of Ham,' and the children of Ham are the negroes." Could he help a certain amount of contempt for this? Could he be blamed when, casting chivalry aside, he cited it later as an example of the Devil quoting Scripture? Next he went to California where he learned that the country was being ruined by the Japanese. He learned here, incidentally, that all Catholic priests exercised the right of *jus primæ noctis* over Catholic brides and that nuns' dresses were ample in order to hide their frequent pregnancies. In Florida a millionairess told him that the American Civil War was not fought over slavery at all, but because the Catholics and Jews of the North made a conspiracy to capture the Southern railways. In Pennsylvania he was told by a young actress out of a job that the Jews were ruining the stage in America in a deliberate attempt to undermine Christian morality and to sully America's name abroad. "That explains Hollywood," she added. In Ohio he heard from his hostess's lips of a great negro plot to overthrow white America, and in New York State he was told that the Irish in Boston were responsible for all political corruption. In Chicago he found that the homicides were due to the masses of Italians; though why the homicide statistics of Chicago were higher than those of Naples and Rome the informant did not explain. Of course he also learned with astonishment of all the British bees in the bonnet of the worthy though uncritical Mayor Thompson. And then in another state his host boasted of how they had smashed the business of the only Jew in town.

Now are there no grounds for contempt in all this? In England he would have slammed the door on anyone who spoke in this way; in America his course of action is more difficult. It *is* difficult to be the guest in turn of so many different unassimilated groups all hating one another; and it must be remembered that on this tour the English lecturer had lectured to, or been the guest of highly cultured negroes, Jews, Catholics, Irish, and Italians. It is hard to say what he should do when a generous and charming host or hostess vilifies *en masse* the

groups to which other hosts and hostesses equally generous and charming happen to belong.

It may be claimed with confidence that no English lecturer has ever despised Americans with anything like the same fervor as one group of Americans feels in despising another. He does not even despise the Middle West as much as the New York intellectuals do; his experience and his inclinations put him altogether on the side of Booth Tarkington's Plutocrat.

And as for the specific accusation of intellectual contempt for his audiences: I can only give my own feelings for audiences as some little guide to what most English lecturers probably feel, and I would begin by describing a little incident from the real life of a lecturer. It was a sort of variety show attended by about fifteen hundred zealous self-improvers who sat through three lectures of forty-five minutes each and then remained for an hour's question period. The three subjects were British Labor Politics, British and the Middle East, and What Is Art? I am not certain of the exact title of the last, but in any case the subject matter was mainly an impassioned appeal to these fifteen hundred citizens to rise up in their moral might and strike a blow for freedom by demanding that James Joyce's *Ulysses* should be admitted to American shores. In the question period we all got our share of things to answer, but most of the audience were clearly anxious to concentrate upon finding a definition for the term "indecent book." Presently a firm-mouthed, gray-haired lady in black arose and shouted, "The most indecent book I have ever read is Slosson's *Creative Chemistry*," and then sat down. There was some sensation, and doubtless next day a run on the works of Professor Slosson, but the incident led me not merely later to read up a great deal about aniline dyes but to ask the lecturer what he thought of his audiences, and how he reconciled himself to ladies such as this. "I always believe," he said, "that in every audience there are two or three lonely spirits who may be taught to have courage and think their own thoughts by some chance words of mine."

Now what better attitude can any man have than this? In England two or three would be a high percentage to hope for in a crowd of a thousand, but I can honestly say that I have always found more than that in any American audience, East or West, small town or New York. After all, when any concourse of people reaches such figures as must be reached by the sum total of habitual lecture-goers, one does not expect a remarkable level of general intellect and one is at liberty to be thankful, on the whole, for what is actually found in America. Looking for the lonely minds, the timid thinkers with a little originality, the honest brains patiently organizing their fellow club members who do not see so far, is not really as difficult as looking for a needle in a haystack.

V

If the English lecturer is put in a difficult position, as we have hinted, by being both a guest and a professional employee at once, he is also made to feel his task made hard by his having to combine very often the role of popular educator with that of vaudeville entertainer. Even though he lectures on serious sociological and political problems he does well if he insures himself against loss of complexion, loss of hair and loss of figure; and even if he is ugly he will do well to work out in a looking glass those postures and expressions which use his ugliness to the best advantage. If he has written a book on the economic history of the bank rate he must be prepared to sign copies of it as if it were a volume of love poems. One lecturer has made an art of this side of his profession: having spent two hours in dressing himself immaculately, he turns to a lady member of the committee and says, "Would you please look me over

and see if I'm fit to go on the platform?" He pins a white flower to his bosom and when the lady chairman says, at the end of the lecture, "I'm sure we are all very grateful to Doctor Bumkin for his delightful message," amid the answering applause he tears the flower off and presents it to her. He does several other things which are not for public recitation, and I am only sorry that I cannot afford time to say more of him save that he happens to be an American and not an English lecturer. That is probably why he knows this particular job better than the others; for we halt awkwardly between seeking and avoiding notoriety, while he goes right ahead. After all, the lecturer in modern America whatever his nationality, foreign or home-grown, fulfils in the social organism much the same function as an eleventh-century troubadour. He is expected to be gallant, charming, inebriating, and if he knows how, why should he disappoint expectations? We soberer folk who lecture on the duller or at least the less romantic subjects should hardly be despised because our more flashy brethren do their star turns according to plan and, usually, at higher fees.

The trouble is that even the more solid talkers cannot help in some measure attending to their entertainment value; they must publish their personalities if they are to have fees or hearers, and it is so difficult to do this gracefully and at the same time not forget the other indispensable thing, *The Message*.

I think perhaps The Message is the English lecturer's great difficulty. Remember that, as we have already seen, the English lecturer is a child, and then remember what it was like as a child for some lady to say, "I suppose you are not too old to be kissed!" "Yes, I am," I, for one, used to say, blushing violently, though in truth I was really not yet old enough to be kissed. Well, so it is with a message. The English lecturer asked by the lady president, "What is your message?" instinctively replies, "I haven't got one," although in fact he may have one all the time; for he feels himself too young, too inexperienced to claim a right to a message; he hates the word although he may not hate the thing. And when at the end of a lecture a lady says to him, "Thank you for your message" it is as blighting as it would be in other circumstances for a lady to say, "Thank you for your kiss." And when, as has actually happened, three ladies running have said respectively, "I was interested in your lecture because my grandmother came from England"; "Thank you very much for your message," and "Apart from what you said, the way you said it! Your Oxford accent! Why, it was better than Grand Opera!" what can the poor English lecturer be expected to do?

No, no; let Americans, even New York intellectuals, be fair. We visiting lecturers are faced with some pretty problems of conduct to solve, and when children are set problems which are too difficult they cannot be blamed for failing in them; for the fault lies with the devisers of problems themselves. And so I blame America for most of our failure to be as well-mannered in America as we are at home.

OUR NEW SUB-PLUTOCRACY

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

THE party at the Grandburg City Club was exceedingly merry. City Club parties often are. Organized as a public convenience rather than to express any single group's ideal standard of exclusiveness, the City Club sells memberships to everybody in town who can pay for them. Judging by its imposing monthly list of posted delinquents, this includes a good many who can pay but don't. Moreover, with such a constituency, the City Club is aware it can only keep peace in its halls when each and every member refrains from inflicting his standards of behavior on fellow-members. Thus, in creating a convenient and ornate loafing place for Grandburg's prosperous citizens and their out-of-town visitors, it has been tacitly agreed that house rules will be few and their enforcement negligible. Though the deficits from too lavish entertainers have necessitated super-hotel prices, while the waiters penalize observance of the anti-tipping rule with an effective Levantine insolence, the City Club's popularity for "partying" grows from month to month upon the citizenry of Grandburg who have a taste for night life. The local humorists have it that "the old dive gives you all the thrills of hotel life without managers and house-dicks."

For the first four hours the party I speak of was merely up to the average. About the "big dinner" table a dozen male faces bloomed above faultless dinner coats, if not exactly with the patrician leanness associated with magazine-cover concepts of masculine gentility, at least with the ruddy glow of prosperous feeding, hard liquor, and hilarity. If the dinner gowns of their companions betrayed no strikingly individual genius in the art of costume, they successfully conveyed that the ladies patronized shops which discouraged over-dressing and garish distortions of the style patterns. The entertainment facilities were equally orthodox. A radio with flawless loud-speaker attachments blared forth the season's latest and reddest-hot dancing jazz. Waiters dashed in and out from the bar in the so-called locker room with round after round of fashionably potent beverages.

Stimulated by the atmosphere of luxurious revelry, the ladies led the gentlemen by several lengths in the frolic spirit. Feminine voices delivered the more boisterous greetings to latecomers during the preliminary cocktail service, and raised the rumble and patter of table talk to shrieking cadences. Risqué wisecracks began to explode. In the radio's rare intermissions fragments of feminine atavistic solecisms filled the room: "That week-end you had George and I down to the lake." . . . "I'll say it's going good." . . . "You wood'n of hadda chance." . . .

The bacchanal howls were predominantly feminine when two master cut-ups named Jane and Bert ran a race around the rim of the fountain for the queen's trophy—a pitcher-sized potion of gin buck, which the winning lady with boisterous modesty insisted on passing round as a loving cup.

By all of the oldest—some of them almost nine years old—traditions of the City Club, the fountain race should have

been the climax of the evening. That it was not, as all but the most unsympathetic group of the City Club's membership are now agreed, was due simply and solely to unlucky coincidence. Midway in the loving-cup ceremony a prominent citizen well known to the dinner party arrived for a midnight snack with two presentable strangers, a man and a woman. The party was expansive, and he was promptly urged to bring his boy and girl friend along and join forces.

Then things began to happen. The strange woman had been dancing hardly two minutes with one of the more befuddled guests when she came dashing in from an ante-room screaming that she had been insulted. The two strangers, leaving their host in a stupor of embarrassment, picked up their wraps and departed in a seemingly virtuous dudgeon. Thirty seconds later the gentleman who was supposed to have done the insulting and was trying vaguely to recall how his conduct had departed from City Club dark-room conventions, discovered that his watch was missing and simultaneously one of the feminine lives-of-the-party shrieked, "Those crooks got my gold cigarette case."

A chivalrous phalanx rushed down the entrance stairs, caught the strangers in the act of driving off in a car belonging to one of their own members, and smashed the resisting unknown guest's nose while his horrified confederate screamed her sense of outrage until the policeman on the beat arrived. Next day the presentable strangers languished in jail pending an investigation, while the story was duly displayed pyrotechnically on the front pages of local newspapers.

To be sure, like most adjustable scandals, this one collapsed after two days of frenzied publicity. Car theft prevented and jewelry restored, it was simpler to have presentable strangers on their way than in jail holding receptions to police reporters. The City Club's magnates talked sedately—for publication—about investigations and reformatory discipline; but when it was explained that the party's indiscretions had been due solely to high spirits, and after it was discovered that the disconcerting guests had received visitors' cards from no less a person than a club officer, who had had the honor of being formally introduced to the strangers by the bartender in a local speak-easy, all purgation processes were charitably discontinued. The City Club settled down to consider it all as a normal mischance of its celebrated prankishness.

Shortly after this happy solution had been achieved I dropped in for a chat with old Alex Carson beside the base-burner in his venerable law office. Through the loss of his fortune and his drowsing privileges at the defunct Grandburg Gentlemen's Whist and Assembly Club, Alex since his seventieth birthday has become something of a social philosopher.

"Well, I hardly expected that anything would be done about it," was his comment, "after I learned that the host was the leading automobile insurance salesman for three states.

"But, by Jupiter," he added, indulging his Puritan fondness for classical swearing, "it does cheer an aged man's malice to see the sub-plutocracy now and then dip its feet back into its native element."

II

With old Alex's permission, I suggest conferring the name of the sub-plutocracy on a few million Americans. They are the people who, by their own exertions and by meeting the industrial market's demand for increasingly specialized services, have risen during less than a single generation from the laboring class or the frugal cottage and country-store economic environment of their origins to incomes of ten thousand dollars to one hundred thousand dollars a year. They may lack the means for the diversions of the supreme plutocrats —private yachting expeditions in Medi-

terranean waters and grouse-shooting parties on Scottish estates. But they can afford the amusements, the luxuries, and the more or less polite activities of local social leadership as easily as an old-fashioned farmer could afford three eggs for his breakfast.

Perhaps as good an example of the sub-plutocracy's rise as any can be found in a Midwestern city which I knew in my childhood. In the 1890's it had a population of between forty and fifty thousand with a normally varied representation, for that period, of the mercantile, professional, and industrial interests. As I recall it, the families who set its standards of taste and social conduct could hardly have numbered one hundred. Their leadership had a strictly economic base, but it was significant of more than mere spending power. "To belong" one had to have a permanent stake in the community. Small or large, one had to assume certain obvious responsibilities to its life and growth and human relationships. One had to be, that is, the head of a business firm, or a factory, or a bank, or an independently practicing professional man, or a son or younger male relative of one of the principal houses in training for similar responsibilities. In addition, there were a few old families, dating back to the early era of settlement about the time of the War of 1812, who represented something faintly approaching a blood and landed interest. In short, here was a small, unobtrusive local aristocracy accepted for the depth and tenacity of its roots rather than for the ostentatious spread of its foliage.

Newcomers even of obvious means, unless they happened to be vouched for by members of the group or by similar groups in neighboring cities, usually spent years or decades on the probation of formal acquaintance before they were fully admitted. Mere social snobbery of the conventional sort did not dictate these exclusions, but the established order did demand that the newcomers prove that they were persons of business capacity and probity, that their women folk could be counted on for discreet behavior and cultural refinement, as these terms were understood in the Cleveland epoch, and that they were settling down to become permanent members of the community rather than acquisitive transients.

Within the community, rising from the ranks was possible but rare. Below the proprietors and owners of the leading business enterprises, there were few who had either the means or the cultural background to aspire to social leadership. Those next in command under the factory owners were the works superintendents—excellent fellows and universally well regarded, but chiefly glorified foremen with the old-fashioned skilled mechanic's social viewpoints and cultural limitations. In the banks, below the president, the single vice-president, and the cashier, there were only clerks and bookkeepers. The store owners employed sales clerks, bookkeepers, and shipping room roustabouts instead of high-salaried sub-executives and trade technicians. Instead of sales managers, district and central, they relied on thirty-dollar-a-week drummers. All these people were necessarily frugal in their economic standards and, for the most part, lacking in social and cultural advantages. Now and then, to be sure, families rose from these strata to a modest or even a considerable affluence; but as a rule this was achieved only by rigid, often niggardly, economies, and not until the head of the house was well along in years and beyond social aspirations. Recognition, therefore, often by the parvenu's own consent, was deferred until the second generation, and often, when at the family's rise the second generation was beyond the age for marrying into the charmed circle, until the third.

In all this conservatism the members of the group were concerned very little about financial prestige, negligibly about ancestors, but a great deal about their standards. Their code was not for its

times aggressively puritanical. They had their full quota of condoned private scandal, of tolerated rakes and wastrels. But they did hold outward decency and decorum in conduct and the total absence in personal traits of what they called "commonness," to be essential requirements. They were a genial, even a democratic people, and were frequently on friendly and even confidential terms with a large number of fellow-citizens who were not dining-out acquaintances. But they felt their position keenly as leaders and representatives of the community's best, and believed that they owed it this much exclusiveness. So while many of the leaders were not more than one generation from the soil, while the majority of them lacked the educational training and the standardized breeding mark of the colleges, while the town Crœsus's income was never fabulously reported at more than fifty thousand a year, and while many of the so-called "prominent" took no vacations and walked to business every day because they could not afford travel and carriages, the little bourgeois aristocracy was composed almost without exception of those who could keep a code of which the principle object was to outlaw vulgarity. For example, for years after the Country Club was founded, and while its catering force still consisted of a lone negro attendant who would serve one's home-prepared picnic suppers for a tip, local financial magnates were occasionally blackballed for no worse crimes than general parvenu coarseness and a native antipathy to standard colloquial English.

From my researches among my contemporaries and elders I gather that there was nothing quixotic or unusual about this pattern of leadership. In the last generation of the old century scores of American cities, between the gregarious villages and the clique-complicated metropolises, received their social tone and traditions from just such groups. Ancestors may have counted for a little more in the East and South, raw wealth in the far Western boom towns. But from Worcester to San Diego, the leadership was essentially uniform. American tastes and manners, American codes of decorous conduct, and to a considerable extent—since the old regime took its duties of informed opinion seriously—American intellectual interests were formed by local bourgeois aristocracies, with a profound interest in their communities and a healthy rudimentary sense of *noblesse oblige*.

III

The picture, however, began to blur at the turn of the century, and now at the close of the third decade it has been practically everywhere effaced. Prior to the boom times following the Spanish War, the old order had been able to exclude or accept the families rising to its own economic levels on what it conceived to be in each case the individual's merits. There were, after all, comparatively few of them. A society composed so largely of the families of the heads of the chief local business enterprises was largely protected by its mere prosperity. The number of important business enterprises was strictly limited by the locality's purchasing power and trade opportunities; and these, except in a few exotically productive communities —like the oil and mining centers—increased slowly. A decade in which a score of new families acquired even the barest economic pretensions to admission within the dominant group was one of relatively rapid expansion, and even the most anemic of local aristocracies could easily enforce its standards on two newly rich families a year.

But the old order's solidarity began to crumble when new economic equals began arriving in scores and hundreds. And this pace in economic self-advancement is precisely what the twentieth century expansion of business and its revolutions in industrial organization presently contributed. Where the local aristocracies had been dealing with

candidates for admission one at a time, they suddenly, on a national scale after 1900, found their thinly defended caste lines beset with regiments, and a little later in the War and post-War booms, with armies.

That the cities grew and the purchasing power of their individual inhabitants grew, was only a part of the story. This opened the way for a sudden unprecedented increase in the number of local business enterprises large and important enough for their heads to claim enumeration among the community's "first families." But at the same time business was supplying an increasing horde of economically eligible candidates, classified industrially in ways which the former little close social corporations of independent local capitalists had never dreamed of.

Factories and public service corporations, which had been operated by foremen and superintendents drawn mainly from the laboring classes, suddenly began employing staffs of technicians whose gentility was more or less vouched for by college diplomas, and whose salaries, more significantly, far exceeded the average for the older professional classes of lawyers and physicians. Commerce and industry, whose products had previously been distributed by impecunious "drummers" of loudly checked suits and small-town pool-room mannerisms, began disposing of them through sales managers and district representatives whose wages and commissions aroused many an oldtime banker's envy. One after another vast new industries of national scope—the motor car and motor fuel companies, followed by radio, domestic electrical appliances, refrigerating systems, and now by aircraft—dotted the local and regional metropolises with agencies and distributing centers staffed by managers and corps of expert salesmen whose sum total of rewards ran, even in the smaller fields, into the millions. Professional and semi-professional services multiplied to gratify the new complex prosperity and to sell themselves to the new technic. Advertising and expert accounting agencies, consulting and efficiency engineers, realty investment corporations were literally born to flourish, while banks added vice-presidents in flocks to take care of each phase of their special interests from livestock loans to the allurement of women customers. Specialists in increasingly more varied and recondite technical branches of practice imposed themselves upon the family lawyers, doctors, and dentists of the ancient regime, demanding fees and retainers in proportion to their exuberantly avowed expertness. Undertakers moved out of the back rooms of furniture stores and established themselves in mortuary palaces with palatial price lists.

Inevitably, when these fortune-winning hordes began pressing against the barriers of the older order, the barriers went down. The old order had no pretensions of blood or landed estate to rally about which were not artificial and patently ridiculous. As democratic Americans, its leaders officially disclaimed the snobbery of mere "position." Its cultural codes, while excellent and promising in themselves, were too thin and recently acquired to serve as defenses against a grand assault. Most fatal of all, the old order was, after all, a bourgeois and business leadership. The new era was one of generally rising living standards; and to maintain their own affluence—certainly to increase it—the members of the old order must win the newly well-to-do as customers and clients. If the professional and financial favors of the new specialists and technicians and the local pro-consuls of the great corporations could be had only at the price of social recognition, social recognition they must be given.

So from heads of the house all over the United States during the first quarter of the century, in the cities between the fifty-thousand mark and the national metropolises, orders to this effect were issued. And in the long run they were obeyed. The old Babbittry of precise

decorum took the new Babbittry of ostentatious familiarities to its bosom. The newly prosperous were too numerous and too wealthy to offend.

Or it would be perhaps still more accurate to say of the majority of communities that the new Babbittry extended the light of its commercial favor and social condescensions to those members of the mauve-decade aristocracies who proved by their amenability that they deserved it. For by the time the sub-plutocracy began arriving in its full war strength it was plain that the old order faced not so much a problem of resistance and exclusion as of survival on any terms. Indeed, wherever the struggle was prolonged into the 1920's, it was not a question of whether the old "first families" would invite the newly affluent to their dinner parties. In thousands of individual instances and scores of communities it was a question of whether, in the newcomers' round of expensive and meticulously fashionable, if somewhat garish, entertainment, the "old families" could show the properly democratic adaptability and make the financial grade.

With the aid of the wider acquaintanceships and mitigated prejudices of their younger generations, most of them probably have managed it. To be sure, many fell by the economic wayside; and in a few of the older and most conservative communities, where the blood interest is strong, remnants may have retired into a sourly critical aloofness. But in the vast majority of cases the older aristocracies appear not so much to have accepted the newer orders as to have merged with them to the point of disappearance. In 1899 the nation could count its citizens of modest prosperity who could be relied upon for responsible local social leadership by tens of thousands. In 1929 it counts in millions the exponents of a new type of "social prominence" whose prosperity is less modest and whose sense of social responsibility is, to put it mildly, what it pleases. The new sub-plutocracy has not simply won a place in the picture. It has become the whole masterpiece.

IV

How it adorns the contemporary social scene may be suggested by a further reference to the Middle-western community we have just been discussing. Since the 1890's the city has a little less than doubled its population. But the intimate little corporation of one hundred or less families which furnished the leadership and set the standards of culture and manners thirty years ago has expanded, under generous recruiting standards and the new prosperity, to a loose aggregation of considerably more than five hundred. Counting wives and offspring old enough to be included in the "younger set," several thousand of its citizens, male and female, are recognized as eligible to participate more or less actively in what is locally regarded as glamorous social life. They belong to the right clubs, attend and give entertainments which the local society reporters consider important, own the better makes of motor cars, travel somewhat luxuriously, take expensive vacations at resorts of some social prestige, and in general amuse themselves as local gentry of the technological age are supposed to do. Superficially a far wider range of sophisticated diversions is open to them than was open to their 1895 predecessors, for whom vacations were rare, and who considered European travel positively exotic.

Yet, under the glittering surface, life has lost a good deal of its quality. The swarm of the new elite is so great that all sense of responsible solidarity is lost. There is a vast lot of milling about among casual acquaintances. But nobody cares whether or not so large and impersonal a group keeps its dignity, whether or not it sets an example of good breeding, whether or not it provides the best possible representation of the community in manners, the outward decencies, and intelligence. The new

Country Club is as large and almost as expensive as a cathedral, but hardly more difficult, socially speaking, to join than the Y. M. C. A. The Midwest Club is its downtown counterpart and, although the City Club scandal previously mentioned did not occur there, its standards are such that no one would have been greatly perturbed if it had.

Under these auspices, incongruities inevitably appear which the old order's conservatism would have made impossible. Your dancing partner at a club cabaret entertainment may wear a gown chosen with the impeccable taste of the most exclusive fashion magazines, but her accent and syntax are those of a shop girl—of the type, that is, which flourished before the higher sales-technicians learned to train these professionally persuasive damsels to speak in the birdlike cadences which formerly distinguished only the products of our most expensive finishing schools. Somewhat later her husband is "pleased to meet you," and in a mumble of solecisms conducts you through a long-winded and pointless account of the large party that was "thrown" when he bought an eight-cylinder car from a mutual acquaintance in the automobile business. You discover that you have been talking with the son of a miner who by hook or crook worked himself through a small technical institute and then, as the first step on his path toward becoming the twenty-thousand-dollar-a-year technical adviser to a coal magnate, married his landlady's daughter.

It is all strictly American and highly commendable. But repeat the formula in varying intensity a few hundred times for each large social assemblage in any typical American city of 1929, and you have accounted for the sub-plutocracy's origins, its social experience, and its present necessary limitations. You have accounted for the fact that so impressive a proportion of the well-groomed and fashionably diverted persons one meets cannot with natural grace execute or receive the simplest formalities of introduction, cannot sustain conversation above the crude levels of personalities, personal interests, and ribaldry. They express themselves in dialect which varies from the doubtful to the execrable, and in their high moments of revelry they indulge in a noisy conspicuousness of conduct suggesting street hoodlums out for a joy-ride.

Business expansion in the first third of the century has made places near the top of its lavish pay-rolls for several times more beneficiaries than the old "first families" could furnish. Picking the new favorites by the necessarily rough selective system of chance and merit, industry has flung into the luxury classes hundreds of thousands drawn from social levels familiar neither with prosperity nor with the forms and inhibitions of good breeding. The sub-plutocracy thus created has arrived so rapidly and in such numbers that it could not possibly be trained for responsible social leadership by its overwhelmed and bewildered predecessors. It thrust itself—or was thrust—to the center of the stage inadequately prepared to carry on the American cultural tradition as the older local aristocracies had left it.

V

In his search for the origins of "the mucker pose" Mr. James Truslow Adams has suggested, but not fully analyzed, the effects of this vast experiment in quick gentry-production. The sub-plutocracy's very deficiencies became the reigning tastes and manners because, numerically, it had swallowed the older aristocracies whole, and no elements were left in the social structure strong enough to impose an effective veto.

In one respect, its attitude toward these deficiencies was creditable. Parvenus of the older type had pretended that deficiencies did not exist. In all the ages of quick fortune-making from the Hamiltonian currency stabilization to the gaudy '70's, the comic publications

were full of jests at the expense of newly affluent families who cultivated a more namby-pamby "niceness" than the Victorians, who in matters of silk hats, coachmen's liveries, and bric-a-brac went in for display more than the millionaires, who hired genealogists to supply them with family pedigrees longer than those of the peers of England. The newly rich of the twentieth century scorned such poses. They were sprung from the soil, or at any rate sprung from the ranks of skilled labor, village store-keepers, and the respectable but frugal employees of commerce in the cities. They made no bones about it. If the older "first families" did not like the traces of their early environment which survived the newcomers' contacts with local business magnates and their possible four years at some fresh-water college, the "first families," in the newcomers' expressive phrase, could "go chase themselves."

The "first families" chased the newcomers' favors instead, so that the latter felt all the less impulse to modify their social inheritance. They cultivated no affected accents, and confidently abused syntax with such phrases as "between her and I," instead of parading an excessive correctness of speech. They quarreled with their favorite head waiters in public, and did not scruple to berate hotel managers with fishwifely violence when the priceless prerogative of "service" was at stake. In their hospitalities, both domestic and public, they preserved the slap-on-the-back informality, the unfettered general rough-house inclinations, and the broad humor of the plain people out for a jamboree. Decorum, to their self-satisfied conscience, was the deliberately distressing invention of old-fashioned "big stiffs."

So a repeal of the so-called "high hat" conventions became, perhaps, the sub-plutocracy's foremost contribution to American manners. Older members of the hinterland aristocracies resisted vainly for more or less extended periods, and various individual grand seigniors remain impotently uncompromising still. But the commercially far-sighted and the younger generations of the established houses succumbed to the invaders' mores virtually without a struggle. If the newcomers were being received as equals and their hospitality was being cherished, it decidedly would not pay, either in business or in the traffic of social favors, to reject their ways of conducting and entertaining themselves. When parties—or syntax—"got rough," obviously it would pay the scions of the older houses to "get rough" too.

The heirs of the earlier gentry, besides gratifying certain atavistic inclinations, readily found reasons for abandoning the sterner standards and accepting the current stock of sophistication. Had not both scientific and Sunday supplement psychology taught them—veraciously enough in many particulars—that the Victorian reticences bound the human spirit with corselets of positively unsanitary suppressions? Had not the more erudite learned from their reading that from the Stuart Restoration to the post-War brood all genuine aristocracies had treated morals and conventions contemptuously? Finally, with prohibition, the more politically conscious discovered that getting drunk as a longshoreman at dinner parties might be a gentleman's—or even a lady's—appropriate way of proclaiming an honorable distaste for the eighteenth amendment. The born gentlemen whose tastes for crude pastimes and pornography Mr. Adams lamented with descriptive accuracy, thus may have been at one and the same time class-conscious aristocrats parading their freedom from the taboos of bourgeois respectability and practical self-salesmen out to persuade depositors and professional associates, who happened to be social intimates and fellow-golfers, that they did not consider themselves superior persons.

The native genius of the sub-plutocracy has made, so far, no significant cultural contributions to compensate for its vulgarity. Previous types of

parvenus may have helped to flavor national taste with healthy provincialisms, enriched in early New England at least by genuine folk arts and in the South, until the most recent era, by gracious forms of manners. But the latest arrivals, transplanted hither and thither by their business and professional interests, "prominent" in Hartford in January, in Houston by next Thanksgiving, and in Spokane by the following Easter, regard freedom from provincial traces and an easy, energetically familiar at-homeness in our standardized, luncheon-club cosmopolitanism as the foremost sign of a dividend-paying social eligibility. Better educated, and sophisticated by wider social contacts than any previous generation of the self-elevated, they lack no confidence in their own *savoir faire* and worldly wisdom. The reticences of the well-bred and the individualism of the intellectuals are to them mere pretenses, to be tolerated only when those who are so unfortunate as to hold to them are also provided with the means to promote the deals of the newly affluent and to share in their standardized pleasures. Thus, even where vulgarity is held in abeyance, the sub-plutocracy's main contribution to the flavor of American society is the intensification of standardizing forces.

For, the sub-plutocrats apparently reason, here is a short life and the means to enjoy it. The way to enjoy it is to belong to the biggest clubs, play the most popular games, stop at the best-known hotels, travel to the most advertised places, read (according to the year's fashion) the most talked of risqué or detective fiction, see the most applauded plays and movies, keep the latest jazz going on the radio, dress—it makes "a good impression" on other sub-plutocrats—in the styles recommended by the fashion magazines of widest circulation, and hold, when the discussion of anything beyond golf, business, and the latest night club attractions becomes obligatory, the most orthodox and least contentious opinions. Those who choose to do otherwise may possess what once passed for brains and breeding. But until they have vouched for themselves with the requisite commercial talents and assets, their eligibility to "good society" is questionable.

And in defining eligibility the sub-plutocracy recognizes no responsibility to any ideal standard of social leadership. It knows that it came up from the social and economic lower regions by money power alone, and, just as it is content to absorb members of better-bred and educated orders who hold on to their personal fortunes, it will readily accept the latest plebeian or vulgarian who has risen by its own method. With the membership as well as with the house committee of the City Clubs, the policy prevails that "the sky is the limit."

Thus, as the super-salesmen, sub-executives, branch managers, agency promoters, and traffickers in expert and technical services multiply in the land, our newest social order multiplies with them. Nor are there signs in the expanding pace of business that the recruiting process will presently slacken. 1930's new arrivals from the ranks will, by all the present auguries, exceed those of 1910 and fall only a little behind the epic upsurge of 1919–20. The standardizing pressure upon taste and the vulgarizing pressure upon manners and pleasure will be reinforced by such newcomers as long as the mill of prosperity feeds new "first families" into the social laboratory faster than gentility can be synthesized.

VI

I suppose that all members of the old order, real or putative, should be very glum at these prospects, and that lamentations over the extinction of culture by the "new barbarians"—the phrase is Professor Wilbur Cortez Abbott's—are strictly in order. Yet I doubt if, in the longer view, lamentations are warranted. The defeat of the old standards of social leadership makes things temporarily un-

comfortable for the fastidious. But the sub-plutocracy's eventual contributions to American culture will not be made in its raw stage, but after it has begun to realize its larger possibilities of development.

After all, the sub-plutocracy, in moving into exclusive residential quarters, has brought vulgarity in its baggage only incidentally. Among its more significant belongings are energy, native intelligence, and more and more, as industry demands an increasing expertness of its professional aides and technicians, a sound basis of intellectual training. If temporarily it has relegated *savoir faire* to the rear as a social necessity, even this has been done on the wholesome principle that aristocracies, including the most modest local ones, must be able to serve the community in more important ways than by giving decorous dinner parties and cultivating a "refined taste" in art. By insisting that "first families" earn their keep in the major activities of practical life—which happen to be business in twentieth-century America as were piracy and service to the crown in Elizabethan England—the newcomers are sanely helping to anchor our future social leadership to reality.

With this much to its credit, the sub-plutocracy has a reasonably clear field ahead to rid itself of the obvious liabilities of its origins. And already the more significant omens suggest that standardization and vulgarity are its points of departure rather than its destination.

For all the group's mass shoddiness, thousands of its members throughout the nation, and numerous individuals in almost every community, have acquired æsthetic and intellectual sensibilities and the restraints of good breeding along with moderate riches. Moreover, it is the sub-plutocracy's second generation, in the main, which fills our colleges beyond the over-crowding limit. At least a few hundred of these grandchildren of the "nobodies" of the "age of innocence" graduate annually with the nation's older cultural inheritance fully absorbed, and ready to assert an independent individualism graciously and easily. Even the least pliant material leaves the campus for practical life benefited by a few years' intensive practice in ingratiating manners, and appreciably more prone to recognize the desirability of self-effacement and sound syntax in a brawling world.

On these improving foundations, I suspect, the Republic may yet, within another generation or two, rest its most typically modern and democratic experiment: that of entrusting social and cultural leadership to a valid aristocracy several millions strong.

CONSPIRACY

A STORY

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

IT WAS snowing—a fine, sifting, inevitable snow. A snow whose quiet progress was smoothing, and leveling, and hiding, and would by and by obliterate so many things. Its progress was not to be measured, not more than the progress of thieving time, which steals everything, but so deftly that no one sees anything taken. In the same way, the progress of obliterations accomplished by the snow could not be seen or measured, but it was there, on the ground, in the sky, and in the myriad-moving air drifting between.

When John Grange got his pipe going, he threw the match in the fireplace with a little, almost vicious, fling of his hand, brought his brows together, as though he really cared, and said to his wife:

"Who is this young devil Camilla's lost her heart to?"

But his wife, refusing to be disturbed by his tone, said quietly:

"Well, you know the Darlington family—"

"I don't mean his name," he interrupted, "and I don't mean his family. I mean . . . you know what I mean! . . . Is he the sort?"

She could hear the little soft sound of his lips impatiently gripping and releasing his pipe. She went on counting the stitches on her needle, very deliberately. His impatience did not trouble her. She knew as well as he did that it was assumed. She knew he didn't really care about the young man of Camilla's choice. What he cared about and was absorbed in with deep content was to be sitting there in front of the fire so near to his wife that he could put out his hand and touch her if he wanted to at any minute.

"Sixty-three, sixty-five," she continued to count. Then she turned her knitting and put a careful needle into the first stitch. "I really haven't the least idea. And I don't really think it matters."

John Grange bridled.

"Well, that's where you and I differ. I confess I have an interest in knowing the particular kind of young fool Camilla's picked out."

"It isn't," she suggested mildly, "as though you could do anything about it, or stop it. Besides, I can't see that there's such an immense difference nowadays in the brands."

He smiled, as he often did, at her way of putting things.

"Good Lord, you speak as though they were canned tomatoes, or something like that!" He laughed. "I must say, considering she's your grandniece, you don't take much interest in Camilla."

She put her head a little on one side and addressed her knitting:

"Oh, yes, I do. I'm very fond of Camilla, you know. And I really like young people. It's only that I can't stand them."

"There you go again!"

"No, I'm serious. I like them but I can't stand them; just as I like candy but I can't eat it. The difference is that I face and accept facts, and you don't.

I've said that to you a thousand times before. Like most men, you are romantic, and I'm a realist—like most women."

Yes, she had said that to him often before, and often before he had admitted she was right. But none of that disturbed him. He liked her exactly as she was and could never imagine her being different in any way. He liked himself well enough too, and altogether was very happy.

After this, they sat for one of their long silences, his thoughts drifting here and there, in no particular direction; she knitting, knitting, knitting, and her thoughts close confined, and simmering like water in a kettle.

Outside, the snow continued to sift, steady, feather-soft, feather-light, and with that same soft unbreakable purpose —to cover, to hide, to obliterate.

"There's something I've been wanting to say to you for a long time," she said at last, "but I've never had the courage."

He took his pipe in his hand:

"Don't mind me. Say right ahead."

He was never afraid of what she would say. She had such wit and good sense, and her conversation had always been his delight. So few women really know how to talk. Most of them only remark, or object, or assert.

"You won't like it," she warned him.

"That's all right. Fire away."

"It's just this—" she laid her knitting in her lap, and looked into the fire, "I don't think life is worth the living."

He did not turn his head but he turned his eyes, in slow wonderment, on her. She always had the power to surprise him. That was one of her fascinations. But what was she driving at now?

"What's wrong?" he said. "Is your rheumatism worse?"

"No. And besides, it isn't rheumatism."

"What's the matter, then?"

"Oh, I don't know!" She looked into the fire and put her knitting down. "I suppose it is the accumulation. In sixty-three years you do accumulate such a lot. Knowledge, I mean, and experience, and all that. All that you know about young people, for instance, that they don't in the least know about themselves."

He put his arm over the back of his chair and turned to look at her fully.

"Do you know, I just can't grasp it that you're sixty-three. Upon my soul, I don't think you look fifty."

"I don't suppose you can grasp either that you are sixty-five! One of these young psychoanalysts would make a great affair of that. They would tell you, as though they were telling you something brand new, that the reason you can't believe these things is that you don't want to believe them, because it is not pleasant. And that is precisely what I'm talking about."

"What you mean, then, is that you don't like to get old. I don't see anything strange in that. Nobody does."

"I mean," she said, "just what I said. There's an old saying to cover it. I don't think the game is worth the candle."

He raised his eyebrows, even archly.

"Don't you, indeed!" His tone was exactly the tone one uses to a discontented child when one means to cajole it out of its discontent.

"No," she said quietly. "The difference between us is that I take things rather seriously, and you don't."

He was still smiling at her.

"Well, come now! I will if you will tell me exactly what you mean."

"I mean just that—it isn't worth it."

"What isn't worth what?"

"Oh, all the long years—their effort, their difficulty, their terrible joys, and their disappointments." Her voice trailed off.

"Look here," he put his hands on his knees, and bent toward her smiling. "For heaven's sake! Whatever in the world has gone wrong with you?"

"Nothing's gone wrong. It's gone very well, in one way. Here we are together."

That he accepted at once, and slapped his knee.

"Yes, by Jove! Here we are together." He rubbed his hands. "Here we are together, you and I. And that snow outside there to make it cosy."

"Do you mean to tell me," she leaned forward, and looked at him puzzled, "that you don't *see?*"

"Don't see what? My dear, you do look extremely handsome." He leaned forward, and gave her hand a little soft pat.

"And you don't see?"

"What?"

"What's ahead of us?"

He remembered how it used to stir him to see her riding a spirited horse when she was a young girl. The light hand on the bridle. The complete control. He was a spirited person, himself; and he knew if she wanted him to be sober, sober he must be.

"Old age, you mean?" he said quietly.

"Yes, and the other."

He took a quick glance at her and then looked out of the window at the finely sifting snow.

"That one of us," she continued, with a steady hand on the bridle, "will some day sit here alone."

He did not spring up, nor cry out, as he felt like doing. There was silence, complete silence. Only the snow falling.

He thrust his hands in his pockets, and jingled a key and several coins there. No! He'd be damned if he'd talk to her about that! Hanged if he would! He wouldn't talk to the Lord God himself about that! Think of having evaded it all these years. Of having thrust it away out of sight while they were reading together, sitting through operas and concerts together, traveling together, holding the same prayer book, in the days when they still went to church. Slipping around corners to get away from thinking of it, and then to have her plump it out at him like that.

"Of course," he said, with a sufficiently resolute intention of not facing the issue, "we've been extremely happy."

"That's just it," she said quietly.

But, no. He was not going to be headed off like that.

"I suppose if we had children—"

She broke in on this.

"I ought to have told you before," she said. "I've got all over that. For quite a few years now I've been thankful we never had any children."

Good Lord! What an unfaded power she had! How she could still surprise him! Now for himself, it was the secret sorrow of his life that he had no son to succeed him. He couldn't imagine, simply couldn't imagine, not wanting one!

"I don't mean that I've come to it quickly," she said. "And I suppose those young psychologists would say I was just pretending all this to myself, so as to cover a hurt."

He didn't know anything about psychology, but if it was as reasonable as that he thought he might like it.

"But it isn't that, I'm sure," she said. "It's just that I care so desperately much about children—would have cared so desperately much about my own that I couldn't bear to see them facing the sort of thing you and I are facing."

There! She was dragging him back to the hateful subject. But, no. If he refused to talk about it, maybe she'd release him.

"I wonder," she said at last, "why someone doesn't write fully about youth and age."

There! She was going to release him after all!

"Well, now, there's your favorite, Tolstoi," he said quite happily. "*War and Peace* is about youth and age, isn't it?"

"Yes," she admitted, "about the passing of time."

"And there's that Turgeniev thing that ends with a scampering lot of young people. Remember?"

"Yes—*A House of Gentlefolk.*"

"That's it! And there must be a lot of others."

"But they aren't dealing with what I mean. They are dealing with the mere passing of time—"

Good Lord! The "mere" passing of time!

"Whereas I mean the thing that comes with the long passing of time to men and women who care for each other."

"But I can't see that it's any different. Hasn't there always been just the same chance ever since you and I first met?"

"Yes," she admitted, "but it isn't a chance any longer."

Well, if she wanted him sober, she had him so now. He had thought of these things, often enough. Sometimes at night he raised himself on his elbow to listen strainedly to be sure she was breathing. For years now he couldn't bear seeing her asleep; all the familiar loveliness of her so quiet. But, good Lord! you don't speak of things like that! You force them out of your mind. Sometimes they force themselves back. It is like two people, one trying to hold, and the other to force a door.

And suppose she went first! Why, he couldn't think without her. Oh, of course, he'd behave himself! Men always do. But inside his life everything would be crumbling and falling, like a building that suffers earthquake. There would be a falling together of stones and bricks and timbers, all his hopes and joys and possibilities, and the roar and dust of their falling. And after that the world would seem for him to have no shelter, no roof for him to live under, no fire to sit by—just naked sky.

Of course, he knew hundreds of people, and liked them, and plenty of people liked him. But no one else but she knew him. There was no one in the world like her. Never had been. Never could be. She was unique, single, particular, utterly not-to-be-matched.

"It is strange, isn't it," she was saying, "what a conspiracy of silence there is about it. We don't talk of it to young people any more than we talk about death to children. You'd think we could talk about it to each other. But no. The same agreement, and conspiracy. Yet we all think about it. You got up on your elbow the other night to listen, to see if I was still there."

"How strange you are! And what things you say!"

Her eyes smiled at him.

"Oh, no, I'm—not strange. I wish I were. I wish we weren't all so terribly alike in the big things."

They sat silent for a few minutes. . . .

"And you mean," he said, as though much hung on her reply, "that you don't think all that you and I have had is worth it?"

"I just mean," she said a little wearily, "that I think we are asked too high a price for everything. It is like Moses going through all those forty years, and behaving himself very decently, on the whole, and then getting only a glimpse of the Promised Land."

"Oh, I doubt," he said, speaking almost to himself and looking into the fire, "whether Moses cared so much about the Promised Land. He must have got pretty sick of the name even. But to live without you! . . . "

There, he had said it.

She reached out her hand to him.

At that moment there was Camilla's voice in the hall.

"Don't tell them!" she said, with a little tightening of her fingers and a little pleading look. "Don't say anything." She released his hand.

The door opened and Camilla peered round the edge of it.

"Are you two darlings asleep? May we come in? I want you to see my dress. Am I all right?"

He got up and rammed his hands in his pockets, and stood looking at her admiringly.

"All right, Camilla! Well, I should say so! Tip top! And very handsome, too! All except the paint!"

"Oh, come now! Don't be so old fogey, Uncle John! Aunt Juliet, am I charming?"

"Very, my dear. But where's Tom Darlington?"

Camilla swung around.

"He's here!" She called to him, "Tom, darling!"

Tom came into the room, armed with a heavy importance and a frown, due to a supreme effort not to cut and run.

Camilla took his hand and stood beside him, looking up at him, way up at him, eyes shining. Two very foolish, very inexperienced, very happy young people, who believed themselves more experienced, of course, than anyone in the world.

"Tom and I want to tell you!" Camilla burst out.

"Well, I must say!" said John Grange as though it were news. He reached out his hand with cordiality, man to man.

But Camilla had turned to her aunt, as woman to woman.

"Oh, Aunt Juliet, Tom and I do so a-*dore* each other!" She took a bird-like glance over her shoulder at Tom, then fixed adoring, rebuking eyes on her aunt. "Why didn't you tell me life was as heavenly as this?" It appeared to her suddenly foolish and hopeless, this trying to explain a thing like that to older people. Still, that was the thing to try to do. You owed it to them. "We do love each other so. Don't we, Tom?"

Her eyes went back appealingly to Tom.

Tom drew a slow hand down the back of his head.

"Well, we're rather—eh—er—fond of each other, of course." And Tom proceeded to camouflage his imponderable, inexplicable feelings with a nervous laugh that appeared to have very little indeed to do with them.

"Oh, Tom!" Camilla laughed too, pounced on him, and swung him about and held him by the elbows. "You're too utterly adorable! Uncle John! Aunt Juliet! Aren't you *glad?*"

"Look here!" said Uncle John. "Of course we are. But we'll talk about it when you come back. If you have to be there by five o'clock—"

"Oh, I know! I know!" Her voice went into a little wail of acquiescence. "Come, Tom, dear! We must be running along! Good-by, darlings!"

She put an absurd, patronizing little kiss on the cheek of each of them.

"Good-by! Think about us!" she said.

She and Tom left them, John Grange holding the door for them and closing it after them in his best manner.

Camilla and Tom went down the stairs arm in arm.

"Aren't they just too wonderful?" Camilla said. "Married forty years! I hope we'll be exactly like that when we're old!"

"Here, young lady, look where you're going. Now where are those fur boots? Give them to me."

He pulled them on the trim little feet she held out to him, and fastened them. Then he wrapped her in her furs and gave her a long kiss. Then with two efficient windmill gestures got into his overcoat, buttoned it up, rammed his hands into his gloves, put on his hat at a jaunty angle, and opened the door wide for her to pass out ahead of him.

As the cold and snow swirled toward her and enveloped her, Camilla caught her breath ecstatically.

"Oh, how beautiful! How perfectly beautiful! I didn't know it was snowing. Don't you *love* the snow? I adore it!"

It was as though the snow loved her. It whirled about her, lighted in little tiptoe angles on her fur, in tiny flocks on her eyelashes, and died in little ecstasies on her cheeks.

It would have done the same for him, but he jerked up his coat collar, ducked his chin into it, tilted his head sharply, and hunched one shoulder, so that the flakes had to light instead on the top and side of his soft felt hat.

He put his arm about her, holding the fur collar of her coat together with his strong gloved fingers. He suited his step to hers.

"I like anything, anything," he said softly, "if we're together."

WOMEN IN THE CAMPAIGN

BY ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

"MY dear, have you heard about the romance in the X. offices? I hear they're to be married right after the election."

"Really, I can't understand why she behaved like that! Here I am with nine votes right in the palm of my hand —and what do you think she said to me?"

"No: she never was born to be a political leader. She's too snobbish."

"That's nothing! Mrs. Blank came to our last meeting in an evening dress and an ermine wrap."

"They say Nellie James is making two speeches a day. I wonder who's looking after her children."

"Well, it seems funny to me that with all her experience in Washington, she doesn't help her husband in the campaign. They say she fairly lives at the country club, playing golf and bridge. Now if I were a Congressman's wife—"

"A new leaflet? No, I don't think I'll take one. My husband gets them at the noon meetings. He'll probably read that one aloud to me to-night."

"They say that Mrs. Blank—"

These phrases were not picked up at a meeting of the Neighborhood Bridge or of the Ladies' Aid Society or of the Tuesday Current Events Club. They were caught at various times in various political headquarters or club rooms during the late presidential campaign. They were uttered against the usual political background for women voters—a vacant office or storeroom, hung with flags, party banners, posters, and portraits; furnished with a second-hand piano, a few rented rugs, reed chairs, and tired-looking ferns, a table strewn with pen, ink, soiled blotters, a dog-eared register and political pamphlets. Women coming and going, welcomed and sped on their way by keen-eyed partisan workers who studied them, estimating their value to the party.

Never in the history of suffrage has there been such an opportunity to study the behavior of women *en masse* in practical politics. The wise Maurois says in his book *Disraeli:* "The imaginations of men cannot be set afire with customs regulations." The campaign of 1928 stirred emotional depths beyond anything of which Maurois dreamed. The issues appealed overwhelmingly to the imaginations and emotions of women. What of the reaction of women to this, the first campaign in which they took general interest?

Their contribution to the campaign represented quantity rather than quality. They raised the voting score of the nation but not the standard of campaign methods. They worked up what men term "volume of business" but they lowered rather than raised the ethics of politics.

For women injected religious prejudice into the campaign. Not national party leaders like Mrs. Alvin T. Hert and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt with their well-organized and well-trained committee women and bureau heads. These women hewed straight to the lines of party strategy. They were guided by the campaign text-books of their respective parties. They followed consistently if hopelessly their instructions to "sell" their candidates on records of party service.

The women who boldly brought the religious issue to the fore were the non-political, home-staying women, nice wives and mothers who run clubs and parent-teacher associations and civic leagues—women who have been bombarding Congress to bring about peace, good will, and treaties among all nations!

And the clergymen who preached politics and personalities in their pulpits would not have dared to do so had they not been sure that women would approve. For is it not women who fill church pews, raise the salaries of ministers, and mend the parsonage roof?

Admitting that men politicians of a certain type in certain sections of the country may have welcomed the religious issue, they never would have instigated it. The least astute of politicians recognized it as dynamite. But women tripped in lightly and blithely where politicians feared to tread. They not only injected a religious issue into the campaign but they raised it, with prohibition, to a major position, completely ignoring the possible effect of such action upon their candidate.

Unquestionably these statements will draw protests from women in certain groups. Every woman who voted for what she believed would be a "dry administration" or against "Papal control of the United States," and every woman who registered a vote against religious intolerance will insist that her political standards were the highest and her ballot was an expression of firm conviction.

No doubt what these ladies say is true, but what of the methods used by women in both the major political parties to elect the candidates in whose principles and policies they believed so thoroughly?

To every voter a candidate represents an ideal, a principle; but elections are won or lost on political methods, and in these practices women did not make an enviable record. They injected into the campaign little of the idealism which their leaders have insisted would be forthcoming when women entered politics. In this, the first campaign in which women participated actively, they demonstrated their belief that the end justified the means. Their candidate must win at any cost.

The politically-minded woman stood shoulder to shoulder with the politically-minded man and adopted his methods in campaigning. The emotional woman ran true to form. In all her political practices she remained a club woman, a member of the W. C. T. U. or the Ladies' Aid Society, according to her strongest affiliation. In every group women reverted to their social type.

Again small groups of women will protest against these statements. But this article does not deal with small groups. It pictures the reactions of some fifteen million women to politics. And the eternal feminine cropped up at every turn precisely as it does at a meeting of the Missionary Society, a Committee on Law Enforcement, or a cultural club.

In both major parties women were equally passionate in their loyalties. Democratic women fought desperately to place their leaders back in power; Republican women were as valiantly determined to keep their leaders in power. Intensely partisan women who had previously served their party knew their patter: the Republican women talked of Lincoln, Roosevelt, protection, and prosperity; the Democratic women summoned the shades of Jefferson and Wilson, and talked of Republican waste. Parrots could have done no better. But the mass of women voters, volunteers, self-appointed crusaders with some sort of social or organized following, proved themselves undisciplined individualists; they blazed their own trails and, scorning the warnings of their party leaders, talked the issues dearest to their hearts, religious control or religious intolerance, law enforcement or freedom for the individual, Tammany corruption or oil scandals.

II

One woman with a considerable following of her sex called at my office and asked for a photograph showing whites and blacks dancing together in a Harlem cabaret. My curiosity aroused, I asked her what she proposed to do with such a picture. She replied that she wanted to circulate it in her home state in order to prove what social conditions would exist if Governor Smith were elected president. Didn't he permit such establishments to be run in New York? Wouldn't they spread over the country when he became president? Assuredly!

When I told her that no such picture would be supplied by the Publicity Bureau of the Republican National Committee, she flung me a glance which said quite plainly, "All right. I'll get it elsewhere." I imagine she did!

A middle-aged, unaggressive little woman in shabby black asked for literature on Catholic activities in politics and government. She said she lived in a neighborhood which was strongly Catholic and was having trouble holding its few Protestant voters in line.

"You know how neighbors are," she explained.

When I told her we had no literature of this type, she begged me to tell her where she could find it. Perhaps some Protestant church organization could help her out. My suspicions were aroused. I took her name and address and told her I would look into the matter and advise her later. Probably she was more zealous than cautious. She gave me the information. I investigated and found that, not only did she live in a Catholic center, but she was a devout member of the church, attending mass daily.

The less experienced in politics, the more fanatical were women on these two subjects, religion and prohibition. They lost sight of all the real political issues adopted by their respective parties and gave themselves up to an emotionalism witnessed only once before in recent American history—during the World War.

Even partisan workers could not always be controlled by their leaders. I recall sitting on the right hand of a committee woman at a conference on campaign methods. The chairman was delivering a message from the party's board of campaign strategy. The committee woman beside me squirmed in her chair, smiled a patient, set smile whenever the speaker looked her way, knotted and unknotted her long string of pearls and amethysts, glanced furtively at her diamond-studded wrist watch. When the meeting adjourned, she turned to me briskly and remarked, "That's all very well, but the man doesn't know *my* state. I know my women and I'll have to handle them in my own way." Whereupon she changed to a more pleasant topic, an early American highboy which she had picked up at a bargain.

A few weeks later this woman issued to the workers of her state a message which was printed on the front page of every big daily in the country, and which rocked her party to its foundations. It called forth one of the few disavowals made by her candidate during the entire campaign. To this day she has never offered a satisfactory explanation of her act to either her party or the public, and I am inclined to think that she credits victory in her state, a doubtful one by the way, to her particular bit of political self-expression.

At a post-election or victory dinner given by a group of political workers, I congratulated them on their leadership, which was one of the most dignified of the campaign. After the meeting a bird-like little woman, dressed appropriately in vivid red, whispered as she shook hands:

"You did turn out beautiful literature at headquarters, but it wasn't much good to me. The women I worked on were not interested in pamphlets. What they wanted was personal stuff, gossip. You know what I mean. And I gave

it to 'em. I went out on my own, and the only time I stopped talking was when the dentist filled one of my teeth."

I believed her. Most women workers went out on their own. And they won votes, while, figuratively speaking, they thumbed their noses at district, county, state, and national leaders.

Given their first real opportunity to leave their mark on a great political campaign, the women left a murky smudge which will never be erased from the history of politics in this country. Women cannot escape either the onus or the shame for certain things which happened during the campaign. I question whether they seek escape. Rather they glory in what they term their independence of party instructions and methods. And this goes for the women in all the parties, Republican, Democratic, and Socialist. To fall back on the vernacular, they knew their onions, otherwise their own sex, and with fine scorn of political precedents they proceeded to do their stuff.

Much has been said about the whispering campaign, but as I look back on it I cannot feel that women whispered. The majority of their statements may have started with "Have you heard?" or "They say," but these phrases were not whispered. They were made in tones that all the world might hear.

At political headquarters it was the men who tiptoed into the room, held whispered conversations with reception clerks and secretaries, looked mysterious, and seemed to be burdened with important information which could be communicated only to the highest official barricaded in the innermost offices. Women trumpeted their convictions to the world at large.

III

Political leaders, men of both parties, who urged, nay, implored women to co-operate in the campaign were first dazed, then frankly dismayed by the force they had set in motion. But the behavior of the women was quite understandable to members of their own sex who had followed their organization growth and development.

Previous to the War their experience in organization work had rested on such feminine interests as church, school, and home, stuccoed over with culture. All their instincts for drama had been repressed. The World War released these instincts and unleashed their emotions. Then the sudden cessation of hostilities drove them back into the home, the club, the church. Such interests no longer satisfied them. They had been given the franchise, but it lacked the emotional appeal of war service. The 1928 campaign offered fresh escape from boredom, and women seized upon it with avidity.

Their emotional reaction was the more appalling because it was profoundly sincere. When women pray to avert the election of a man who represents to them a moral, social, and spiritual menace, they are supplying food for thought, not only to politicians, but to all students of politics and social economy.

There were incidents in the campaign which duplicated personal experiences of the World War. When I returned from the war zone in France in 1918, I traveled through the country with a message for women designed to steady their morale, to encourage them in supporting the Government and in rendering service to our fighting men. But they would have none of that message. Wherever I went they demanded fuel to feed the flames of hatred. Had I seen the children that had been mutilated by German soldiers? When I had to admit that I had not seen evidence of atrocities, they lost interest. There were times in the campaign of 1928 when women showed exactly the same ruthless spirit.

At a luncheon for outstanding business women a young woman exclaimed, "If Al Smith is elected, someone should do away with him, and I for one would do my part in executing the plan."

It was indicative of the surging emotions of the campaign that this violent remark passed without comment from the other women at the table.

The campaign demonstrated, too, that women are swayed by trifles. Whether political leaders recognize the fact or not, Mrs. Hoover's unmarceled hair and simple jewelry were big campaign assets. Every time a picture of Mrs. Smith wearing a diamond sunburst was published in a rotogravure section of the Sunday paper Governor Smith lost hundreds of votes; and every time he said "raddio" instead of "radio" in broadcasting he lost as many more, chiefly among the class of voters represented by a woman who told me she did not like "those sort of people."

I received few requests for copies of the Republican platform but I had to get out a mimeographed form letter to answer the question: "Is it true that Mrs. Hoover was a Catholic and that after being married to Mr. Hoover by a Catholic priest, she renounced her religion and joined the Quaker church?"

Straws, these incidents, which prove the general reaction of women to candidates and issues. After four months of intensive campaign work, I am firmly convinced that if all of the national organizations and all the small groups of women who banded themselves together to defeat Governor Smith had awakened one day to find themselves supporting a machine politician of the old type, a product of the most meretricious, unscrupulous school of politicians, instead of a far-seeing, broad-minded statesman like Herbert Hoover, they would have pursued their object to the bitter end, otherwise November 6th, without batting an eye.

To many women Governor Smith was not a candidate; he was the symbol of something in our American life which had to be stamped out. The ferocity with which they went about their task was at times terrifying.

IV

So much for the reactions of women as voters. As active campaign workers, women could be divided into four classes.

First—and this was a comparatively small group—were the seasoned women workers, intensely partisan, pinning their political faith to the party platform and working for the party's candidate without personal prejudice. The women who are accustomed to say, "My party right or wrong, but always my party." In both parties these women took their orders from their national and state leaders and obeyed them implicitly.

Another group of women who were a source of comfort to both parties were the social leaders. One need never worry about a social leader's bolting her party. Democrat or Republican, she is politically precisely what her family background, her husband's business, and her social interests have made her. She is extremely decorative and she gives beautiful teas, entertaining in her drawing-room women who during the four years between elections are never invited to cross her threshold. She is nice, ladylike, perhaps a bit too patronizing, but dependable and soothing in a campaign of uncertainty and unrest.

The third group of women who made little or no trouble were the "yes-women" who vote on instructions from their husbands. You recognize these women wherever you meet them. They prattle propaganda, but when you ask them a question about an issue on which they have not been coached they flounder helplessly.

This brings us to the fourth class of women: the vast group, numbering millions, who were not leaders, who were not strongly partisan, who were not established in their political parties by birth, tradition, or the dictation of their husbands; the women who were beginning to think for themselves and who rather enjoyed toppling over po-

litical customs and traditions and running the campaign according to the methods used in their club world. Their reaction to politics was precisely their reaction to their organization affairs: emotional, prejudiced, impassioned.

They emerged from their clubs into politics believing in themselves. In their own communities they had overthrown boards of education, cleaned out library commissions, even forced clergymen to resign from their pulpits—often on purely personal and emotional grounds. They had enjoyed such enormous power in their own communities, they had created and guided public sentiment on community problems so long that they did not yield gracefully to political leadership.

In the campaign each woman of this group who had a strong personality was determined to dominate her particular group of workers. If she did not approve of the literature issued by her national or state committee, she wrote outlining the type of pamphlets she wanted for her own community. This literature, she said, must define clearly the position of the party and its candidate on prohibition. The platform was evasive. If the platform had been written by a woman it would have said something decisive. She demanded literature on the "religious issue." Her women, she reported, were not interested in the tariff or farm relief. Diplomatic letters from headquarters made no impression whatever on her determination. She collected funds among her friends, wrote her own pamphlets, had them printed and distributed, and let the national or state committee bear the blame if her literature made trouble.

V

Again let me remind readers that this article deals with women *en masse*. It is true that the campaign brought into the political limelight certain groups of women whose activities proved the possibilities for real leadership which organization women possess and the steadying influence which they can exert on practical politics and political campaigns. One of these is The National League of Women Voters. It has been in existence since 1920. Its local leagues have conducted regular classes in government and politics. Most of its members read intelligently and have developed a logical approach to national problems. These women understood the campaign issues. They knew each candidate's position on government problems which they had studied, foreign relations, government control of public utilities, farm relief.

Leaders of women's clubs in many states also demonstrated their ability to organize effectively the women of their parties. They strove valiantly to hold their groups to the real campaign issues. They based interesting programs on those issues and distributed the pamphlets published by their parties. Their efforts to stem the flood of emotionalism and personalities were gallant and often successful.

But, on the other hand, it frequently became obvious that club experience develops a passion for publicity. This often gave a humorous touch to an otherwise trying campaign day. It took an amazing amount of patience and a keen sense of humor to handle the situation. I recall one nationally-known worker who arrived in Washington attended by an impressive retinue, including a secretary and two publicity experts. She was about to launch a drive directed to the independent woman voter and she felt that the first step was to have her photograph taken with Mr. Hoover. Unfortunately, she had not learned in advance that Mr. Hoover was not being photographed with campaign workers. In fact, he was camera-shy throughout the campaign. The lady's publicity experts were deeply grieved when I explained that I could not help them to achieve the object of their trip. The social leader left without even unpacking the exquisite French

frocks which had been purchased for publicity purposes. But the rebuff did not affect her enthusiasm. She continued to be a tireless and valuable worker. The experience, however, did shock a personality developed by much exploitation in her little world of organized womanhood.

Another characteristic incident grew out of the custom of issuing literature for women written and signed by members of their sex who were leaders in certain professions or activities. Republican Headquarters was equipped like a first-class newspaper office. We had our editor-in-chief, our make-up man, and our photographers. "Literature" passed through all of these hands before it reached the voting public. In this particular case the authoress of a pamphlet had held many high positions in women's organizations and with the Government. When she turned in her copy for the leaflet her title page ran something like this:

HOOVER FOR PRESIDENT

by

Jane ——
Chairman of —— Bureau
Founder of —— League
Formerly president of —— Club
Formerly with the U. S. Bureau of ——
etc., etc.

According to committee regulations, the title page must carry also a photograph of the candidate, Mr. Hoover, and at the foot of the page, the line, "Issued by Women's Division, Republican National Committee, Mrs. Alvin T. Hert, Vice Chairman."

The titles of the authoress presented a problem which baffled the make-up man, and the situation was further complicated by the fact that in sketching the plan he inadvertently penciled Mrs. Hert's name in larger type than that of the Bureau Chairman. After an hour's argument with the authoress, I gave up in despair and laid the matter before the editor-in-chief. He cut the Gordian knot with his blue pencil. Running it through the cut of Mr. Hoover, he remarked caustically, "Take that out. Mr. Hoover's merely the candidate."

Another club custom which was manifest during the campaign was that of employing a "ghost writer" for officials. This custom has become so general that the average president or chairman has come to believe that she writes the articles which appear in the local papers with her signature but which are prepared by a clever secretary or paid publicity writer. One woman from the far West was scheduled to arrive on the date of an important local rally, so the local committee announced her as one of the speakers of the evening. The announcement threw her into a panic. "I have no speech. I don't know what to do."

"Well, you know why your state is going Republican, and you know why you're working for Mr. Hoover. Tell your audience this."

"But I never wrote a speech in my life. My husband always writes my speeches."

After an hour's interview with her I had the makings of a speech. In another hour she was given a typed address with which she familiarized herself while under the ministrations of a hairdresser. The next morning I picked up the paper and read an amazing statement by this lady who had confessed that she had never written a speech. Referring to an explanation offered by a preceding speaker at the rally, she said, "Well, I won't have to take back anything I say to-night because I wrote this speech myself and I've got it in typewriting."

One of the striking characteristics of women who have speeches written for them is their very general dissatisfaction with the results. Grammar seems to be more important to them than ideas. Every "the," "and," "if," and "but" must be in place, be the material ever so bromidic. A certain chairman came to me with a speech that had been pre-

pared for her—typical political propaganda devoid of humor.

"I wish you'd fix this up," she said. "Make it sort of chatty and gay. I heard Senator Blank on the radio last night. I'm sure he made everybody laugh. Give me something funny."

Here was one of the few times in the campaign when my sense of humor might prove an asset. And though I say it, as shouldn't, I achieved a gay little speech, in perfect imitation of Senator Blank's style. The lady read it and then looked at me with a pained expression.

"That's too undignified. Electing a president is a serious undertaking. I'd be severely criticized if I treated it so lightly. It doesn't sound a bit like me."

The truth of the last statement I had to admit, so Madam Chairman went back to the original speech—which was one of those things which made radio owners sign off during the campaign.

VI

Now that women have had their real political baptism and have tasted political power, what next?

Will they rise to their opportunities?

Will they prepare for the 1932 campaign by keeping in touch with the new administration?

The women leaders in the two major parties are planning to build permanent organizations among their followers, but presidential elections are carried by women who vote only when roused from apathy by issues and candidates that stir their emotions, their fears, their prejudices. Can the interest of this inert mass be kept alive between elections?

The vast majority of the fourteen or fifteen million women who voted last November belong to women's organizations, civic, welfare, cultural, religious. Perhaps their civic interest can be stirred between elections by a series of non-partisan study programs. The dramatic proceedings in Congress supply ample material for such programs. But are the women sufficiently interested to follow the administration activities? Will any other women's organizations follow the League of Women Voters' example and make a sustained, consistent, and intelligent study of the issues underlying the hysteria of the presidential campaign?

I doubt it. I have a horrible suspicion that most of the organizations will go back to art, drama, and poetry, to such topics as "The Influence of the World War on Painting," "The Position of Woman in the World To-day," "The Effect of Smoking on the Nerves and Morals of Women." To national business I fear they will give little or no thought until the next election; and then, if new candidates are nominated, they will seek new moral and personal issues on which to base their support or opposition.

For, alas, the election of 1928 has shown that women are no more politically minded than men—and no better citizens.

THE ACADEMIC MIND

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

EVERY civilization develops its protective legends. It takes some flattering unction to its soul lest it should reveal too frankly to itself defects that shame the mind. An India ignorant of material comfort extols eagerly its genius for the mystic life. A China that has failed to develop its natural resources explains its devotion to reflective wisdom. An England still semi-feudal insists upon the zeal of its aristocracy for public service. An America that does not know where it is going proclaims the splendor of speed for its own sake. We wear our failures as a favor of which the beauty can never be too passionately praised.

From a world of habit and routine, in other words, we seek escape into the Utopia of contrast. Its legends of enchantment intoxicate us, and we insist that our faith, at least, is not a fairy tale. The chiefest of them, in Western civilization, is the legend of useless knowledge. We endow it upon a scale of unexampled magnificence. It has buildings midway between a factory and a cathedral. It has books by the square mile, and instructors by the thousand. These are the temples of the academic mind, the habitations, we tell ourselves, of men devoted to the contemplation of eternal truth. We ourselves, the creatures of habit and routine, would escape there could the world but move without us. But the quest of the eternal is a whole-time occupation, and we cannot follow its trail. Ours only to endow and to control. We are the acolytes of the legend. For the priesthood itself we lack the true vocation.

But it is deep comfort, in a grimly acquisitive society, to know that the priests move at their task. They are—it is the convention of their profession—socially awkward, pathetically unpractical, inevitably underpaid. Secretly, too, we may feel that, at bottom, they are not unakin to the court jesters of an earlier time, men paid to banish the worldly cares which pain by their obtrusiveness. It is a pleasant thing, after a heavy day in Wall Street, to read Professor Blank's lyrical ecstasy to our unexampled collection of the minor works of Swift. But, as we contemplate the press and hurry about us, it is in general still more pleasant to know of a place where men are remote from, and careless of, the commonplace immediacies of the marketplace. They are rigorously impartial, weighed down with learning, impervious to the self-interest by which our own lives are shaped. They dwell upon those lofty heights of which the very distance from earth gives new horizons and splendid vistas.

They pursue knowledge relentlessly for its own sake. In patronizing them we confer a kind of distinction upon ourselves. We have an inner sense that to share, however remotely, in their other-worldliness is self-purification. We send our sons to meet them in Oxford and Harvard, in Cambridge and in Princeton, as savage tribes set a period apart at the dawn of adult ways for initiation into manhood. Our sons, of course, do not stay there. A few brief years, and they, too, are in Wall Street or the Temple. But they have seen the priesthood, have caught the

reverence for learning, and will carry on the endowment of the academic mind. Professors, for us, are the accepted playboys of the Western world. We collect them as the medieval baron sought for the bones of saints, the Renaissance princeling his Holbeins and Leonardos. They are the proof of our idealism, the evidence that the genius of patronage did not die with the eclipse of aristocracy. We ourselves, we sometimes intimate, should like nothing better than devotion to these mysteries, could we but be spared from that industrial leadership the world expects from us. We cannot so be spared; the call to sacrifice is insistent. But in admiring the academic mind we can at least help to pass on undimmed the torch of learned life.

II

How does the practical man conceive to himself the nature of the academic mind? He thinks, for the most part, of three or four outstanding qualities. There is a precious innocence in the factual world of common sense. The professor is a man of theory, delightful, of course, impossibly learned, but devoted to the spinning of cobwebs which do not impinge upon the practical life. His economic theories explain Crusoe, but not Mr. Rockefeller; his ethics would be admirable, like those of the Sermon on the Mount, in any other world than this; his political philosophy forgets Mr. Platt and Mayor Thompson and the fact that only Nordics are really political animals. His instruction doubtless sharpens the mind (statistics of graduate incomes are not unsatisfactory), and there is a passport to desirable social connections in a university degree. But the academic mind could not run a business. The academic mind would be out of place in the presidency of the United States or the cabinet of Great Britain. What we need there are men who know the world as it is, and not the dream world of the theorist. Academic minds are too remote from reality to be helpful when the need comes for decisive acts.

For the academic mind, as the practical man tells himself, is occupied with useless learning and speculation at the circumference of life. He comments upon Scaliger's edition of Manilius' *Astronomica* and relives the exciting glory of that tremendous achievement. He writes the history of the German idea of the corporation before the seventeenth century and excitedly maintains that the Reception was a blow to freedom. He traces with loving care the nature of pastoral theology in seventeenth-century Massachusetts, and the cultivated practical man can hardly resist an involuntary gesture of reverence for Cotton Mather's admirable firmness with the Bolsheviks of his time. Or he may be a physicist who annihilates the accepted notions of space and time, depicting a universe so gloriously unintelligible that it becomes almost fashionable to read some little manual on his theme. He may be a chemist who has investigated with exquisite exactness atomic weights to the eleventh place of decimals. He may be—what a theme for an introduction at a dinner-party!—the greatest living expert upon prime numbers. The biologist whose course your son is attending has written the supreme monograph upon the molluscs of central Paraguay. These are the regions within which the practical man expects the academic mind to dwell. So long as he fulfils these functions he can be regarded as an ornament to civilization.

For he is then like a valuable tapestry or a precious fan in a drawing-room. Interesting anecdotes will accumulate around him. Like Kant to the citizens of Königsberg, his habits will become traditions to be carefully preserved. He may even display that glorious forgetfulness of Hegel who, so the story runs, did not, in his zest for philosophic thought, hear the guns of Jena outside his study windows. Practical men who

know nothing of James the psychologist have infinite tales of the mediums who deceived him. McTaggart who wrote the most destructive onslaught of our time upon religious dogma survives in London clubs as a man with superhuman knowledge of Bradshaw. Willard Gibbs, one of the four seminal minds in the physics of the nineteenth century, survived to a Yale acquaintance of mine as a man who did not know how to invest a small legacy. Politicians as a whole cannot be said to have made an outstanding success of their *métier;* but when President Wilson failed at Versailles it was because he "approached the subject with an academic mind." The professor, in short, is a museum-piece to the practical man. He collects him as he collects incunabula, or Rembrandts, or Ming vases. And no amount of collector's points in the specimen will ever compensate for the presence of normality. For this is the quality of the practical man, and the thesis demands its opposite in the academic mind.

III

The thesis, said Hegel, begets its antithesis. The world is run by practical men; theirs is the power and the glory. What they do is news. What they acquire makes for a life in which ease and beauty are at least within reach. They fashion the ambitions of their subordinates. They model the universe to their pattern. It is a theme of the economic historians that the civilization of a given time is begotten by its system of production. The way in which men earn their living is the way in which their philosophy, their religion, their ideals will be shaped. The practical man was compelled during the nineteenth century not only to build universities, but to control them. He intended, doubtless, as in the past, that professors in them should spin exquisite theories and think beautiful thoughts. But the professors saw the great world at their doors. They heard the practical men extolled as the directors of the universe. They saw that they were poor; they felt that they had no part in the making of supreme decisions. Though they were professors, they were human, and they determined to be practical men.

The passionate intensity of their determination has exhibited itself in innumerable ways. In part, of course, it was the inevitable outcome of the marriage of science to industry, of the need for better hygiene and a more rational medicine. The business man found himself compelled to come to the university for his experts. He learned that in a law case two or three academic minds are valuable as witnesses. He was taught that where political corruption is too outrageous, a professorial report, or a professor's name as signatory to a report, carries with it a sense of possible impartiality to an angry public. He did not dare to neglect physics or chemistry, engineering or medicine. As the problems accumulated with the evolution of an electorate which passed from doubt of the Divine Right of Kings to doubt of the Divine Right of business men, he found that he needed the academic mind in problems of national frontiers, in questions of banking and currency, in difficulties that arose in connection with native races. Sometimes he took academic advice and paid heavily for it; sometimes, again, he trusted his intuitive judgment in its face and paid still more heavily. Occasionally he even bought out an academic mind for his bank or factory, or took over a chemist to his experimental laboratory. He met professors increasingly often and found them convinced that they had a part to play in shaping the policy of the state. They pronounced on labor questions; they had political views; they even ventured dogmas of their own in the religious sphere. When, as the apotheosis of the academic mind, he met the professor at his Rotary Club, the practical man must have felt that his monopoly of common

sense was threatened at its strategic center.

Nothing, indeed, is so out of date as the picture of the average professor as an unworldly and abstract philosopher devoted to the analysis of first principles. Such professors exist, and they are doubtless the glory of the academic world. Alexander and Whitehead and Morris Cohen in philosophy, Eddington and Michelson in physics, Turner and Tout in history—men like these continue to settle *hoti's* business in the approved manner of Browning's grammarian. The young candidate for the graduate degree continues damnably to reiterate his minutiæ and to publish his intolerable *inédits*. I open the last number of a famous literary journal and find upon its correspondence page that a man still yearns to write a book upon John Thelwall, who is worth, perhaps, a half-column obituary notice in a biographical dictionary; and a new life of Francis Jeffrey who, after a century, is perhaps worth a longish essay in the Macaulay manner. The young academic aspirant will still show for years to come that, were it necessary, he could display the academic mind by a learned tome upon the possessive genitive in Tacitus or adjectives in middle-English signifying heat and light, both, of course, replete with bibliography and *apparatus criticus*. But, to-day, these are exercises in method, a milestone on the road, not a lifelong habit to be cherished as precious. The doctorate to-day is rather proof that its recipient is ready to be a practical man.

This means, in general, one of two things. The modern professor will be either a writer of text-books, or, in his supreme expression, an expert in his subject. He will compile his annual volume upon some selected theme within his province, a history of England, a history of America, a history of France. If he is a lawyer he will do his case-book. If he is a professor of literature he will edit some classic text. There are endless students to-day (since we have realized the civic import of the higher education) waiting for the pemmicanized manual whereby the right facts can be memorized without the grim need to omit the irrelevant and the inessential which caught the great man's fancy when he wrote. The elementary classes in the great universities in major themes like economics, or history, or politics number hundreds; and there are hundreds of colleges as multiplier. Let the professor write but two or three successful books, and he will rank in the income-tax returns as an almost successful business man. He will drop over to Europe in the summer or even join a neighboring golf club. Prosperity will bring him to orthodox opinion, and he will find that mystic connection which so impresses Main Street between President Coolidge and Prosperity. At college he will have office hours and a stenographer. His lectures will become well-organized formulæ that he repeats from year to year, a standardized product as much the outcome of mass-methods of output as the cars of Detroit or the furniture of Grand Rapids. He will buy a little on margins, and his stockbroker will whisper faintly that he can meet his differences. *Beati possidentes* is his motto, and the accusation can never be made against him that he toys with the infinite or the heterodox.

Alternatively, he is an expert, and, at this height, he commands an ever higher esteem. For if it be war-time he can prove that Kant or Hegel or Nietzsche begat the great War; that Danzig is obviously Polish; that Austro-Hungary is an historic outrage. He can prove that Prussian militarism would be the death-blow to freedom, or that Germany's capacity to pay is in the dimensions of the infinite. Since the general public insists on a decent volume of facts to cover the nakedness of its burdens, since, too, the practical man is helpless before the printed page, the academic expert is here invaluable. He produces unanswerable memoranda with the same bewildering profusion as

a conjurer his rabbits from the hat, and if the practical politician changes his ground, the academic expert produces equally unanswerable memoranda on the other side. The voice of the new reason which speaks as necessity requires is obviously a weapon no practical man may neglect.

Peace, of course, is less dramatic than war; but even in these times the value of the academic expert is beyond discussion. He can show by irrefutable economic principle that trade unions cannot raise the rate of wages. He can demonstrate that a too-rigid adherence to democratic methods is woeful error, since the mental age of the average man is no more than fourteen years. He can explain how, by a mechanism almost divine in its exquisite simplicity, the marginal utility of capitalist economics pays to each wage-earner exactly what he is worth. He can show that there is a direct relation between intelligence and earning power. If it is desired to restrict immigration from the Latin peoples, he can prove to demonstration that the race which produced Dante and Machiavelli and Cavour is intellectually inferior to the Nordic peoples. When, as in England, socialism threatens to capture the House of Commons, he can prove that it is axiomatic in political science that a strong second chamber should protect the people against the rashness of an elected assembly. When the democratic synthesis, by seizing the imagination of the multitude, seeks to invade the industrial sphere, he is able to show that the case for democratic government is merely an impermanent moment in the history of institutions.

In the eighteenth century English political parties had their licensed pamphleteers who conveyed to the multitude the case for their convictions. The academic expert plays, the world over, a similar part to-day. Inconveniently, of course, he will not always speak upon the right side. Perverse people, like Professor Gide, or Mr. Keynes, will urge that the economic principles of Versailles are disastrous; Professor Frankfurter, entirely forgetting that Sacco and Vanzetti were Italian anarchists, will demand for them the same justice they would receive if they were Mr. Daugherty or Mr. Sinclair; Mr. R. H. Tawney will even suggest that property is incapable of justification save in terms of social value. But men such as these, Professor Fay, for instance, who writes of the great War with the same serene detachment he might apply to the struggle of Hellas with Persia, are obviously remnants of the earlier period. They bear the same relation to the types of our own day as fossil fauna to the living creatures in a zoölogical garden. In general, the academic expert is definitely right-minded. Though four men are killed each working-day in the British coal mines, an eminent professor of physiology was ready to show that mining is a peculiarly healthy occupation. When British dockers explained to the Transport Workers' Commission that they could not live on their wages, a distinguished professor of statistics showed immediately that they calculated needs upon a grossly excessive dietary. Every profession breeds its heretics and extremists, as a rule its failures; but fortunately enough, they are rare. And to those who would curtail the academic freedom which makes them possible, it is sufficient to point out that there are even lawyers who favor reform of the law.

We must remember the type, and not the divergence from it. In general, the academic expert has served the practical man supremely well. He has produced the right theories at the right time, and they have had a wonderful air of being born of the inescapable rigor of facts. His tables and footnotes, especially where they were not read, have usually carried conviction. He has shown a proper hatred of abstractions. He has increasingly refused to dwell too largely upon foundations, a habit which, as Edmund Burke has said, is always a

symptom of disease in the body politic. He has shown that disposition to preserve and that ability to prove that, though reform in itself is desirable, this is never the right time for reform, which are the obvious marks of practical sagacity. It can even be argued that the dissidents themselves from the prevailing outlook have proved invaluable since they can be offered as evidence of academic independence of mind.

We may go even farther and insist that the practical men have offered proof of their faith in the academic mind by the share they have taken in the government of universities. Ideas, they have come to realize, are of an explosive nature; and it is well to examine the character of those entrusted with such dangerous material. Were the professor the dreamy idealist of the nineteenth century, the practical man would not have devoted the energies of his scanty leisure to the promotion of academic well-being. The post-war increases of salary offered interesting proof of his understanding that a discontented professoriate made for intellectual danger. The recent discovery that the public utility corporations were accustomed liberally to endow the development of scientific views upon the interest they represented is a minor variation upon the same theme. The increasing share of the great foundations in academic evolution, their important tendency to encourage research of an ever more practical type, and to promote in the universities the growth and power of the professor gifted with "executive" talent is convincing proof of the same theorem. It would not, perhaps, be going beyond the mark to define the average academic mind of to-day as that of a practical man who has, at least in the major universities, exchanged wealth and power for dignity and security.

IV

The practical men were right enough when they undertook to rule the universities. For in the age of science knowledge is power, and access to ideas is access to the source of power. Practical men who control the press and the academic mind have in their hands the two main instruments by which the formation of opinion is effected. Had these remained independent of their interests there would have been at large in society a critical and transforming force that might well have proved fatal to the exercise of their authority. Broken to the service of practical men—subtly broken, be it added, since, in large part, they believe themselves impartial and free—the professors have proved an invaluable instrument for the intensification of that control. A world dominated by science is inevitably a complex world; and, as Russia is slowly learning, to train the academic mind to the service of one type of civilization makes it difficult to use its knowledge in the transition to another. The alliance between business men and the higher institutions of learning is one of the chief safeguards of capitalist society.

Yet the practical man was also right when he thought of the academic mind as unworldly and devoted to useless learning. Every university contains queer professors so driven by the impulse of curiosity that nothing in the world matters save the satisfaction of their hunger. They must find a truth and proclaim it. Knowledge and the implications of knowledge, do genuinely mean more to them than comfort or dignity and security. Like the artist and the poet and the musician, they have in them some demon which must be satisfied. They have raw facts about them, and they must somehow find an explanation which fits those facts. They rarely care very much for the consequences which follow from their explanation. Here it may be F. A. Wolf disturbing all accepted notions of the Homeric poems; there it may be Baur with his Tubingen hypothesis; it is Clerk-Maxwell in Cambridge, Michelson in Chicago, Parrington in Seattle.

The old notions will not do for them; and in that private world where the most intimate part of them dwells, real revolutions occur. They probably lack altogether the genius for ordering men. They cannot perceive the importance of authority. They are queer, a little unbalanced, unmoved by the normal standards deemed adequate by the world. They will not, above all, serve practical men. They cannot be regimented and controlled. They cannot be persuaded that, in particular realms, ideas are dangerous, and not to be tossed lightly to the multitude. They have to communicate the truths they have found because, like all great artists, they are born teachers; and silence for them in the realm they deem supremely important is worse than death.

When the academic mind is this, no practical man can ever hope that its governance will pass into his hands. He will always find it restless and uncomfortable. He will never quite know what it is going to say next. He will always be disturbed by its habit of questioning accepted values, disturbing equilibria that he had thought fixed and final. What is a French Minister of Education to do with Alain, who does not desire promotion, and announces, with calm seriousness, that Jules Lagneau, of whom the Minister has never heard, is the only great man he has ever met? What is a millionaire to make of a mind like Morris Cohen's, which holds esteem for Duns Scotus, Bernard of Clairvaux, Spinoza, and Bertrand Russell, but certainly for no figure of eminence in the world of industrial enterprise? What is an English politician to make of Professor Gilbert Murray who draws from the study of Cleon and political parties in Athens the lesson that Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition government corrupted the political life of his country? What can the practical man grasp in that eternal challenge to English complacency which Matthew Arnold—a typical academic mind—flung at it in his famous "choose equality and flee greed"? He cannot tell to what academic theorizing may lead. Clerk-Maxwell's speculations on the ether may lead to Hertzian waves, which, in turn, lead to the wireless industry. Nettleship's lectures on Plato's *Republic* may help to form a new outlook for English Liberalism. Turner and Beard may so rewrite the history of American politics that the old satisfaction with a constitution intended as a safeguard against social democracy may never again be possible to their students. A pupil of Haskins or McIlwain will learn an intellectual integrity from their methods of handling evidence fatal to the ordinary conventions of adequacy. Those who have listened to Allyn Young are never again persuaded to easy confidence in "economic laws."

There is, in short, a certainty that the academic mind of this sort will produce at the least something cleansing and unexpected. It will challenge the conventions it encounters simply because those conventions are, almost invariably, convenient hypotheses imposed upon a generation by those who hold the keys of power. And the challenge will permeate the minds of those who encounter it. Let the university do what it can to enforce orthodoxy and a normal outlook, one great academic mind will by its teaching destroy the utmost its effort can make. And that mind will be the more disturbing because the drive within it produces conviction without. Its own sense of the urgency of new truth is compelling. At the best, it will leave a skepticism of the established; at the worst, it will overthrow it. Nor must it be forgotten that the main importance of its operations lies not in the results themselves but in the habits of mind, candor, doubt, integrity which the method of attaining them unconsciously imposes. Here is a realm utterly unsusceptible to organization and control. Not the most grim and determined body of trustees, not the most servile of university presidents, possesses here sanctions of conduct

which can even hope for effectiveness. The great teacher will teach greatly; and, do what we will, the consequence of great teaching is the sense in those taught that actual social institutions are not coincident with the inevitable foundations of society.

V

Let it be freely admitted that the great academic mind is rare; there are thousands of bad violinists for one Paganini. Let it be admitted, too, that there is nothing duller than the dull academic mind except the dull practical man. We meet mediocrity everywhere; and perhaps because the average university offers special prospects of security, in the university it is too often enthroned. As a rule, he is an expert in some tiny field and equates his specialty with the universe. Outside its confines he steadfastly refuses to wander. His subject is the youth of Lincoln, and he would not be a scholar if he dared to pronounce judgment upon the problems of Lincoln's maturity. He has found a letter from the great man, written in 1834, but he is not going to publish it just yet for fear that Professor Jones may anticipate the inferences he will found upon it. Or he may lack the constructive mind, and live his life as the collector of learned minutiæ which he does not publish but stores up as weapons for a destructive review of a colleague's book. There are incredibly learned dons at Oxford, terrified themselves to write, but waiting with calm joy to demolish the rash scholar who ventures upon a volume in their field. Lord Morley, indeed, with certain grim memories in his mind of the reviewers' habits in the 'eighties once defined an Oxford don as a man who plans a work in seven volumes and dies in the middle of the first. The type is not confined to Oxford, and it is not rare. It cannot build; it can sometimes accumulate and almost always criticize. It has too seldom the generosity of men like Ingram Bywater or Henry Jackson from whose immense stores of unpublished learning other men have been able to write their books.

Sometimes, again, the academic mind reveals itself not as scholar but pontiff. It finds itself in a professorial chair and, instead of playing devil's advocate to its students, it produces its pretty little set of orthodoxies which the undergraduate rejects at his peril. It never revises its principles; it never finds it necessary to be skeptical of itself. It finds early in life a convenient system of categories, and these remain its tyrants to the end. Year in and year out it proclaims its nostrums; and they have the same unvarying monotony as the insurance company's demand for an annual premium. It may be laid down with some conviction that the pontifical professor is mentally dead. Some accident or other, a trick of eloquence, a power of dubious simplification, a youthful promise which colleagues still pray may be fulfilled, has prevented his burial. His mind has intellectual sclerosis, and the harder its outer shell, the greater the degree of his pontificality.

Sometimes, the professor is obsessed by the politics of his profession. He is immersed in the *paperasserie* of the university, loves its card-indexes, its soul-destroying committees, its complicated intrigues for promotion or an increase in the departmental budget. Your academic statesman rarely devotes himself to scholarship, though there may have been a time when he gave prospect of achievement; usually he confines himself to a commencement address on the vocation of the scholar or the place of the university in the modern state. His object is power, and direct is the road upon which he marches to it. He can estimate the intellectual standing of all his colleagues, however different their subjects from his own. He stands well with the trustees. He is an easy conversationalist, and a mellifluous speaker. He is careful, as a rule, to explain that he stands apart from the public controversies of the time; "he does not

believe that a university should meddle with politics," or, alternatively, "scholarship and teaching are a full-time job." He has real genius in appointing his students to suitable posts, and his colleagues must take care not to offend him. He is methodical, quick to take points, full of zeal for organization. He is comforted by increased endowments and bigger buildings. He does not like dangerous academic minds, since these prevent the flow of manna from the heaven of the practical man. He is quite often selfless, and, as a rule, he genuinely loves the university he adorns. *Corruptio optimi pessima;* and he has no notion how power corrodes the heart and dulls imaginative insight. For power searches always for routine, and when the academic politician becomes a university president there is nothing he so subconsciously fears as the genuinely inventive mind.

VI

If an industrial civilization can leave the universities genuinely unfettered, the academic mind has, at its best, a great part to play in the future of civilization. Its business is to do what practical men have never the time nor the knowledge to attempt—the cutting of fundamental principle from the raw material. No task could well be more difficult. It means searching for unpredictable results which may have consequences which frustrate your desires. It means a continuous suspension of judgment before the facts, the recognition that the inconvenient and the unexpected may turn out in the end to be truth. "To think great thoughts," Mr. Justice Holmes has written, "you must be heroes as well as idealists." The academic mind that is to perform its function must never falter before the duty to announce its insight. The more inconvenient, the more unexpected, the less welcome it will be; there is nothing that those in power dislike so much as criticism of the assumptions upon which they rest. Yet the academic mind is untrue to itself unless it is willing to go into the wilderness for its convictions. It is, indeed, in the very difficulty of persuading men to the acceptance of new truth that the supreme worth of the effort should be found.

What, then, should be the relation of the practical man to the academic mind? The answer is that the relation should be as distant as is compatible with academic efficiency. It cannot be complete separation, if only because that makes of universities closed corporations inaccessible to new ideas; the syndicalist government of Oxford and Cambridge has involved a reforming commission in each generation of the modern time. But, short of complete separation, the greater the distance the better the result. Once practical men begin to meddle with universities mediocrity within is given its opportunity. Orthodoxy becomes the ideal in any subject of social import. Volume of publication becomes the measure of academic quality. The skilful popularizer, whom the practical man can read with pleasure, is almost inevitably mistaken for the scholar. What is the intellectual fashion of the moment is developed and cultivated at the expense of what is basic. The administrator becomes more important than the teacher, and the glib professor whose results are immediate and obviously useful, is invariably preferred to the lonely scholar who moves hesitatingly to a goal he hardly knows how to define. The university, at the best, becomes a semi-technical school; and, at the worst, a graceful academy where the sons of practical men learn that modicum of cultivation which social success demands. But the university that is free builds an atmosphere of creativeness for the great thinker who finds place there, and the generations that are to come move in response to the measure of his thought.

"BLACK MAN TROUBLE"

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

FOR a week the freighter *Penstroom* had cruised among the marshes of the Niger Delta. We had waited for cargo, waited for tides, for pilots—had waited until every temper aboard ship was frayed. All day long, in the terrific heat of the African summer, there had been spurts and gusts of fury. The officers had quarrelled with one another, with the sailors, most frequently of all, with the negro workmen who handled our cargo. When we gathered at mealtimes in the saloon—the close, ill-ventilated saloon with its stained tablecloth and the enforced proximity of its five uncomfortable chairs—we ate in almost unbroken silence.

The Captain spat cherry seeds into his cupped hand. First Officer Van Schmoeler picked his teeth. The rest of us stared at the empty plates.

"When do we get away?" the Chief Engineer asked. He addressed no one in particular. No one looked at him.

"Ten more tons. Figure it out for yourself," said the Captain.

"Of what?"

"Palm oil. Ask the mate."

Van Schmoeler screwed around and jerked his head in the direction of the stern. "All depends on them dam' niggers. They get finished and we go at daybreak to-morrow. Maybe we wait one day then at Forcados for the tide. We got now one foot too much draught for that bar, yes, Mynheer?"

Captain Doon leaned back and flipped his wrist magisterially. The wet cherry stones clung to his palm.

"No. This is the rainy season, and there is more water at the river mouth. Maybe you had not noticed it is the rainy season?" He chuckled.

No one else smiled. Van Schmoeler cursed softly. The Chief spread his napkin over both hands and proceeded to rub the beading sweat from his throat, his face, his bald head, his neck. Then he thrust one hand down the open collar of his shirt and wiped dry the rivulets that ran down his chest. He grinned sheepishly at the Lady Passenger. She smiled and nodded.

"These African rivers are no place for a fat man," said the Chief. "In my last letter from my wife, which I got at Lagos, she said she had a bad time keeping the house warm this spring. We live near Amsterdam, and there is always a cold wind across the Zuider Zee. It is so hard to remember."

"Those dam' niggers," murmered Van Schmoeler.

Again we were silent.

Vague sounds came through the open ports. The saloon faced forward, and the decks in front of us were deserted. But from N. 4 hold, where the native stevedores were working, we could hear the wrench and snort of the steam winches, the squeaking of the pulleys, an occasional boom when heavy cargo swung in against the side.

The smoke of our cigarettes hung above the littered table. There was not breeze enough to stir it. The negro workmen aft began to sing, a queer, lilting melody so curiously timed that all the sounds became perfect accompaniment.

"Those black men," said the Chief Engineer, "will sing any time. They would sing, I think, if we went down."

"I heard," interrupted the Captain, "of an American fellow who was coming up from the Congo. He put his ship aground off Corisco Island. There was a heavy sea running, and she was breaking up fast. He had sixty-five Kruboys aboard that he had taken on at Freetown for the round trip. The white sailors got off in the first lifeboats all right. They could launch them on the lee side. But when the Captain and officers tried to get away in the last boat those niggers rushed him. There was no room for them, of course. . . . Bloody niggers! The Cap'n got away all right too, but he had a bad few minutes." He laughed unpleasantly. "I guess maybe they didn't sing that time."

"Perhaps," suggested the Lady Passenger, "they sang after the boats were gone. . . . What happened?"

"Total loss," replied Captain Doon laconically. "There was good cargo, too."

"And the blacks?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "They drowned, I guess."

The Lady Passenger and I excused ourselves and climbed to the empty bridge.

We looked out into the faintly luminous dark. Around us, illimitable, stretched the swamp and the jungle. The town which supplied us with the casks of oil—except for a few vague figures in the glow of the lamps at the end of the tiny wharf—was asleep.

"All this," said the Lady Passenger, "must have been so beautiful long ago."

"There were hatreds and slavery from the beginning."

"Cruelty without contempt is bearable."

"They bear that, too."

"Why?"

"Because they are a gentle people. Because there are so many tribes, so many languages."

She turned and leaned against the forward rail. Beyond the main house there was a glow against the sky. Two wire-cased cargo lights hung from the mast, and the swinging booms crossed left and right before them.

"They have worked since six this morning, haven't they? That's—let's see—sixteen hours."

"A day saved here means the ship gets home a day sooner at the end of the voyage."

"Four months away!"

Van Schmoeler emerged below us from the lighted door of the saloon and walked swiftly across the deck. His slippers clattered on the iron flooring, his hands hung loose, his sharp face was thrust forward. He disappeared into the passageway that ran past the engine housing.

We followed him. Night cargo loading, the grotesque, furious mobility of the shadowy figures around the open hatch, is a spectacle one cannot resist. Van Schmoeler arrived aft while we were still groping down the steep companionway. The singing stopped.

The Chief Engineer, his always scanty costume now reduced to a pair of once white trousers and a damp net singlet, stood in the dark on the narrow footway behind the engine room, gazing at the lighted scene below. We joined him. He pointed his pipe-stem.

A great cask of palm oil was being lifted over the side. It was five feet high, four feet through, and weighed just under seven hundred pounds. Suspended by a slender cable, it swung high above the deck. For an instant the winches were still, and the signalman watched, arms held up arrestingly. He shouted, there was a roar of released cogs, and the huge hogshead hurtled down into the hatch opening. The exact instant of its swing had been estimated. A yard either way and it would have missed the hole and burst. Twenty men stood far below to receive it, trusting its fall would be arrested just before it reached them. Calls of direction came faintly up. The winchman let the drum spin once around and the cable relaxed. The steel hooks that held the barrel, relieved of its weight, came instantly free, were lifted up, and

lashed back across the deck for the next load. Those in its wake ducked expertly. An unwary skull would have been smashed like a china cup.

The Chief lowered his voice. "Between you and I, that fellow Van Schmoeler is a fool. You know what he's doing? To-night he's loading two places down the same hatch. On the bottom and on half of the first flooring. He thinks maybe it goes faster that way. That means after the barrels get fifteen feet down they only got half the opening to go through. Half of the lower hatch boards are on and some men are working there. The rest are right underneath."

Another hogshead rose up and swung against the night sky. Twenty sweating, upturned black faces watched it.

Van Schmoeler stood outside the area of light, looking on. Suddenly his shrill voice screamed out.

"Bloody niggers! Dam' niggers! You think we stay here one month, hey?" He clapped his hands furiously together and strode forward. The little signalman, his eyes still on the suspended keg, retreated. "Get a move on! Hurry up! Hurry up! Bloody, dam' niggers . . ."

He trailed off into a yelping tirade of abuse.

The barrel swung. It had lost momentum and hung wide of the opening. For several moments the signalman, a wiry, beady-eyed little black, maneuvred to get it once more into position. The inertia of so great a weight was hard to overcome. At last with a terrific roar it shot down.

Van Schmoeler had stood watching in tense, sardonic silence. Till the winch drums spun there was only the faint croaking of the frogs in the nearby swamp. The instant the cable relaxed he leaped forward like a madman. The signalman was quick, but not quick enough. The Mate's bony fists smashed against the negro's face, his mouth, his skull till he stumbled back and fell sprawling on the deck. Van Schmoeler stood over him. "Get up. Now maybe I learn you to go quick, hey?"

His arm lifted. It was the signal for the winchman to heave up. Van Schmoeler was not looking into the hold. From where the winchman sat, he, of course, could see nothing. The steel hooks jerked up.

There was a booming, rending, roaring crash, a crash so terrific the iron ship trembled like a hull upon a reef.

With an agility incredible in so big a man the Chief Engineer was over the rail and running to the open hatch, we after him. One glance down into that shattered hell of wreckage and we knew what had happened. The Mate had worked with half the lower hatch flooring in place. The flooring was supported on a single steel beam set loosely into two sockets at the sides. The whirling, lifting hooks, undirected, had caught the beam, lifted it, and let go. The steel support, the heavy flooring, three tons of oil, and four native men had been flung far down upon the laborers on the bottom.

The kegs had burst and in the faint light of the electric lamps below we could see a chaos of splintered barrels and writhing, screaming men in a sea of flame-red oil. Everyone was shouting, straining forward to peer down.

Some negroes were already streaming down the ladders.

I found Van Schmoeler near me.

"That nigger," he whined, "didn't watch his signals."

"You're a filthy, lying swine," I said.

He started back, glared at me and moved away.

Captain Doon in pajamas, his blond hair tousled, appeared at a run and began to bellow orders. They were unnecessary. The Kruboys had taken charge. A big wooden case was found, affixed to the cable, and carefully lowered. Blue Joe, a gigantic, apelike man, foreman of the gang, climbed up from below, told us swiftly that those on the bottom were uninjured—they had jumped in time—but that the four men who had fallen were badly hurt. He climbed to a place from which he could see every-

thing, shoved the Captain—Captain Doon, the Master—violently aside.

The muscular, naked blacks with unbelievable tenderness disentangled the injured men and sent them up one by one in the box. Others took them and gently laid them on the nearby hatch cover. A dozen men stripped off their loin cloths—their whole poor property—and wiped the prostrate bodies clean of blood and the thick oil that smeared them.

The Chief, the Lady Passenger, and I leaned over them. Incredibly, it seemed at first that none was fatally injured. Three were badly cut and bruised, but conscious. The fourth—we turned him over—had not a mark upon him. But, unlike the others, he was moaning painfully. Away from the immediate area of the cargo lights it was dark, difficult to see plainly.

In a moment Van Schmoeler appeared with bandages and began roughly to bind up the more conspicuous hurts. The stevedores had come up from below and formed a silent, anxious ring around us.

The Mate finished the third man and examined the fourth. He stood up. "That fellow's only fooling. The dirty loafer! He can get back to work." He kicked him violently in the stomach.

Blue Joe brushed past Van Schmoeler and dropped to his knees beside the moaning man. The little signalman joined him. The man Van Schmoeler had kicked, it appeared, was the signalman's brother. Tears—a rare spectacle—were coursing down his ugly face.

The foreman stood erect and gave an order. The group broke and hurried toward the lighted hatch.

Captain Doon seized him by the arm and spun him round. "What you say, eh?" he shouted.

Joe looked at him. "I tell them to put the hatch covers on. For now work be finish." He towered hugely above Doon, his mouth set in a line of savage obstinacy.

Doon was cold with fury. "I say no, savvy? We finish to-night so we can catch the tide. We save one day."

The foreman shook his head. "For now, work done finish." He turned his back, bent down and picked the unconscious man up in his arms. The others, assisted, staggered to their feet.

Doon was stammering. He hesitated an instant, then rushed away in the direction of the bridge.

"I guess," whispered the Chief, "he's gone to get a gun. We better go too."

The men covering the hatch saw and stopped work. There was dead, pregnant silence. Joe, the little signalman helping, started with his burden toward the forward deck. The others, a shadowy, savage army, moved uneasily, then filed slowly after. The hot night became vibrant with foreboding. The dark now held a new quality. To disobey aboard a ship is to declare immediate war.

The Chief, the Lady Passenger, and I found our way quickly to the bridge by another route.

The Kruboys came slowly, passed like an avenging shadow across the main deck. We watched from above. Van Schmoeler and Doon held automatic pistols. There was not a sound upon the ship—a dangerous sign when fifty negroes are grouped in the darkness twenty feet away. Four pencils of yellow light rayed out from the open saloon ports beneath us. By that and by the stars we could soon see clearly.

The four wounded men lay in a row on No. 2 hatch, the crowd behind them. The little signalman knelt by his brother. He massaged him gently, forced his chest up and down to help the labored breathing. The rest had their sullen, angry eyes turned up to us upon the bridge. Blue Joe stood ahead of them. Each man, we observed, had picked up a knout of rope, a piece of iron, or dunnage lumber.

The light picked out certain faces. The heavy lips were stiff, the eyes were narrowed viciously with hatred. Every man among them, we knew well, had borne injustice and contempt from child-

hood. We were white, they black, and they loathed us . . . when, as now, they thought of it at all. The accident, then Van Schmoeler's brutal kick, had given focus to an ancient feud. The mob with a single movement stirred forward. Fifty hands took tighter grip on the crude weapons.

The Lady Passenger whispered in my ear, "They're going to rush us. A mutiny."

Captain Doon displayed his pistol conspicuously on the rail and spoke. His voice shook.

"You, Joe! Take your men and get back to work. Those who are hurt can stay here. We finish to-night, savvy? We got . . . we got to make the tide. We save one day. In one minute I shoot."

No answering sound came from below. But the mass of men moved one pace forward. One had a choking sensation—as a swimmer has in prospect before a wave engulfs him.

The Captain tried once more. He was visibly, horribly frightened. His voice whined. "I want no trouble . . ."

From the gloom below came a single phrase. It was the signalman.

"*Black man trouble . . . that's all.*"

I have never heard a human voice so heavy laden. The phrase lashed us like a whip. "*That's all!*" The tragedy of a race that cannot resist—five centuries of loathing, of slavery, contempt. The accident—the kick—the dying man. *That's all!* Just black man trouble. It was a comment, simply, on the way things are.

Blue Joe, the big foreman, stiffened and his heavy head flung back.

"Black man trouble!"

It was a cry, a wounded, lonely cry to the old, forgotten gods. The voice boomed out into the night and faded away across the swamps.

Some men behind him muttered. "Black man trouble. Black man . . ."

A new voice repeated it, whispering slowly. "Black . . . man . . . trouble." They stirred.

Captain Doon cocked his pistol. We braced ourselves, clinging to the rail. The tornado was about to burst. An instant, a boding instant and the rush came. But . . . God help them . . . it came as a rush of song! A great, tragic chant of fifty human voices singing.

"Black man . . . black man . . . black man trouble . . . trouble . . . trouble. That's all. . . . That's all."

They had made a song. The naked, sweat-streaked bodies in the dark caught the rhythm, swayed to it, swayed to it. A hundred feet lifted softly up and down in time. The knouts and sticks fell one by one upon the deck, and the dark palms beat together. The heads were all bent back, the mouths soft, yearning. We were forgotten. They had found their way and were no longer lost . . . a far, queer way of melody down which black men can find release.

"*Black man trouble.*" The song throbbed out, filled the night, enveloped us.

Captain Doon stared. Then we heard a rasping, nervous laugh. He pocketed his gun. This time he spoke gently, but with sure authority.

"All right, Joe," he called "Get back to work now. When you finish, put the hatches on good. We sail to-morrow. . . . We save one day."

The ranks broke, the solid phalanx became amorphous, personal.

All that night we heard the song go on. "Black man . . . black man trouble, that's all." Sometimes a single voice, sometimes a moaning, wistful chorus of them all.

Forever and forever till the ends of time.

They will not resist. They never have and never shall. They are a gentle people. There are many tribes and many languages. And they can always make a song.

"Black man trouble."

The far-away chant wailed out across the marshes.

THE CONQUEST OF TUBERCULOSIS

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

IT IS my deliberate opinion that the control which we have gained over the causes of sickness and of premature death constitutes the most important single advance by the American people in the last fifty years. Life today is incomparably easier, more cheerful, and more productive because we have learned in large measure how to banish the specter of disease. Ordinarily we do not appreciate the degree to which our current prosperity as a people is traceable to this source. Chief of these specters was tuberculosis. Its ravages, while less spectacular than those of plague in the East, were not less serious, because they were present in and out of season, taking a toll of young and old, and crippling those it afflicted with many years of invalidism before the inevitable end. The world is by that much a better place to live in because this situation has been changed. It would, therefore, seem desirable to see if now we can analyze some of the basic causes of the change that has taken place and to take stock of the general principles that have guided those who have been most closely associated with this accomplishment. The general public, as well as medical specialists and health workers, should know where we are tending and how best the ultimate goal, which we all hope for, may be achieved.

Let me review in a few words the experience with this disease since the inception of the movement generally understood as the campaign against tuberculosis. In America it began approximately with the beginning of the new century. That does not mean that there were not very important health activities launched against tuberculosis before 1900 which had an effect on the disease; but the movement was not organized and self-conscious until about that time. It was in 1904 that the National Tuberculosis Association was founded to represent the aims and aspirations of the large group of persons who associated themselves with that work. At the beginning of the century the rate for tuberculosis in the Registration States of the United States was 195.2 per 100,000 of population. That means that approximately two persons out of every thousand died from tuberculosis in the course of the year. The disease was then the first of the captains of death; and this was true not only in our country but generally throughout the world. By 1910 the death rate for the disease in the identical registration area had dropped to 164.7, or a decline of 15.6 per cent in the ten-year period. In 1920, ten years after, the rate in the same group of states was only 112 per 100,000 living. In the second decade the rate fell 32 per cent, or a little more than twice as fast as in the first decade. By 1926 the figure had fallen to 84.5 per 100,000 in the same states, which is considerably less than half the figure for 1900. But the interesting point to keep in mind is that in the six-year period from 1920 the rate of decline, if continued for the entire third decade, would be 41 per cent, or in excess of the rate of decline of the second decade and very much in excess of the rate of decline in the first decade. The most dramatic fact in the whole situa-

tion to-day is that the rates of mortality and morbidity are dropping at an ever-faster rate from decade to decade. There is no evidence as yet of a diminishing rate of decline. So striking in fact is this declining tendency that there are sober-minded men who talk in terms of the practical elimination of tuberculosis as an important cause of death in the next ten or fifteen years.

These statements may seem like dull figures, but their implications are really very eloquent. When analyzed, the figures indicate that the decline which has taken place is responsible for the active presence of 140,000 persons each year who would have died from tuberculosis if the rate of 1900 had continued to prevail. And because there are about ten times as many cases of this disease as there are deaths, these figures further suggest that close to a million and a half persons are up and about and attending to their daily work instead of suffering in greater or less measure from the effects of the disease as they would have been under the old conditions. This is a striking illustration of what is going on behind the scenes—of the working of one of the great social forces which make for the peace, contentment, and prosperity of the people.

What are the causes of the decline in the rate of tuberculosis? Those who have been engaged in the campaign against the disease during the last twenty or more years have very naturally associated their activities with what has been accomplished. There has been no evidence at any time that the campaign would be a failure; and it was to be expected that those who give all their time and strength to such a cause would claim credit for whatever good was accomplished. Such claims, however, do not constitute proof that the two phenomena, namely, the campaign and the decline, have been closely related in terms of cause and effect. It is possible on logical grounds alone to insist that these two are entirely dissociated phenomena and that, in view of the fact that the decline in tuberculosis began before the organized campaign, it may well have continued without reference, or even in spite of the campaign. This is the question which I propose to consider in this paper, namely, to determine whether the fundamental principles upon which health workers have acted during the last thirty years have been justified by the facts and, if not, to discover new principles of action which are called for to suit the present situation. We do not wish to be like the man who was cheerfully moving along at a fast clip until he found himself half-way on his journey but going in the wrong direction.

II

The campaign against tuberculosis as it has crystallized out of the many preparatory activities is best associated with the name and the work of Sir Robert Philip of Edinburgh. The principles underlying his conception of the campaign may be summarized as follows: Tuberculosis is an infectious disease. The infecting bacillus is universally present. Virtually everybody is, therefore, exposed to infection at one time or another and most, if not all, become infected. Infection, however, is not synonymous with disease. Sickness follows only when the resistance of the individual is at a low ebb, and such resistance may be lowered by any one of a chain of circumstances. Among these may be included insufficient food, exposure to inclement weather, continued poisoning of the system by alcohol or fatigue toxins or, in fact, any one of a host of circumstances which act unfavorably on the physical well-being of the individual. Under such circumstances the disease takes hold, and the symptoms of active tuberculosis, such as loss of weight, continued cough, night sweat, marked fatigue, etc., usually make themselves manifest.

Such are the principles underlying the tuberculosis campaign as Philip conceived them. The emphasis was on in-

fection, on the one hand, and on the environmental conditions affecting the resistance of the individual, on the other. Growing out of this conception, the campaign was directed essentially to the control of the source of infection and to the building-up of the physical resistance of the great mass of the population. To accomplish these ends, a number of activities were launched. First and foremost was the education of the public in the essential facts regarding the infectious character of tuberculosis and the necessity for better personal hygiene. It was necessary also to reduce as far as possible the opportunities for gross infection and especially of young people. That meant the wide establishment of clinical facilities for the discovery and registration of cases of tuberculosis. For those who were found in advanced stages, isolation was to be provided, and for those who were not advanced—that is, for incipient and second-stage cases—facilities for rest and the building-up of resistance were recommended. In this way began the organization, on a nation-wide scale, of tuberculosis clinics with their adjuncts of sanatoria for early cases and of infirmaries for more advanced cases. To these were added in most communities, ordinances for the compulsory registration of open cases, anti-spitting ordinances, the supervision of milk supplies, together with the wholesale pasteurization of milk.

Never before has a social program appealed to the imagination of the medical profession and of the people as a whole as has this directed against the spread of tuberculosis. In virtually every state of the Union a strong organization has been built up to direct and administer the campaign. Millions of dollars have been spent—in fact, hundreds of millions—to give effect to these ideas and to-day the various features of the campaign as I have outlined them are the approved practice of every modern community not only in our country but in the world at large.

III

I have said that this campaign has been, to all appearances, very effective. But this does not mean that there have not been many who have challenged the assumptions underlying the anti-tuberculosis campaign. The movement has been severely criticized from its inception, and there have been those who have warned against the dire consequences of the program put into operation. In fact, there has crystallized a definite opposition which must be taken account of. The biologists, for the most part, and the eugenists have not been enthusiastic at what has been done and have consistently deprecated the results. To them the tuberculosis campaign, as it has developed especially in America, is founded on a totally false conception of the nature of tuberculosis. It is, in their opinion, a misguided philanthropy, sentimental and ineffective, and calculated to do much more harm than good. "There is no evidence that anything that man has done has affected either one way or another the decline in tuberculosis which has been continuous for three-quarters of a century." This is the dictum of one critic.

But the fountainhead of the opposition is associated with the name of Professor Karl Pearson, the great biometrician of England, and I will quote a succinct statement from him, which better than any other, clearly states the nature of the opposition to the assumptions of those engaged in the public health field. Addressing himself in 1911 to the phenomenon of the then moderate decline in the tuberculosis death rate, he said, "Has or has not the selection due to many years of heavy phthisis mortality left us with a more immune and resistant population? If it has—and that I believe will be found to be the ultimate explanation of the fall, especially the retarded fall in the phthisis death rate—then infection is not the only factor worth investigating. There is the question of hereditary immunity. It may be a bitter pill for man-

kind to swallow when we suggest that natural selection may have done more for racial health in this matter than medical science, but it may have its compensations from the economic standpoint. Above all, it may suggest that Evolution helps man better than he at present knows how to help himself, and that possibly he would learn to help himself better if he studied her processes of racial selection a little more closely."

The issue is, thus, clearly drawn. There are two sharply antagonistic views as to the nature of tuberculosis and the best method for its control. The first emphasizes the importance of the environmental factors in the causation of tuberculosis and credits the improvement in the death rate to those activities which have centered around the improvement of the conditions of life of the great mass of people. The second emphasizes the importance of stock and ascribes the decline to secular changes in the germ plasm which follow from the interplay of natural forces rather than from the conscious interference of man with nature. If the second of these views is correct, then not only has the campaign against tuberculosis which has been launched by the public health workers been ineffective but, in fact, doomed to failure from the outset and, what is worse, the very campaign may have sown the seed of much evil. For by seeking out the tuberculous and keeping them alive by careful treatment, the number of those who maintain through breeding the tuberculous stigma may very well have been increased. By indulging in vain philanthropies, we may be simply making trouble for our children, for they will have an even larger number of the tuberculous to take care of. This is a serious charge which must be considered and weighed carefully.

IV

Let us, therefore, examine the facts with regard to tuberculosis that have come to hand during our close contact with this condition during the last thirty years. Possibly these facts may throw some light on the situation and will enable us definitely to determine whether there is any merit in the criticisms of the biologists and eugenists.

There is first the striking fact that the incidence of tuberculosis varies greatly in different parts of the United States and in different countries throughout the world. The rate is higher in urban than it is in rural areas. Some of the rural states like Utah and Nebraska show rates about 30 per 100,000; while other states like New York and Delaware with large urban populations have rates three times as high. Cities vary as do the states. Extraordinarily low rates occur in such cities as New Haven, Des Moines, and Grand Rapids with rates about 40 per 100,000 as contrasted with rates above 100 in other communities like New Orleans and Baltimore. Are we to interpret these variations as indications of the concentration in various localities of people with varying degrees of racial immunity or resistance to tuberculosis? Are the citizens of Utah more select than those of Delaware, and if they are, when and how was this process accomplished? We know that the growth of our states and cities has been very haphazard; and is it not much simpler to explain these differences in tuberculosis fatality in various localities on the score of the differences which we know exist in the level of well-being of the people. We know that the rural dwellers enjoy very definite advantages over their city cousins. They are out in the open air more and are engaged in healthier occupations. They live more normal lives and enjoy a larger and better supply of food. As regards the differences in the several cities we know that often the communities with the lower rates are the very ones which have made the greatest effort to meet their tuberculosis problem by providing facilities for the care of the sick and for the education and care of the well.

Tuberculosis varies also in regard to the racial origin of our people. The highest rates are found to occur among our negroes, among our native Indians, and among the Asiatics, especially the Chinese living in our cities. Among the whites the highest rates occur among those born in Germany, Great Britain, and Ireland. The native whites, on the whole, present an intermediate position. The lowest rates are found to occur among those of Italian and Jewish extraction. These facts have been made much of by the eugenists who insist that the low rates of the Jews indicate the result of an immunity acquired during many centuries in their Ghetto life. But it is significant that in any one racial group the greatest variations may occur, as, for example, among the Jews, where high rates prevail in the congested and impoverished sections of the city and the very lowest in those quarters where housing is good and where the people are well off. The racial picture is at best very confusing. The rates for the Irish living here are twice as high as in their native Ireland, and for the British-Americans, three times that for the same race in Australia. These facts are not consistent with a theory of innate racial differences. I do not believe that the higher rates of the northern Europeans indicate a lesser degree of racial immunity, but rather reflect modes of life, habits, and particularly the effects of exposure to inclement weather. Tuberculosis has been a disease to which all the races of Europe have been exposed for ages, and I can see very little evidence for the operation of selection as an explanation for the racial variability we now find. It is very much simpler to explain the higher and lower rates by the obvious facts of the mode of life of the people with whom we are concerned, the prevailing occupations, and their economic status.

There is another fact of even greater importance. Tuberculosis varies according to economic well-being the world over. It is a disease of misery, afflicting the poor, the squalid, and the disinherited. There are few better indications of the economic level of peoples than their death rate from tuberculosis. Where high wages prevail tuberculosis is not a serious condition. For high wages mean better food, better housing, better medical care, and these and tuberculosis apparently do not go well together. What sociologist of standing would to-day give credence to the idea that the poor and the rich are separated by a gulf of different genetic worth? This assumption has never been proved and, in my judgment, never will be proved. We know, in fact, from abundant evidence that the industrial classes, in spite of their higher tuberculosis rates, register as well, if not better, as regards their physical equipment than their economically more fortunate brethren. They perform the hard work of the world and they have the physique to do it with. But continued arduous industrial employment pays a heavy toll in terms of tuberculosis. The children of the industrial families at any rate have no higher general death rates and only slightly higher tuberculosis rates than the corresponding figures for the children in the community as a whole. That can mean only one thing, namely, good physical equipment for the industrial classes to begin with.

What shall we say as to the clear-cut gradation of tuberculosis in relation to occupation? The fact is strikingly brought out by the much lower death rates of females than of males during the working ages of life. But within the male sex there is much variation among the several occupations in which people are engaged. If we take the incidence of tuberculosis as a cause of death among farmers as our starting point and call it unity, other occupations may be arranged by various multiples, from two times among textile workers, to three times among hatters, four times among foundry workers, and twelve times among tin miners. The general conclusion drawn by most students of the rela-

tion of tuberculosis to industry has been that the highest rates are found among those exposed to mineral and metallic dusts; next to these are the occupations exposed to the use of alcohol, and then those that are exposed to lead. Certain occupations with exposure to the hardships of weather and occupations with exposure to organic dusts also are generally found to have a high frequency. Are these evidences of genetic differences in the various occupations, or do the figures simply express the difference in the hazard to tuberculosis associated with each of the occupations, including such items as low wages, excessive fatigue, changing temperature, and the presence of inorganic dust?

V

Of great significance in our discussion is the fact that tuberculosis is a disease capable of rapid change. I have already presented the figures for the Registration States of the United States since 1900. Not only has tuberculosis declined rapidly, but the disease has shown a capacity to decline at an ever-increasing rate over a period of thirty years. The year 1928 will probably show a decline of about five per cent under the figure for the year before. Never before has there been so sharp a downward tendency as in the last few years. Is this fact consistent with the conception of Professor Pearson and his followers that we are concerned with a temporary phase of a long-term trend in which nature operates alone by its selective action on the germ-plasm of man? To support his argument, Pearson predicated a retarded fall for the phthisis death rate. The very opposite has taken place. This fact of itself does not augur so well for the geneticists.

But there is another aspect of the same phenomenon which is extraordinarily illuminating. We must not forget the facts which the War and its dire consequences to the peoples of Europe made available to us. While our death rates from tuberculosis went down, a very different picture was presented in the war-ridden countries. In the German cities, the death rate which in 1913 was only 157 per 100,000, rose in 1918 to a maximum of 287. Individual cities like Vienna and Warsaw suffered from much worse conditions. In fact, Warsaw had a rate of 840 per 100,000 in 1917 when the war conditions were at their height, and in the City of Belgrade, which passed through long periods of military occupation and food stringency, the rate rose to the horrifying figure of over 1,400 per 100,000 in 1918, a rate twelve times as high as that prevailing in most American cities. I shall never forget an occasion when, as a member of a Red Cross Commission, we inspected a large group of little children in Belgrade and were told by the local doctors—and, in fact, ourselves observed—that the great majority of the children were active cases of tuberculosis. But these frightful conditions did not continue with the resumption of peace and the return of fairly normal conditions of industry, of feeding, and of housing. The most recent figures show that the death rates from tuberculosis in European countries are back to where they were at the beginning of the War, and in a few places, especially in Germany, they have fallen to figures below the best of the ante-war years. We may look upon the War as in the nature of a huge biological experiment, and no one can fail to read correctly the inference of that experiment. We have indisputable evidence that in tuberculosis we are concerned with a condition responding quickly to changing environment rather than with one expressive of inherent genetic structure which only generations of selection can modify. Changes in germ-plasm are fixed by inheritance and require generations for their accomplishment and not a mere few years.

But possibly the very best evidence we have on the nature of tuberculosis comes from the record of the actual achievement in the care of the sick.

All over the country there has been built up a network of sanatoria and hospitals for the care of tuberculosis. More than 75,000 beds are now available for such patients, and possibly 120,000 different persons receive care in them in the course of each year. Not less than a million persons have received such medical attention in the course of the last thirty years and, of them, 750,000 are now alive and a considerable proportion of them at work. We know that the sanatoria are effective in restoring large proportions of their patients to health and activity, depending upon the stage at which the patients are received, the duration of the care, and the adequacy of the treatment. In the best sanatoria for which records are available as, for example, at the Saranac Lake Sanatorium, the one at Mount McGregor, and in many others, those in the incipient stages of the disease can be cured, or at least, the disease can be arrested in the great majority of cases. At Mount McGregor the subsequent mortality of the men discharged from the sanatorium who were incipients on admission has been practically the same as for the entire group of male employees at the same ages. In other sanatoria the subsequent mortality is only twice as high as for the general population. Moderately advanced cases also receive very great benefit and many are thus saved from early death. I estimate that each year more than 6,000 persons are saved from death from tuberculosis because of the care they have received at the tuberculosis sanatoria of the country. What the total number amounts to for the thirty-year period can only be conjectured.

We see in the operation of these institutions, before our very eyes, what accounts for a considerable part of the reduction in the mortality from tuberculosis. This is not a matter of theory but of fact open to everyone. Tuberculosis can be cured. Hundreds of thousands of persons are being cured at the present time, and the very process of their recovery shows in unmistakable ways how the original breakdown we call the disease occurred.

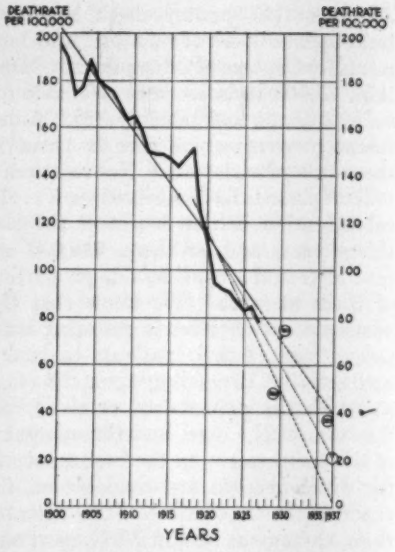
VI

I have given enough evidence, I hope, to justify the conclusion as to our primary problem, namely, that the tuberculosis campaign as it has been conducted in the United States has been effective. To my mind, there are no two ways of evaluating the facts that have been presented. The principles which underlie the campaign against tuberculosis have been proved to the hilt. We need no longer have fears or inhibitions such as the cautions of the eugenists would inspire. Public health workers can now go full steam ahead with their program, knowing that what they are doing is based on knowledge and experience consistent with common sense and every good instinct and impulse of man.

It is not necessary to ascribe the entire gain to the tuberculosis movement. It is entirely conceivable that much has been accomplished through the increase in real wages of the working classes of the country, through the improvement of working conditions in factories, and the improved well-being of the great mass of the people. But it is to the great credit of the tuberculosis campaign that so much of the enlightened relation that now prevails between employers and employees has resulted from the intelligent stimulation by health and social workers who have been interested in the control of tuberculosis. The campaign of education has not been waged for naught. Anyone who is familiar with what has been accomplished in this country in the field of health education cannot fail to be impressed with the value of the work. The anti-tuberculosis movement, whether through its direct or its indirect influences, has made the body of American men, women, and children more resistant to the development of infection, keener to know the

state of their health, more intelligent about their needs when disease has developed, and more likely to obtain proper and sufficient care. The anti-tuberculosis movement, therefore, stands clearly and outstandingly as a major force in what has been accomplished.

The time has, in fact, arrived when we may look forward to the virtual elimination of tuberculosis as a major problem in the public health. Guided by the experience of the last twenty-seven years, we can make a safe forecast of the death rate ten years from now. If we assume that the trend line of the last three decades will continue without change over another ten years, we may expect a death rate under 70 per 100,000 for 1930 and of under 40 by 1937. I believe, however, that we shall do much better than that. The decline in tuberculosis in the period between 1918 and 1927 has been at a much more rapid rate than in the prior twenty-year period. This very year is marking an epoch in the campaign, and the figure for 1930 will probably be nearer 50 than 70, and if that proves so, then 1937 will see the culmination of the effort of forty years. My best judgment, however, is not to assume too much but rather to make forecasts conservatively. We should be content if in 1937 our tuberculosis death rate is no more than 40 per 100,000, although I am very confident that it will be below that figure. When that is achieved, then the end will surely be in sight. For by that time, we shall have started in motion a chain of circumstances which ultimately will eliminate tuberculosis altogether. For with fewer deaths, there will be correspondingly fewer advanced cases of the disease, and a reduction in the number of advanced cases will reduce the number of new infections. It is entirely possible that a point will then be reached at which the number of new cases will be insufficient to maintain the death rate from tuberculosis at anything like a significant level. It is on the cards that tuberculosis must soon disappear.



Prospective death rates, 1928 to 1937, for original Registration States and District of Columbia

VII

In view of the foregoing, the reader may think that I have taken the opposition too seriously; that I have put up a straw man simply to throw him down. It is true that time alone has demonstrated the futility of the genetic argument against tuberculosis control, and one might have rested his case on that. There is, however, a very live and real opposition which is not yet convinced of its error. If it is, there is no evidence of any retraction of error in the literature. The experience of the last thirty years has apparently made no impression, and the same people with the same formula are now extending their operations from tuberculosis to child welfare and to the other spheres of social effort which aim to improve the condition of the masses. There is always the same fear lest through lightening the burdens of suffering humanity we shall go contrary to nature and help fill the world with weaklings and incompetents. Nature acting through selection and inheritance is the great purifier. Nurture and the ways of Christian charity are only delu-

sions which are sure to lead to the slough of despond. This is the current fashion in biological circles and there is only an occasional scientific voice raised in protest.

There is, accordingly, a larger issue involved than the control of tuberculosis, important as that may be. The purpose which has been in mind in the foregoing discussion has been to present an important current problem and to show how two fundamentally different schools of thought approach its solution. The issue really is whether man, living in civilized society, is still a mere helpless creature in the hands of a ruthless nature, or whether civilization acting through social processes is able to circumvent the gross effects of the struggle for existence. I believe that with reference to the control of tuberculosis man has proved his competence. But in establishing this proof we have also learned a few things along the road. We have learned that nature is not the cruel mistress we have always believed; that much of our trouble is directly traceable to our ignorance and greed and, in short, to our own inhumanity. Nature does not require that we screen out the unfortunate because they are perforce unworthy. We now know that many of our unfortunate and the sick are genetically fully as good as the rest and will make just as good parents. It is necessary only to give most of them a fair chance and to lift from their backs the disabilities which nature itself never intended to put there. The geneticists have been a bit premature in their applications to human sociology. The problems that confront man are not as simple as they would have us believe. Human experience crystallized in our folk ways, in our religions, and in our social theory need not be scrapped. The forces which are at work both under public and private auspices to raise the level of well-being of the people may go on without fear. That is the lesson we have learned from the increasing control over tuberculosis. There is no room to-day for a jungle ethics in a civilized state.

HOW THE ENGLISH MIDDLE-CLASS LIVES

BY GEOFFREY LAYMAN

WE MEMBERS of the English middle-class are accustomed to think that the economic changes produced by the War have hit us pretty badly. And so indeed they have. Income tax stands at four shillings in the pound. When we calculate our burdens and our grievances, that is the burden which seems to us the most grievous of all, although I doubt whether it really is so. What with personal allowances, children's allowances, and insurance allowances, we actually pay about two shillings sixpence in the pound, which makes a pretty heavy first charge on our incomes. But the real burden is the rise in the cost of living. The Government statistician tells us that it is no more than 63 per cent; but we know that for us it is at least 100 per cent.

The Government figure is based on the cost of the essential foodstuffs and the minimum requirements in the way of rent, fuel, and clothing; but it is in those accessories of life—luxuries, if you like to call them so—which use has made necessary for us that the real rise has taken place. We can't send our children to the State schools—Goodness knows what sort of an accent and what sort of habits they would pick up there—but the fees at the Preparatory Schools and at the great Public Schools have become staggering. Our Club subscriptions are doubled. The suit of clothes that cost me eight guineas before the War now costs me fourteen; and in my position I simply can't afford to go to a cheap tailor. The single whisky and soda which I take before I go to bed costs me twelve shillings sixpence a bottle against the four shillings which I used to pay; my bottle of beer at dinner is seven and a half pence against the old two and a half pence; and the price of tobacco is an outrage. In the old days when only about one-fifth of the population of these islands ever dreamed of taking a holiday, holidays cost very little: now that practically the whole population takes a week at least at the seaside, the cost is appalling. And worst of all is the habit, ingrained in us since the War, of spending money with a frequency and recklessness that would have appalled us in those prosperous and care-free days fifteen years ago. Where my father, who lived a life of very considerable comfort and died in 1915, would have looked twice before spending sixpence, I think nothing of half-a-crown.

And the result is that I am overdrawn at the bank at the end of every month (my father would have considered himself eternally disgraced if he had ever been overdrawn at his bank); that I haven't saved a penny (but then I can look forward to a pension, and my life is fairly well insured), and that we wonder how on earth we are ever going to find the money for the children's education. And we shake our heads mournfully and say to each other how happy we should be if we only had five hundred pounds a year more, and that it's all this accursed War. And I suppose it is the War that's responsible for the changes in us no less than for the changes in the cost of things.

But I'm beginning to wonder whether, after all, we really are so badly off as we think. It seems to me that when we're

not actually grumbling about our poverty—which we do for about five minutes a week—we're pretty contented, and that on the whole we have good reason to be contented. I may be overdrawn at the end of the month, but I'm solvent. If we do spend a lot of money, we get a lot of fun out of it. While we wonder how on earth we're ever going to educate the children, two of them are already at excellent schools; and I've no real doubt that when the youngest (he's only four) has to go to school next year, his bills will get paid just as the others' are. And I like my work, and I still smoke my pipe, and have my bottle of beer with my dinner and my whisky and soda before I go to bed; and we go occasionally to a theater or to the pictures, although we grumble at the excessive cost of all these commodities. And I can still afford to read *Harper's*, and James Truslow Adams's article on "The Cost of Prosperity" in its December number. And it is that article that has set me to wondering whether, after all's said and done, we aren't at least as well off as our brother and sister members of the middle-class in that paradise of wealth and prosperity, the United States.

That article, and other articles and stories which I read from time to time, not only in *Harper's* but in other American publications and novels, give me an idea of the sort of life which a man in the professional class—a part, and an important part, of what in England we call the middle-class—lives in the United States. And it has occurred to me that American readers may be interested to consider what sort of life members of that class live in England, or at any rate what sort of life one member of it lives; for I make no claim to speak for anyone but myself and the more intimate of my friends.

II

It's impossible, I think, to say anything about the *quality* of a man's life—its comfort, its happiness, its contentment, or the reverse—unless you know something of the most important element in it, namely his marriage. I notice, looking back on what I've written, that I have used "I" and "we" quite indiscriminately; and so far as Cynthia and I are concerned, the two pronouns are in fact indistinguishable. We act and react very much as a single individual. That, no doubt, is partly due to an initial similarity of outlook and temperament, and very largely due to the fact that we love each other; but it is also, I think, partly due to the conception of marriage common to our class and age. One of the things that puzzle me most in the social life of the States, as depicted in magazines and books—from which alone I derive my knowledge of that life—is the American conception of marriage. If we may judge from what we read, the average American husband and, still more, the average American wife does not regard marriage either as essentially permanent or as a completely equal partnership involving on both sides obligations as well as rights. But I don't believe that that impression can be a true one; after all, it is the abnormal, especially in such matters as married life, rather than the normal that finds its way into print.

In my country and in my class, at any rate, marriage is regarded as a permanency. However much the figures of divorce may be on the increase, divorce is still an accidental and not a calculable incident of marriage; and it would never come into the mind of either party to a marriage that he or she was doing anything else than enter into a community of interests for the term of their natural lives. If you start out as a matter of course with that idea in your minds, the question of rights and obligations hardly arises. The "obligation" on the husband's side to earn a sufficient income to provide for his family, and on the woman's side to spend that income so that it does in fact provide for them, are obligations not towards each other but towards a common interest equally important to both and, therefore, they cease

to be felt as obligations. Similarly the "right" of each to receive help, comfort, and affection from the other ceases to be felt as a right (always an uncomfortable thing to possess) when it becomes something like the natural and unquestioning expectation which one has that of course one's partner in business will do his best to promote the common interests of the firm. In short, marriage, in England at any rate, is a very settled state of existence, something one does not expect will change, unless by imperceptible degrees; with the result perhaps that the whole of life in the middle-class is in a high degree static and permanent. A man does not expect to change his work any more than he expects to change his wife, nor does he willingly move from one house—still less from one town—to another. He hopes to send his son to the same school, and to the same college at the same university as he went to himself; and he confides his not very heavy legal business—the drafting of his will and of his daughter's marriage settlement, the drawing up of his lease, and the settlement of his father's estate—to the son of the solicitor who performed the same services for his father. We are, in fact, a very conservative tribe.

And, to return to the point from which I started this digression, you must assume that when I say "I" in this article, I might in most places equally well have written "we."

III

I am forty-two and have been married fourteen years. We have three children, Mary aged twelve and a half, Dick aged eight, and John aged four. I occupy a fairly senior and responsible position in the Civil Service, in one of the big Government Departments whose Offices look on to the Cenotaph in Whitehall, and I draw a salary of fourteen hundred pounds per annum. Offering as it does a decent competence, with a good pension at the age of sixty, pleasant and responsible work, with the possibility of exerting real (albeit anonymous) power, and of being behind the scenes of important events and policies, the higher division of the Civil Service presents many attractions to a young man who has done well at Oxford or Cambridge. The aspirant enters, between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-three, through the door of one of the stiffest competitive examinations in the world; and, once entered, he is irremovable except for gross misconduct, and can look forward to an official career of some forty years spent in not unreasonably strenuous work, in dignified surroundings, and amid colleagues who, having entered by the same strait gate as himself, will certainly possess considerable intellectual ability and are likely to have an intelligent and informed interest in one or more of the various spheres of artistic, literary, or scholastic culture. In short, the higher division of the Civil Service is one of the inner fortresses of the English middle-class, and displays in an eminent degree nearly all the great qualities and defects of that class—on the one hand its scrupulous integrity, its innate capacity for the business of government, and its devotion to its job just because it is its job; and on the other, its smug sense of superiority, its hard-baked conservatism, its somewhat limited sense of humor, and its almost complete lack of real initiative and drive.

IV

The salary of a man in my rank in the Civil Service before the War was £1200—a very comfortable middle-class income in the circumstances of those days. On such an income a man could be sure of sending his sons, if he had any, to good schools and to Oxford or Cambridge, and of "finishing" his daughters on the Continent; he could entertain discreetly, and look forward to a comfortable old age in which his pension would be supplemented by the income derived from the savings he would bequeath, not unduly depleted by death duties, to his children. The salary of my rank is still

£1200, but to it has been added a temporary and fluctuating "cost-of-living bonus" of approximately £200; and £1400 now is very far from being equivalent to £1200 before the War. It is when I compare £1400 now with £1200 then that I begin to grumble at my lot; and it was with some such idea in my mind that I began this article, which was to be called "The Plight of the English Middle-Class" and was intended to show how hard hit we were by the War. But like Johnson's would-be philosopher, I find that cheerfulness will keep breaking through; and, if we don't live as well as perhaps we should have done before the War, we don't really do so badly.

The Office pays my salary into my bank on the last day of every month—£100 in January and February, April and May, July and August, and October and November, and £120 in March, June, September, and December, making a total of £1280, the remaining £120 being deducted at the source for income tax. As my rent is exactly £80 a year, the odd £20 in March, June, September, and December goes straight to my landlord, and in effect I have £100 a month and a rent-free house.

Our rent is one of our bits of luck. We have a house to ourselves in a very pleasant street in one of the pleasantest quarters of London; and all our neighbors, for exactly the same sort of house, are paying at least £120. Cynthia found it before the War, and before we were married, dragged me away from my Office to come and look at it, and we took it on the spot. The rent then was £60 a year, which was pretty cheap even for those days; and just as our agreement was expiring, Parliament in a mood of benevolent wisdom passed the Rent Restriction Act, which enabled our landlord to raise the rent to £80 but prevented him either from turning us out or from raising it any more. When the Act comes to an end I don't know what will happen; but if we have to find a new house or to pay what our neighbors pay, our budget will be seriously upset.

For our £80 a year we have two very decent sitting rooms on the ground floor, with a little room that used to be my "study," but is now Mary's room; a really good bedroom for ourselves on the first floor with a dressing room for me behind, and a bathroom; a big nursery and the maid's bedroom (for cook and house-parlormaid) on the second floor; and in the basement a kitchen and scullery, and a good sitting room for the maids, and behind it a tiny bit of garden, haunted by cats, but in which we manage to grow a flower or two. This would be well enough for a childless couple, or even for father, mother, and one child; but when three children and a nursemaid have to be packed in, it's a bit of a squeeze. The two boys have to sleep in my dressing room, and the nursemaid in the nursery—not a very desirable arrangement, but the only possible one. Another drawback is the single bathroom, which means that neither of us can ever have a bath before dinner—when a bath is above all things desirable—because the bathroom is occupied by a succession of grubby children en route to bed: night and morning is *our* time. It *is* a squash: but at any rate the fact that they sleep in my dressing room gives me a chance to get a talk with the boys, both of them in bed, as I dress for dinner, which is the only time of day I ever see them during the week, except for a few minutes at breakfast. And much as we should like two bathrooms and an extra bedroom or two—not to mention some place where I could set up a carpenter's bench and the boys could keep their railway permanently on the floor—our roots, nurtured by fourteen years of happiness and love—have struck deep into this poky little house, and I'm not sure that we would leave it if we could.

V

Cynthia and I have always had a single bank account on which we both draw; and as time has gone on the management of our financial affairs has fallen

more and more into her hands. This is partly due to the fact that far more of our expenditure is within her control than within mine, and partly to the fact that on two occasions I have been out of the country on business for considerable periods—once for nearly two years and once for eight months—during which time she has had to look after everything; so that it seemed convenient that she should continue to do so on my return.

While we both of us have complete freedom, so far as the Bank is concerned, to draw checks, it is more or less understood between us that Cynthia will not draw more than £45 a month during term time (when the two elder children have their midday meal at school) and £50 during the holidays, and that I shall not draw more than £15 a month, leaving £35 or £40 a month to meet what are known as "the bills." Out of her £45 she pays for all food and drink (including beer, which comes from the grocer, but not whisky or wine, which come from the wine merchant), for all household cleaning materials, laundry, and other household necessaries, including the replacement of breakages, the servants' wages (£9 a month among the three of them, with occasional additions for a charwoman and a sewing maid), and for all her clothes and the children's. For her own clothes she has in addition the allowance of £40 a year which her father gave her before her marriage and which he still continues to pay.

Judging by the children's health and spirits, both of which are in a high degree robust, they must be pretty well fed, and I don't suppose that any husband of my acquaintance goes home from his office with a more confident anticipation of a really nice little dinner than I. We have friends to dinner (four besides ourselves is all our dining room will hold) once or twice a month; and while I do not claim that the food we give them is exceptional, it is at least as well chosen, as well cooked, and as well served as in any house in which we ourselves dine. As for dress, my wife has, I think, a touch of genius. Not only is she a first-rate dress designer and maker herself, but she has the gift of inspiring the sewing woman we occasionally employ. We go every year to a Garden Party at the Palace, and to Court once every five years or so; and at these functions she always seems to be as well dressed as any woman there, though she has never yet spent more than £15 on her complete outfit, and only once as much; and for more ordinary occasions she is always more than adequately turned out, even though some of her friends may sometimes recognize an old acquaintance among her frocks in a new reincarnation.

My £15 a month is intended to meet—and does more than adequately meet—all the fixed and variable expenses which befall a man in my position in life. The fixed expenses are fares, sixpence a day; lunch, one shilling sixpence a day; and tobacco, about twelve shillings a week (including Cynthia's cigarettes). Variables are hospitality (it is convenient, and pleasant, to have a man to lunch at the Club two or three times a month), clothes (other than my tailor's and haberdasher's bills—i.e. boots, hats, an occasional overcoat, or a tie or a pair of socks that catch my eye and my fancy), our joint fares when we go for a week-end or take a taxi in the evening, an occasional whip-round at the office for a wedding present or something of the kind, gramophone records (we have a collection of pretty good stuff, which gives us a great deal of pleasure), the "pictures" once or twice a month and an occasional theater or music-hall—in fact, all the hundred and one odd things on which one does spend money. Sometimes I draw the whole of my £15, often I draw only about £10, and I have been known, when we are very hard up, to get through the month on as little as £7; but in any case I feel myself at liberty to draw up to the full £15 if I want it.

The rest is for "the bills"; and with these we always seem to be panting about a month, and sometimes two and even three months, behind. Only on three

glorious occasions have we been able, on the first of the month, to pay off every bill we had in the world; and then we went such a burst the next month that it took us some time to recover. And, on the other hand, only once have we had outstanding bills amounting to more than £100, and that occasion produced so thick a domestic gloom and so frantic and uncomfortable a spasm of economy, that the bills rapidly got paid off, and the phenomenon is not likely to recur.

The bills include everything that does not come within the sphere of Cynthia's or my monthly allowance. Chief among them, marking the four financial crises of the year, are the terminal school bills (roughly, £25 each for Mary and Dick, and as yet nothing, thank goodness, for John), and my birthday, when most of my life-insurance premiums, amounting to about £60, fall due. Like great breakers when one is bathing, they approach, one is overwhelmed beneath them, and at last emerges, gasping and relieved, on the other side. Twice a year come the rates (£15 or £16 every six months), every quarter the gas and electric light and telephone, a running bill, starting again as soon as it is paid off, with the coal merchant, the plumber, and decorator, and the wine merchant, an occasional tailor's bill of awful dimensions, the dentist and the doctor. But the doctor, as an important element in the middle-cass life, deserves, and shall have, a division to himself.

VI

I have watched with considerable interest, in the pages of *Harper's* and elsewhere, the battle in the United States of specialist versus general practitioner. Here in England, notwithstanding a slight tendency to resort direct to the specialist in recent years, the general practitioner, God bless him, still holds his own without apparent difficulty. If we had had to engage a specialist for each of Cynthia's confinements, we simply could not have afforded to have any children; and if for anything wrong out of the ordinary we had to go to a clinic, where neither our circumstances nor our particular physical characteristics are known, we should probably leave it until too late to begin with, and then should get treatment no better, and probably worse, and at far greater expense, than we get from our family doctor.

When we married, Cynthia's family doctor was giving up his practice, and at his recommendation I went to see a man who lived within half a mile of our new home. I liked his looks, told him what my income and position were, and asked him to take us on. His first bill was for bringing Mary into the world. It included all preliminary visits (and there were a good many), all attendances for a month or so after the confinement, and vaccination, and it amounted to £15. It was a long and not too easy, but by no means an abnormal confinement; and at intervals, knowing what husbands feel like on these occasions, especially when they have not experienced them before, he found time to come downstairs and cheer me up. Both Cynthia and I knew that if he had felt the least necessity for the assistance of a specialist he would not have hesitated to call one in. If we had gone to a specialist in the first instance we should not have had half as much pre-natal attention; he would not have been as immediately accessible at any time of the day or night in the event of a premature confinement or other emergency, and he would have charged us not less than £100, a sum which we simply did not possess.

Since then he has brought both boys into the world, has taken Mary's tonsils out, and has operated on Dicky for hydrocele. Whenever he has felt that he would like a specialist's opinion or assistance he has asked for it; but that has been on three occasions only, twice for Cynthia and once for me, when I had all my insides taken out, refurbished, and put back again minus a few bits. And

he has never yet sent us in a half-yearly bill exceeding £25; it is usually anything from £3 to £8. When I had my operation he arranged with one of the leading abdominal surgeons of London, whose fee, if I had gone to him direct, would have been £200, to do the job for £70. He himself attended at the nursing home as assistant surgeon, and looked after me during recovery; and in the end sent in a bill, which included John's birth and my operation, for £25.

But the fact that, as a rule, he is amazingly cheap is not the only, or even the greatest, merit of the general practitioner. His real value lies in the knowledge and experience which he possesses of the ordinary man and woman in general, and of the individual patient in particular. Our doctor has an intimate acquaintance with all the physical characteristics and idiosyncrasies of my wife, our children, and myself. He knows that if Mary or I has a temperature of one hundred or so, it's probably nothing to bother about, but that if Cynthia or either of the boys goes up to ninety-nine they must be taken seriously. He knows that because Dick is a bit thin and pale it doesn't mean that he's any less robust than John, who always looks the picture of health even when he isn't well; and that if I get a sudden fit of sickness, it's merely a peculiarity left over from my operation. It would never have occurred to him to suggest that Cynthia should go for her confinements to a nursing home, where she would be among strangers and separated from me; and he had no objection to my being with her up to the very last moment. And I shall not easily forget his yell, through our bedroom door, of "It's a boy" when Dick turned up, a yell loud enough to produce cheers from the kitchen, two floors below, where the maids, almost as wrought up as I was myself, were waiting for the news. That's the sort of comfort you can only get from a family doctor; you certainly won't get it from a gynæcologist.

VII

When I said, a few lines back, that the maids were almost as wrought up over Dick's birth as I was, I was of course guilty of exaggeration. But our maids, with few exceptions, have always been as it were a part of the family, and they have been tremendously excited and pleased at each new arrival. In this, at least, we of the middle-class in England are very definitely better off than our brothers and sisters in the States; for we can not only obtain, but also afford, good servants. One hears, it is true, many complaints that good servants are no longer to be had; but I suspect that most, if not all, such complaints come from bad mistresses. Cynthia has always had the trick of making our maids devoted, not only to her personally, but to our family as a whole. I think the secret of it is that she never forgets that they are human beings, and that our home is temporarily their home; and in return she expects, and gets, just as regular and good service as I expect and get from my clerks and typists.

When first we married we had a cook (wished on us by my mother) and a house-parlormaid (whom we found ourselves). The cook was a bad cook and dirty at that; but we were young and inexperienced, and we put up with it until, to our joy, she gave Cynthia notice a month or two before Mary's birth. Then for the first and only time in our lives we went to an employment agency, and got a young cook who turned out to be all that could be desired. Our house-parlormaid was a success from the start; and when Mary arrived she took on with enthusiasm the added duties of nurse. In due course she left to be married, and then the cook brought in her sister as house-parlormaid and her cousin as nurse. From that day forth none of our maids has left us for any other cause than to be married, except two who were unsatisfactory from the start and were practically chased out of the house by the

others; and each vacancy as it occurred has been filled by the remaining two bringing in a friend or relation. At present we have a cook aged twenty-three who has been with us three and a half years, a house-parlormaid (the sister of a friend of the cook's) who came six months ago to fill the vacancy caused by the marriage of her predecessor and who shows every sign of being a jewel, and our treasure of a Nanny, who came to us as a child of sixteen, six and a half years ago, and whom we can and do quite happily leave in entire charge of the children if we go away for a week-end. To the cook we pay £36 a year, to the parlormaid £32, and to Nanny £40.

VIII

Closely connected with this blessing of good service is another blessing which, if again one may judge from what one reads, our fellow class-mates in the United States do not enjoy to the same degree as ourselves; and that is the blessing of privacy. It is a blessing which you can only really get in a big city, and only then when you do not have to scrub your own door-step or hang out your own washing in the back garden just as your neighbor next door is doing the same. We don't even know the names of our next-door neighbors; and we know only two other families living in the same road, and these because we met them elsewhere and liked them and they liked us. In a small town, or in the suburbs that are springing up like mushrooms all round London, you've got to know your neighbors, and dine with them and have them to dinner with you, whether you like them or whether you don't; and as your tastes and interests may be, and probably are, totally dissimilar, you sink to a level of intercourse based almost entirely on the universal interests of sport and money among the men and clothes and servants among the women. We very greatly enjoy having people to dinner, and we never have to ask anyone we don't want to ask. We don't play bridge, so that our only occupation on these occasions is talk; but as we have interests and pursuits in common we *do* talk, and it's very good fun. We go out to dinner, with people like ourselves whom we like, perhaps once a week, and do an occasional evening at the theater or the "pictures"; and on other nights—that is to say, on more than half the evenings of our life—we sit after dinner in the drawing-room, Cynthia with her work and perhaps a game of patience, I with a book or sometimes scribbling something, talking when we want to talk and not otherwise, with an occasional gramophone evening when we feel like it, until my whisky comes in at ten-fifteen and, after the last pipe, we go to bed about eleven o'clock. It sounds devastatingly dull; but it isn't—or at any rate we don't find it so.

And even if in the country one has to know one's neighbors more than one does in a city, yet one's house and garden are one's own. My mother lives in an old house in a village in East Anglia, a place whose population and activities (all arising out of agriculture) are about the same now as when Domesday Book, in which it is described, was written. My father bought the house thirty years ago to live in when he should retire, and died before he could enjoy it. My mother usually lends it to us for the summer holidays. There is a garden of about three-quarters of an acre, with a river running past the bottom of it, on which we have a boathouse and a boat, and a good high wall all the way round; and it's surprising how seldom we find it necessary to go outside the front gate and how much we enjoy ourselves within. We usually have friends staying with us —a married couple, or a bachelor friend of mine and a friend of Cynthia's, and perhaps one or two of the children's friends (there are lots of bedrooms). He and I will go up to golf (there is a good course about a mile away) in the morning or the afternoon, and she and Cynthia will sit with their books and needle-

work in a sunny corner of the garden. Nanny and the children will probably go out and do the household shopping, and for the rest of the day they will be completely happy in the garden, the girls playing tennis or ping-pong or reading, the boys helping the gardener, or digging in the sand heap, or playing brigands in the stable-loft, or all of them going out in the boat or having a swim. And after tea, by established usage and tradition, the whole lot of us play cricket on the lawn until it's time for the kids to go to bed.

IX

When I started to write this article I hadn't the smallest intention of writing an intimate and detailed account of our daily existence. My idea was to draw a picture of the life of the English middle-class as a whole, and to show how harried and crushed by taxation and debt we are in this post-war world. But when I came to draw my picture I found that the only members of the middle-class whose lives I knew at all well were ourselves; and that so far as we are concerned, although the tax-gatherer is always with us, and the education of our children is a lowering cloud over the future, nevertheless we live, on the whole, an extraordinarily contented life.

How far is that true of our class as a whole? I think that we are in fact happier and more contented than most of our neighbors; but I think also that that is because we both of us happen by temperament to be people who are positively conscious of our blessings, and not merely negatively receptive of them. Of our class as a whole it is true that they live differently from their fathers; but to live differently is not necessarily to live less happily. We marry on comparatively smaller incomes, we spend comparatively more on our pleasures, and we no longer regard thrift as one of the cardinal virtues. We may perhaps have to pay in our old age for our failure to save now; but meanwhile there is no doubt that the standard of living is higher, in our class no less than in the lower classes, since the War than it ever was before. A rise in the standard of living is nearly always accompanied by an outburst of discontent among precisely those persons who benefit most by it—the reason being, I suppose, that one's hopes and desires always run ahead of one's attainments, and that most people measure their contentment by the standard of what they would like to have next year rather than by that of what they actually had last year. I do not suggest that the economic condition of England is healthy at this moment: it is not, though I believe it will be within a measurable period. But if we compare the life of the individual in any class of life except that of the "landed gentry" with what it was before the War, it is unquestionably fuller and richer, if not more happy and contented, now than then. Even the unemployed are, comparatively speaking, hardly more numerous; and hard as their lot is, it is infinitely less hard than it would have been and was twenty years ago. The "landed gentry" are gone, or nearly so. Their homes are empty, or bought up by the new rich; their furniture and pictures and old silver and books have gone to America, and they themselves are living on the proceeds, comfortably enough, but with most of what made life worth living, including their work—the governance of the countryside, which they did supremely well—gone. That is a void that is deeply felt, and that has temporarily unbalanced our social equilibrium: but it is a phenomenon that has occurred before in our history—most of our oldest and most aristocratic living families sprang from "trade" in the late Middle Ages and early Tudor times, or later—and which will right itself as the newcomers learn to take up resonsibilities the existence of which at present they hardly suspect.

We have, I think, on the whole much to be thankful for.

RETURN

A STORY

BY JOHN FRAZIER VANCE

MRS. DESMET turned the lamp low and went out. She carried her knitting with her, for she was going to spend the evening with Mathilde Verplanck. She went down the path to the river, the path they used to take before they had beached the houseboat and built on the room for Louis.

The DeSmets had been among the first of the colony to beach their boat. Then, the Plow Works were running full time, and there was scarcely a break in the line from the Power House to the mouth of the Canal. From the deck of a packet in the middle of the river, one would think that in all that two-mile stretch of gravel beach not one more scow could find a place to moor.

Others followed the example of the DeSmets, for there was a stretch of grass-covered dune land which nobody claimed between the riverbank and the slough. Beyond the slough, to the east, the low buildings of the Plow Works ran in a long line, their high chimneys standing like smoldering torches in the dawn, their many-paned windows reflecting with blinding brilliance the flames of sunset that danced upon the Iowa hills.

Each spring would come high water, and many of the newly beached boats would be flooded. But when the river had subsided these would be dragged a little higher, and others would take their places on the lower flats.

Then the Plow Works shut down. Wide gaps appeared in the line along the river as boats were cast off to drift downstream, seeking other towns, towns that did not depend upon the Plow Works. Many that had been beached were deserted. One by one, the panes in their windows disappeared, sand sifted from the dunes over their low stoops, and their chimneys came tumbling down.

A few remained, however. The Plow Works kept a skeleton force at work, oiling the machines, testing power lines, loading cars from the overstocked warehouses whenever there were orders to fill. But an air of desolation pervaded the Works and the dunes.

At the riverbank Mrs. DeSmet turned toward the Canal outlet. Twenty rods in that direction the Verplanck houseboat was bobbing heavily on the surface of the water. The wind had come up at sundown. Night had fallen, but she could still make out the form of the scow and its square cabin, a patch of black against the deepening darkness of the mist that hung over the river.

Mrs. DeSmet scuffed along through the shale, and Mrs. Verplanck heard her coming.

"Is that you, Emil?" she called, coming to the doorway.

Mrs. DeSmet could see her silhouetted in the square of light, holding the screen open with one hand, shielding her eyes with the other. She pressed it tightly against her cheek and forehead, shutting out all the light that came from within the cabin.

"It's only Gretchen," said Mrs. DeSmet.

Mathilde's arm fell to her side, and her shoulders drooped a little. She said, "Oh. Come in, Gretchen."

Gretchen climbed the plank. She tried to grip the cross strips with her toes. She might forget for weeks on end that their house had once floated on the river, except when she came down to Mathilde's. But as soon as her feet touched the plank, and she could feel through her shoes the strips that kept one from slipping, she would remember. Always her toes had sought to grip on them.

Her man, Louis, had rigged up a hand-rail on theirs. Verplanck's had never had a hand-rail. Emil Verplanck had always been tumbling into the muddy water. Young Louis DeSmet had never fallen off either the plank or the boat. His father had carried the rail clear around the boat. Emil could play on the narrow deck and be safe.

There was that difference between her Louis and Mathilde's Jacques. Louis was always fixing things up. Jacques was a loafer. Mathilde had often said she did not know how she would have got along without Gretchen. They had known each other so long.

"I suppose you won't be coming up to see me evenings any more," Gretchen began, as she settled down in the rocker, "once your Emil comes home."

"And why not? He's like his father, that boy. He won't be home much evenings."

"Maybe he'll be different. Maybe he's changed, being away so long."

"What'd change him? He's so big and strong, that boy, and full of life. You couldn't expect him to stay all the time at home."

Gretchen wondered what traces had been left upon Mathilde's Emil by confinement and prison fare. How could she warn Mathilde who did not know where her boy had been?

"You can't tell," she said. "He might have been sick or something. He mightn't be so strong as when he went away."

"You're trying to scare me, Gretchen."

"But I'm not. I'm only trying to, well . . ."

"Anyway," Mathilde went on, "I know better. His letter said he was fine, didn't it?"

Gretchen, who had read the letter to Mathilde, confessed that it did. "Still," she said, "it's a long time since he went away."

"Seven years."

"And how long since you heard last?"

Mathilde fumbled with the knitting in her lap. "Four years," she admitted reluctantly. "But he was never one to write. Not like your Louis. Writing is easy for him, workin' for the paper."

"I only meant he might have been sick before. A couple of years ago. He might be over it, but still be different from when he went away . . . quieter."

"You never did like my Emil. Folks always were against him."

"Now, Mathilde . . ."

"You'll see. He won't be different. I wouldn't want him different." Mathilde was belligerent. "Folks always were funny about Emil. They never knew him."

"I knew him, Mathilde. We all knew him at our place. Him and Louis together so much. I can see 'em yet."

"I know, Gretchen. But you thought he was going to be a bad one."

"I never said that."

"But you thought it, plenty times. Folks don't see it's just he's so full of life. Like his father."

Above the slapping of the water against the hull could be heard the crunch of boots on the gravel shore. Mathilde hurried to the door to peer out. Her head turned slowly, following the sound of the footsteps as they passed.

"I thought it might be him," she said, coming back to her chair.

"You shouldn't count too much on him coming to-night. Something might keep him. He might miss his train."

The gray yarn climbed up from the ball and onto the swiftly moving needles in Gretchen's hands. The ball danced

to the edge of her lap and fell to the floor. She recovered it, but laid her work aside.

"You remember in Flanders, Mathilde?"

"Yes."

"We been good friends so long."

"It's a long time."

"I should know about your Emil. I wouldn't say things about him. Sayin' he was bad when he wasn't."

"Sometimes people don't take him right. He's like his father. Take that night . . ." Mathilde crossed herself, ". . . up at Dave's. Jacques didn't mean any harm. He was so big and so rough. That man Tony was scared of Jacques. Out quick with his knife, that way. Many's the time Jacques would be like that at home. You know that. He never meant any harm. Emil's the same way."

"But Jacques, sometimes he treated you bad."

"But he didn't mean it. I know he didn't mean it. I lived with him all the time."

"It's the New Country does it to them. Jacques wasn't that way in Flanders."

"He was outdoors all the time. Here he was all day long indoors, in the polishing shed. All day polishing shares."

"That's so hard on them, too."

"Jacques was strong though. He could stand it. It never got him in the chest like so many. He was strong the day he died just like when he first come over."

"He was a strong one, all right."

"Emil's just like him. Indoors, it bothers him. He's always restless. Wants to be out. You know how it was for him in school. Not like your Louis."

Gretchen picked up her needles and her wool again.

"I seen your light last night. Did you wait up?"

"Yes. A while. I didn't want to be in bed if he came. I had some coffee on."

"You shouldn't wait up so late. You'll be all done up."

"Suppose he should come?"

"Well?"

"After seven years."

"He'll be changed. Twenty-nine he'll be. Just like my Louis."

"Two months older."

"You won't know him, I bet, when you see him."

They both laughed at that. The idea of Mathilde not recognizing her son!

"I seen the Hunkie's boat go by this afternoon."

"From up by the Pest House?"

"Yeah. The one that came down from Clinton before the shutdown."

"What was he? Polisher?"

"I don't know. I think he was out in the foundry. I don't know, though. I never hear, any more, now Louis's dead."

"I never hear either."

"I used to see him comin' home sometimes. He was always black in the face. I guess he was in the foundry all right."

"Stokin', maybe."

"Prob'ly."

"The foundry's been shut down quite a while."

"They won't ever open up again, I bet. I'm glad my Louis's not in the Plow Works. They always make newspapers. He says, 'They never get a lot of newspapers ahead and lay off the men. Each day they have to have a new one,' he says. You know how Louis is."

"I'm just as glad."

"How do you mean?"

"If they don't open up. When I think how it was in the Old Country, and how they are when they come over here . . ."

"I ain't seen the country since we came here. Only the river and the weeds."

"There's that too. But I'm thinking about Emil. He could get a good job. Truckin' or something. Or we could start a truck farm, maybe. I could see to help."

"That's hard work, Mathilde."

"At five years old I did it in the Old Country. I'm strong. I could hoe. I could help him plant."

"He'd be home then."

"He'd be outdoors, not all the time indoors. Not all the time in that awful noise."

"I remember. I went with Louis once to see. I never heard such noise. I was scared. I don't see how he stood it."

"In the polishing shed where Jacques was, did you go there? The sun shines only a little way in. Everywhere is dust from the wheels and from the discs. It choked me right away. I had to go."

Gretchen looked at the clock. "I'll be going now," she said.

Midnight had passed. The lights of the few remaining houseboats had long since been extinguished, and the path along the shore to DeSmet's was dark. Gretchen did not mind. She often stayed this late with Mathilde. Louis did not get home until one, and she usually waited up until he came. Being on the night desk, he always had things to tell her when he came in. And she had known Mathilde so long.

"I wouldn't wait up too late, Mathilde," she said. "You got to sleep sometime. You don't want to be all done up when he comes."

"I got to wait for him, Gretchen. You know how it is."

Gretchen went down the plank again, her toes clutching at the strips. She scuffed through the gravel. Mathilde stood in the doorway, listening to her steps receding, then suddenly dropping to silence as she turned in at the path which led through the high grass that fringed the dunes.

Gretchen went in and turned the wick of the lamp up again. She put fresh water in the coffee pot and drew it forward on the stove. She shook down the fire and added coal to it. It blazed up quickly. When they took a house up in the town, they would have gas. No more of this dirty soft coal except in winter time, for the furnace.

She went back to the lamp to wait for Louis.

Not that the heat from the stove was not welcome on frosty evenings. Mornings, too, this late in the year. She would have to be up at dawn, fixing the fire, getting the water heated for breakfast.

She had seen Mathilde's light when she got up this morning.

She had kept Emil's story from Mathilde so long. It would break her heart if she knew it. But there would be trouble keeping the secret now. It would come out. Emil could not shake it off. Those things follow a man.

Gretchen did not know much of it. Something about a robbery and a fight. Way off in Kansas. And they sent him to jail. Almost four years ago. No wonder he did not write.

Always in trouble, that boy. Just like his father, as Mathilde had said.

Well, he was born to it. The night he was born, Gretchen would never forget it. Jacques had come running to their boat at midnight. Louis, her husband, had thought his neighbor had gone crazy.

"Come! Mathilde!" he had shouted at Gretchen, who peered out at him from the other room.

She did not find out for weeks what had happened.

That night, getting supper, Mathilde had not been able to keep her mind on her cooking. At intervals pain would stab her, and she would sink into the rocker, dazed, frightened. But she kept about the supper as best she could. Jacques came, at last, from work. She heard the clatter of his heavy boots on the plank, scraping the mud off on the cross strips. And the table was bare.

"I couldn't, Jacques. I am not well."

He was tired of that excuse, he said. For months she had fallen back upon it. Other women . . .

"I think . . . " she paused. "I think it will be to-night."

He slammed the door into the other room behind him. She continued to

travel from range to table, from table to range. All the while she could hear him moving about in the next room, throwing things, kicking things angrily. One of his heavy shoes crashed to the floor, then the other. He was changing his clothes. That meant he was going to town, going to leave her alone. She rushed into the other room and flung her arms about him, begging him not to leave her. Supper was ready at last.

He was tired of her whining, he said. He was going to Dave's. He flung her from him roughly, thrusting outward with his huge, hairy arm, and she fell to the floor.

When he came reeling home at midnight he found the houseboat dark. He was frightened. Gretchen recollected that he had never admitted being frightened. But there was a satisfaction in knowing that he had been—too frightened to admit it. He found Mathilde lying on the floor where she had fallen, and the baby Emil beside her. He had fled to Mrs. DeSmet and brought her running after him. And her own baby only two months away. . . .

She closed the draft in the stove. It was getting too hot.

. . . Now, Emil was coming home. From prison. Louis had been surprised at first when Gretchen told him about Mathilde's letter

"He wrote her a letter?" he asked in surprise.

"Sure."

"The damn fool."

"Why? Why shouldn't he write her a letter?"

Louis moved uneasily. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "What did the letter say?"

"Just he was comin' home as soon as he could, and not to talk about it," Gretchen replied. "I was surprised. You said he was in for ten years."

"He must have been paroled," said Louis.

"What's that?"

"Let him out for good behavior."

"He's changed then."

Louis had grunted at that and had gone to bed without finishing his coffee, as if something were bothering him.

This had happened two weeks ago. Mathilde had been watching for him ever since. . . .

Gretchen could hear Louis coming now. He whistled. They had a signal, so that she would know when he started down the hill.

She went over and put coffee into the pot of boiling water, and a broken eggshell from a cup on the shelf at the top of the stove.

When they moved up into the town Louis would not have so far to walk. The street cars stopped at midnight, and it was a long, lonely trip. She had walked it once with him. All the way down Market Street to the Bend. That was where the sawmill used to be. When you walked beyond the end of the paving the ground gave under your feet. It was all sawdust, Louis said. The mill was gone now. Mathilde had never seen it. It had gone before they built the Plow Works.

At the Bend you turned to the south along a twisting road that had dirty little houses along both sides. Pretty soon you came to the first buildings of the Works. All along beside this road, clear down to the Main Gate of the Works the trolley ran. She used to walk over to the Works and take the car, daytimes, when she went to town. Crickets sang in the weeds between the rails at night.

At the Works, you turned to the right down a narrow lane. You had to turn there. There was no other way across the slough. The lane was bad walking. It was deeply rutted. In many places there were huge cobbles to trip you. People had to throw them out into the road on rainy days for stepping-stones. There were some places where the puddles in the road never dried.

Beyond the slough the lane went to the top of a little ridge and then broke

up into a hundred tiny paths that led off in as many directions and disappeared among the houseboats. Most of these paths were overgrown now. Some of them were used a little.

That was the way Louis came home every night. It must have been three miles.

At the top of the hill he always whistled. Then she would put his coffee on. She could hear him now, opening the gate. She went to the door and opened it.

"Hello, Ma."

"Hello, Louis."

Over his shoulder, she could see Mathilde's lamp still shining from her window.

"Tired?"

"Oh, no. Same as always." He kissed her. "What you been doin'?"

"Nothing. Went down to see Mathilde."

"I saw a light down there."

"She's expectin' Emil, you know."

"Yeah?"

"You know. I told you. We talked about it."

Louis began to say something but checked himself.

"What's the matter, Louis?"

"What do you mean?"

"You went to say something, but you didn't."

"Oh, nothing."

"Yes it was."

"No, honest. I keep forgetting. It's just the Giants are leading again. I keep forgetting you don't know about baseball. We talk about it so much at the office."

Gretchen poured his coffee. She took none herself but sat down to watch him drink his.

"You're bothered, Louis."

"Me? No, I'm fine."

"Sure?"

"Tired, maybe. Big night to-night. The wire was red hot. They were sure shoving it through on the city, too. The slot was jammed when I left."

"What's goin' on?"

"Oh, nothing much. Small stuff, mostly." He pushed his cup away, half full, and rose. "When you're tired, go to bed, hey, Ma? Guess I'll turn in. Good-night."

"You sure you're all right?"

"Sure, Ma." He kissed her.

Gretchen carried the lamp to her room and undressed. Cool nights were good for sleep. The muslin sheets were tingling cold and warmed slowly, pleasantly about you.

At dawn she stirred, from long habit, and woke. Again she shook down the fire and put on fresh coal.

Mathilde's window showed a wan light in the mist over the river. She was still waiting, then.

Gretchen hurried back to bed for another hour's sleep. Louis would not waken till eight-thirty.

The sun came in her window, and she rose again. She heard someone at the pump, outside. Mathilde, probably. She hurriedly pulled on her house-dress and went to the door. She waved at Mathilde and called, "Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Gretchen."

"Did he come yet?"

"Not yet." Mathilde's voice was tired, but not devoid of hope.

The clatter of pans roused Louis and he came out, shirtless, to the kitchen. He hung his razor strop on the nail in the door-frame and whisked up a lather on his face.

"I heard you talkin' a while ago. Who was here?"

"Mathilde. She came up to the pump, like always."

"Oh!"

"I wish Emil'd come. She'll be all worn out."

"She ought to go to bed."

"That's what I tell her."

"Hm."

Emil finished his shaving and put on his shirt. Breakfast was on the table then. They sat down, and Gretchen said grace.

"Bacon's swell—a morning like this," said Louis.

"I'm glad to see you eating so good. I was afraid you was sick last night."

"I was all right. Just thinking."

"What about?'

"I guess you'd better tell her."

"Who? What?"

"Mrs. Verplanck. Emil ain't coming."

"What?"

Louis ate greedily, pretending not to hear his mother.

"Why she just had a letter. I told you about it."

"Yeah. I know. That's how they got him," he said at last.

"Who? What did he do? He was out, wasn't he? You said they let him out?"

"I know. I didn't want to tell you. I thought he might . . . Of course, I knew he couldn't. I didn't want to tell you, knowing Mrs. Verplanck the way you do. He wasn't out on parole. He broke jail. He killed a guard doing it, too, the poor fish."

"Killed . . . "

"Yes. And he got away. Clean away. They were hunting all over. Then he wrote to his mother. She hardly ever gets any mail. It was a dead give-away. They been layin' for him ever since."

"And they . . . they got him?"

"I'll say. He tried to come home all right, but they were watching every freight. He raised hell till they got his gun away from him."

Louis resumed his eating. He paused a moment later.

"That's what all that copy was about last night." He laughed. "I didn't want to tell you last night. It'll be all over the paper."

A SICK MAN IN SPRING

BY ROBERT NICHOLS

THEY rest me well—these dull spring days
Of soft wet light and faint sweet sighs.
The roads are glimmering waterways,
Heaven's field an empty paradise.

The very thrush sings not so loud
As is his careless wont to do,
And the sun, dreaming in a cloud,
If glorious, is pensive too.

Whither I walk I scarcely care,
Since there is mystery all around;
Such fresh sweet sadness fills the air,
Such shy sweet joyance thrills the ground.

Mysterious both! I have small part
In these and shortly may have less,
Who taste clear nothing in my heart
And find in that pure happiness.

THE CULT OF UNINTELLIGIBILITY

BY MAX EASTMAN

TWO tendencies are confused in the literary movement called modernist which ought to be distinguished. They are clearly distinguished for me, because I like one of them and the other I regard as an affliction. But many people see only one tendency here and are puzzled to define it. The tendency that I like might be called the cultivation of pure poetry. The tendency that I do not like I call the cult of unintelligibility.

If you pick up a book by Hart Crane, E. E. Cummings, James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Edith Sitwell, or any of the "modernists," and read a page innocently, I think the first feeling you will have is that the author isn't telling you anything. It may seem that he isn't telling you anything because he doesn't know anything. Or it may seem that he knows something, but he won't tell. In any case he is uncommunicative. He is unfriendly. He seems to be playing by himself, and offering you somewhat incidentally the opportunity to look on.

All poetry, according to Mr. I. A. Richards, is an act of communication. It is that, whether the poet thinks so or not, because words are in their very nature communications. All literature, indeed, Mr. Richards describes as a verbal communication of values. I defer to him because he is a psychologist who teaches literature. I accept his assertion that all literature is *in some degree* a communicative act, and I say that modernist literature is characterized by an increasing stinginess in the performance of this act.

A dominant tendency of the advancing schools of poetry for the last twenty years has been to decrease the range, the volume, and the definiteness of communication. To my mind that statement, which has a verifiable meaning, might take the place of about one-half of the misty literarious talk of the poets and the poet-critics of the modernist movement. They are not "abandoning romanticism," "returning to the eighteenth-century tradition," "inaugurating a neo-classical era"—it is the height of romanticism to imagine that they are. They are not "overcoming the distinction between subject-matter and form," "revolting against the tyranny of the general reader," being "primitive," being "intellectual," being "æsthetic," instituting an "artificial barbarism," or clinging to the "hard matter-of-fact skeleton of poetic logic." There is no such skeleton and no such logic. What they are doing is withdrawing into themselves. They are communicating to fewer people, they are communicating less, and what they communicate is less definitely determined. And this is true of the whole movement, all the way from free verse to free association.

Free verse decreases the definiteness of communication by introducing into the transcription of poetry a gross mark of punctuation which has no significance commonly agreed upon. Suppose that instead of this arbitrary line-division I made up a new character, a semicolon composed of two commas with the tails going opposite ways. And suppose I announced that as a poet I was going to use that comma-colon wherever and

whenever I wanted to, like the joker in the pack, without any agreement as to its value, either rhythmical or grammatical. It would be obvious, would it not, that the freedom I had acquired was not a freedom to communicate more to my readers, but a freedom from the terms of communication—a freedom to play by myself? This is the principal thing accomplished by the line-division in free verse, except in a few poems where it is employed, as Blake and Whitman usually employed it, to divide the actual phrases of a chant.

From free verse it was a short step to free punctuation. I mean the habit of turning loose a handful of punctuation marks like a flock of bacteria to browse all over the page, and even eat their way into the insides of apparently healthy words. Let us see an example of this from the poetry of E. E. Cummings. We have to *see* his poetry because it is composed so largely of punctuation that it cannot be heard. In fact we shall soon have to exhibit Cummings in a projection-room; for undoubtedly the next step in modernism will be to show these punctuation marks in the actual process of entering a word, and show how the nucleus of the word, its meaning, divides, and the new and more delicate meanings are formed by a process of endogastric proliferation. For the present we must content ourselves with examining the poem first in its normal condition, and then seeing how it looks when infected or impregnated with punctuation marks.

Among these red pieces of day—against which, and quite silently, hills made of blue and green paper, scorch-bending themselves, upcurve into anguish, climbing spiral, and disappear—satanic and blasé, a black goat lookingly wanders. There is nothing left of the world, but into this nothing "il treno per Roma signori?" jerkily rushes.

That is the poem, and it might be an excellent one, if the poet would come down and tell us where he is and what he is talking about. Here is the way it looks after an attack of punctuation, and as it appears in published form:

Among
these
red pieces of
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quite silently hills
made of blueandgreen paper
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anguish(clim
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s-p-i-r-a-
l
and,disappear)
Satanic and blasé
a black goat lookingly wanders
There is nothing left of the world but
into this noth
ing il treno * per
Roma si-gnori?
jerk.
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You can see from this that punctuation is a serious disease. Moreover, it is quite possible that if you put this poetry under the microscope you would find that the commas and parentheses themselves have been attacked by still more minute grammatical organisms, and that the whole thing is simply honeycombed with punctuation.

To show the length to which a sane man will go when he sets out to be literary, let me quote the comment of Paul Rosenfeld on Cummings's use of punctuation marks:

The typographical display exists upon his pages never in the intention of picture-writing, and always for the purpose of marking the acceleration and hesitation of the rapid, capricious, and melodic line.

What would a man who was trying to be scientific say about this same question? Or rather what would he do about it—for science has a way of answering

*I venture to correct Mr. Cummings's spelling of this word, hoping that "treno" was a typographical mistake and not a part of his lyrical inspiration.

questions by doing something. He would take two of the most enthusiastic admirers of this poetry—Paul Rosenfeld might be one, and E. E. Cummings another—lead them into separate soundproof chambers and permit them to read this poem in the august presence of a sphygmograph, a machine designed to record in a white line on a black roller the actual pulsations of the "rapid, capricious, and melodic line" as it is "marked" by these signs of punctuation. Is there any reason to believe that, punctuation being what it is and human nature being what it is, the two of them would produce curves showing the same "accelerations and hesitations" at the points where these punctuation marks appear? Of course they would not. It is only necessary to mention the experiment. The critic, therefore, is not talking sense. He is talking literarious nonsense.

Science is nothing but a persistent and organized effort to talk sense. And science would tell us that these punctuation marks on the rampage do not promote accuracy of communication, but destroy it. They may have a very subtle, fine, and real value within the poet's mind. It is a mere conspiracy of folly to pretend that they have an identic value in the mind of any reader.

From free punctuation it is an easy step to free grammar—or rather, freedom from grammar. I use this inexact expression to characterize the kind of freedom attained, in its ultimate purity, by Gertrude Stein. Let us examine a passage of Gertrudian prose:

> The Hartford pigpen never supported, never confirmed food, therefore are not supported and this building will pay for that and food which confirmed it. White immortal eternal receipt for food. The war planet Mars. I have the white immortal eternal receipt . . .
>
> I was looking at you, the sweet boy that does not want sweet soap. Neatness of feet does not win feet, but feet win the neatness of men. Run does not run west but west runs east. I like west strawberries best.

One can hardly deny a beauty of ingenuity to these lines. They have a fluency upon the tongue, a logical intricacy that is intriguing. But any deeper value they may have, value for the mind or the passions of a reader, will be composed of elements not objectively implied but accidentally suggested by them. No doubt anyone who dwells with idle energy upon their plausible music will find thoughts and impulses from his own life rising to employ them as symbol or pattern for a moment of thought or imaginative realization. But the impulses that rise to these lines from the reader's life will never by any chance be the same that dictated them in the life of the author. Communication is here reduced to a minimum. The values are private—as private as the emotional life of the insane. In fact the passage quoted was not from Gertrude Stein, but from the ravings of a manic-depressive cited by Kraepelin in his *Clinical Psychiatry*. Here is a passage from Gertrude Stein:

> Any space is not quiet it is so likely to be shiny. Darkness very dark darkness is sectional. There is a way to see in onion and surely very surely rhubarb and a tomato, surely very surely there is that seeding.

It is essentially the same thing, except that Gertrude Stein perpetrates it voluntarily, and—to judge by the external appearance—not quite so well. It is private literature. It is intra-cerebral art.

Edith Sitwell says, in her *Poetry and Criticism*, that Gertrude Stein is "bringing back life to our language by what appears at first to be an anarchic process. First she breaks down the predestined groups of words, their sleepy family habits; then she rebrightens them, examines their texture, and builds them into new and vital shapes." If this engaging statement means anything except what every good and vivid writer does, it means that Miss Stein is emptying words of the social element. Words are vessels of communion; she is

treating them as empty vessels, polishing them and setting them in a row.

James Joyce not only polishes the words that he sets in a row, but molds them and fires them in his own oven. From free grammar he has taken a farther step to free etymology. All boisterous writers have made up words, but they have made them in such a way or placed them in such a context that their meaning or value was conveyed to the reader. Joyce, in his recent writing, makes up words to suit the whim-chances of a process going on only in his own brain.

> For if the lingo gasped between kicksheets were to be preached from the mouths of wickerchurchwardens and metaphysicians in the row and advokaatoes, allvoyous, demivoyelles, languoaths, lesbiels, dentelles, gutterhowls and furtz, where would their practice be or where the human race itself were the Pythagorean sesquipedalia of the panepistemion, grunted and gromwelled, ichabod, habakuk, opanoff, uggamyg, hapaxle, gomenon, ppppfff, over country stiles, behind slated dwellinghouses, down blind lanes, or, when all fruit fails, under some sacking left on a coarse cart?

This literary form also finds its involuntary parallel in the madhouse. There too the inevitable step is taken from free grammar to free etymology. That automatic "flight of ideas," the result of some pathological drying upward of the deeper associational roots of words, naturally passes over into a mere flight of syllables. Indeed anyone can imitate both these symptoms by compelling himself to talk faster than he can think or feel. But he cannot imitate them with the rare and various genius of James Joyce. Joyce is equipped for creative etymology as few men ever were. He has a curious and wide learning in languages and their ways; he has a prodigiously fine ear. You feel that he lives in a world of spoken sounds, through which he goes hearing as acutely as a dog goes smelling, that all the riches of his mind are but an ingenious complication of the neural paths from ear to tongue. The goal toward which he seems to be traveling with all this equipment of genius is the creation of a language of his own—a language which might be superior poetically, as Esperanto is practically, to any of the known tongues. It might be immortal—as immortal as the steel shelves of the libraries in which it would rest. But how little it would communicate, and to how few. When it is not a humorous emotion—as praise God it often is—that we enjoy with Joyce in his extreme etymological adventures, what is there that we experience in common with him? A kind of elementary tongue dance, a feeling of the willingness to perform it. This may be enriched a little among the devoted by prolonged hard work with a pile of dictionaries, but in the main the richer values—except the mere value of devotion—will be supplied by the reader's own mind and imagination. They will be accidental and his own.

For better or worse, it results from the indefiniteness of the matter communicated in these extreme kinds of freedom that only one genius can distinguish himself in each kind. Gertrude Stein discovered the flight of ideas as a literary form some twenty years ago, and she has been hammering away at it, lonely and immortal, ever since. No one else can distinguish himself in this form, because there are no definite distinctions in it. A similar thing is true of Joyce in so far as he speaks a private language, and of Cummings as the discoverer of intraverbal punctuation. They cannot be rivalled; they can only be imitated. Their glory is secure.

Younger modernists ought not be discouraged by this fact, however, for there are other freedoms still to be won. There is alphabetical freedom, for instance. Why should the letters within a word be permitted to congregate forever in the same dull, old, conventional and sleepy groups? Why not a little spontaneity of arrangement here, and the occasional eruption of an Arabic or Chinese or Russian letter that happens to linger

in the memory and chime with the whims of the poet? The Russians have a great, fat, double-squatting letter that looks like a toad sitting on his grandmother waving his arms. One poet might enrich the alphabet with borrowings like this. Another might abandon the alphabet altogether and make a new one more congenial to his inner life.

Moreover, with all respect to the typographical genius of E. E. Cummings, he is a mere infant in the free art of punctuation. Why content oneself with meagerly redistributing a handful of tame signs, dried up, stale, dead and familiar to all Western European civilization for upwards of three thousand years? Can you wake a man up with an exclamation point that was known to his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfathers before him? Can you stop the modern breath with a colon that was a bore to Cleopatra? Let us have a little real creative activity in these fields. A little cross-breeding between plus signs and semicolons would be a good beginning. By crossing the minus sign with the colon we got the sign of division; a cross between a plus sign and a semicolon might give us something even more remarkable. That has never been tried. And why not introduce a few foreign strains here, too? Spanish question marks behave in very queer ways, too, standing on their heads in front of a question as well as jumping up and making faces behind it. All these things would help to jazz up the rapid, capricious, and melodic line. Each of them would give one more uncommunicative poet a place of distinction.

And then there is free type-setting still to be adequately exploited in English, although known long ago to the futurist poets of Italy. And there is free photo-engraving still to be imported from Russia. I have a volume given me by the Russian poet, Maiakovsky, in which a large part of the total effect is produced by a series of scrapbook designs made out of reproduced photographs and magazine half-tones. The cover design is a picture of the poet's wife, a charming girl in real life, apparently entering the first stages of an epileptic fit. On another page she appears, more tranquilly, as an insert in a menagerie. Another page shows Maiakovsky himself being shampooed by a dynosaur while engaging in a long-distance telephone conversation through an automobile horn with his cook who seems to be standing on the poop-deck of an astronomical observatory getting ready to do the family wash. If Paul Rosenfeld thinks that E. E. Cummings's typography is not picture writing, it may be so, although the question is subtle. But here is a far more powerful poet than E. E. Cummings—the most gifted Slavic poet of his generation—and several volumes of his rhapsodical mixtures of poetry with picture writing of the most childlike type have been published by the State Printing House and sold by the tens of thousands in Soviet Russia.

Maiakovsky's crazy-quilt photo-designs are actual illustrations of the themes of his poems. Both the themes and the illustrations are infected with unintelligibility, and I find the designs distasteful because they are inexpressive and old-fashioned. Even in progressive kindergartens the scrapbook has been replaced by picture writing of a more active and original kind. Nevertheless, in so far as these typographical experiments *are* picture writing, and overtly so, they are not so much a part of the cult of unintelligibility as an effort to escape from it. The marks in the book, having lost their clear character as signs suggesting imaginary experience to the reader, begin to be cultivated as an offering of actual experience to him. Following this road, the modernist poets might become exquisite painters of letters as the poets of ancient China were. They might give their creative attention to the mixing of inks, the selecting or inventing of textures and tints of paper, and the binding of books. They might even anoint their verses, as once the

Persian poets did, with an appropriate odor—not always as in those days, you may be sure, a pleasant one. And in this manner they could revive, if they had money enough, on a small cultural island in the midst of our machine civilization, some of the charms of a past age of the world. But in so far as they are really modern, and not wealthier than is usual with poets, I do not see how they can go very far in this direction, except to abandon poetry altogether and become either painters, on the one hand, or on the other, printers and manufacturers of ink and paper. And that is, perhaps, the logical outcome of the tendency I am describing—a tendency to ignore the terms of the act of verbal communication.

I have described only the cruder manifestations of this tendency. It appears, however, in poetry that is quite sociable in the matter of verse-form and grammar and punctuation and etymology. A freedom to make unlimited use of all the foreign languages that happen to be known to the author is one of its manifestations. A freedom to make unexplicit allusions to some book or manuscript he happens to have been reading —accessible perhaps only in the Bibliothèque Nationale or the British Museum —is another. Mr. Graves and Miss Riding in their *Survey of Modernist Poetry* speak with great enthusiasm of this kind of freedom.

In a single volume of Ezra Pound's *Lustra*, they tell us, "occur literary references to Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, Provençale, and Chinese literature—some of these incorrectly given. Mr. Eliot, who is a more serious scholar, has references in *The Waste Land* to Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, German, and Sanskrit. The English classics quoted or referred to are not now the stock-classics to which Victorian and post-Victorian poets paid tribute, not Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, but others known only to the cognoscenti—Peele, Kyd, Lyly, the less familiar Shakespeare, Webster, Marvell, Dryden, Swift, Darley, Beddoes; making the succession of English poetry wear a more varied look. The same enlargement is made with the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French poets."

The authors call this a method of "civilizing and enlarging poetry." Its actual effect is to narrow the circle of communication to a small group of specialists in a particular type of learning—by no means the most important type—and to communicate even to the members of this circle only a part of the content of the poem. Most of the "cognoscenti," as I know them, will be so tickled by the poet's assuming they know everything he is alluding to, that they will get along better than others without the more specific pleasure of finding out what he is alluding to. Even those who do find out, will have enjoyed a cerebral exercise rather than the emotional and intellectual experience of the poem.

I use the word *cerebral*, because it is the firm conviction of the modernist poets and their admirers that they are extremely intellectual, and it is my firm conviction that they are not. They have a great deal going on inside their heads in proportion to what goes on in their organs of vital emotion, but so has a bridge player or a tired business man devoting his idle moments to cross-word puzzles. In my opinion, the admirers of modernist poetry as a distinctively *intellectual* phenomenon, may be divided into two classes. First, those who think they understand what is unintelligible because they do not know what it is to understand. They are the same people who listen in a theater to a foreign actor speaking an unknown tongue, and come home and tell us his acting was so wonderful that they understood the whole play. Second, those who do know what it is to understand, but find so little in real life to exercise their understandings upon that they develop a devout passion for conundrums, riddles, rebuses, anagrams, charades, logogriphs, and games of dumb-crambo and twenty

questions. My own playful tastes lie very strongly in the opposite direction. Life itself as I try to live it is puzzle enough, and there is no dearth of riddles even when the talk is clear. Therefore, when the modernist critics object to Mr. Cummings's poems that they are too lucid—"they do not present the eternal difficulties that make poems immortal"—I can only bow and retire. I do not live in that world. When they object to the established punctuation of Shakespeare because it "restricts his meaning to special interpretations of special words," and say that "if we must choose one meaning, then we owe it to Shakespeare to choose one embracing as many meanings as possible, that is, the most difficult meaning," I feel that they have never touched the mind of Shakespeare. And when they describe one of the great sonnets, punctuated in a manner that they consider, on very flimsy evidence, to be Shakespeare's own, as "a furiously dynamic cross-word puzzle which can be read in many directions at once," I feel that I am confronted with beings of a different species. It seems to be a species in which the cerebral cortex is severed from the midbrain and the rest of the vital system, and seeks the experience of life in speeding up all by itself like a racing motor.

T. S. Eliot has discovered another kind of freedom that deserves comment. It is to be found in a series of explanatory notes which he appends at the end of his poems. A similar device was adopted by Dante in his *Vita Nuova*. But Mr. Eliot's notes differ from Dante's, and from all other explanatory notes, in being almost entirely free from explanation.

Another friendly custom of the older poets has been abandoned by the modernists—the custom of giving the poem a title which tells us what it is about. The modernist titles tell us what the poem is not about, and they usually tell us that in a foreign language. Here, for example, is a poem by Edith Sitwell. Edith Sitwell is, in my opinion, the most gifted of the modernist poets—the one who is most unaffectedly expressing a genuine and inevitable poetic character—but she is also one of the most wilfully unfriendly to me, her admiring reader. She has entitled this poem "Aubade," and if you do not happen to know what "Aubade" means, that is your good luck. You will have less difficulty in finding out what her poem is about.

Jane, Jane,
Tall as a crane,
The morning light creaks down again.

Comb your cockscomb-ragged hair,
Jane, Jane, come down the stair.

Each dull, blunt wooden stalactite
Of rain creaks, hardened by the light,

Sounding like an overtone
From some lonely world unknown.

But the creaking, empty light
Will never harden into sight,

Will never penetrate your brain
With overtones like the blunt rain.

The light would show, if it could harden,
Eternities of kitchen garden,

Cockscomb flowers that none will pluck,
And wooden flowers that 'gin to cluck.

In the kitchen you must light
Flames as staring red and white

As carrots or as turnips—shining
Where the cold dawn light lies whining.

Cockscomb hair on the cold wind
Hangs limp, turns the milk's weak mind.

Jane, Jane,
Tall as a crane,
The morning light creaks down again.

Perhaps you can guess what Jane is—or who she is—or whether she is, indeed, a who or a what. But will you ever feel sure that your guess is right? If not, you do not belong to the "cognoscenti," the very intellectually élite, to whom Edith Sitwell addresses her poems. Fortunately for you, however, she has condescended to explain this particular poem to the vulgar and uncultivated.

The modernist poet's brain [she tells us] is becoming a central sense, interpreting and

controlling the other five senses. . . . His senses have become broadened and cosmopolitanized; they are no longer little islands, speaking only their own narrow language, living their sleepy life alone. When the speech of one sense is insufficient to convey his entire meaning, he uses the language of another.

After that much by way of general explanation—if you are "intellectual" enough to accept this rather confused psychology as explanation—Miss Sitwell takes up the difficulties in her poem, phrase by phrase:

"*The morning light creaks down again.*" The author said "creaks," because in a very early dawn, after rain, the light has a curious uncertain quality, as though it does not run quite smoothly. Also, it falls in hard cubes, squares, and triangles, which, again, give one the impression of a creaking sound, because of the association with wood. "*Each dull, blunt wooden stalactite of rain creaks, hardened by the light.*" In the early dawn, long raindrops are transformed by the light, until they have the light's own quality of hardness; also they have the dull and blunt and tasteless quality of wood; as they move in the wind, they seem to creak. "*Sounding like an overtone from some lonely world unknown.*" Though it seems to us as though we heard them sensorily, yet the sound is unheard in reality; it has the quality of an overtone from some unknown and mysterious world. . . .

So far we are still in the dark—are we not? We have found out that the author is rather hypnotized by the idea that sights can be compared to sounds, sounds to things touched, and so forth. We knew this long ago, have observed it in poetry as far back as the Rig-Veda—"the fire cries with light"—and read about it also in the text-books of psychology, where its extreme manifestations are described as "synæsthesia." But we have never seen it piled on quite so thick before. We have never seen a poem in which these comparisons were coldly and deliberately and, therefore, unconvincingly perpetrated throughout twelve or fourteen stanzas by a poet seeking to exemplify what she imagines to be a new psychological discovery. So far, then, her explanation has made us aware of her capabilities in bad taste, but we are still unaware of the subject of her poem. But now she suddenly, and quite recklessly it seems to me, condescends to tell us what she is talking about:

The poem is about a country servant, a girl on a farm, plain and neglected and unhappy, and with a sad bucolic stupidity, coming down in the dawn to light the fire.

Is not that a wonderful relief? And how beautifully it is expressed! We must say one thing for the modernist poets—they all write excellent prose. When they do want to tell us something, they tell it with lucid and luminous precision.

As poets they do not want to tell us. They do not want to sacrifice, in order to tell us, any least value that their poems may have untold. The act of communication is irksome to them. It is irksome at times to us all. It is inadequate. How much *can* we communicate, indeed, by this elementary device of tongue-wagging or by making these tiny ink-wiggles on a sheet of paper? Little enough. Everyone who has composed poems knows how often he has to sacrifice a value that is both clear and dear to him, in order to communicate his poem to others. Abandon that motive, the limitation it imposes, and you will find yourself writing modernist poetry. I know this because I have tried it.

The modernist tendency may be defined, then—this first element of it—as a tendency toward privacy combined with a naïve sincerity in employing as material the instruments of social communication. In a later paper—a happier one—I am going to define the other element of modernism, the tendency toward pure poetry, and show why it is confused with this one and why it ought not to be.

BULL MARKET

BY CHARLES MERZ

UNDER a round glass globe of the sort that used to cover the wax flowers on grandmother's parlor table, in the years before the nation discovered a broad and easy road to wealth, a small brass mechanism purrs and stutters. Click, click, click. Two little rollers pause just long enough to rub their hands in printer's ink, then beat a light tattoo on the strip of tape that runs through a slit in the side of this glass box and falls to the floor in lazy spirals. Click, click, K N 6 ½, click, click, click, click, L N P 3 ½, click, click, U N C 7 ¾. . . . The rat-tat-tat of these little blows spells out the state of mind with which the nation views the outlook for prosperity from one moment's flurry to the next; and outside the box the white tape runs through eager fingers.

It is a commonplace observation that the last few years have witnessed the development of a bull market in this country like no market the world has ever seen before. One phase of this market may be drawing near its end; one phase of this market may, in fact, have ended in a manner wholly satisfactory to the most impassioned pessimists before these words appear in print; the fact remains that the bull market of 1924 to 1929 is a phenomenon unmatched in the records of this country. It is possible to regard this market merely as another of those recurrent waves of speculative mania which sweep all nations periodically, but useless to look for its precise analogy in the McKinley boom of 1897, or the Northern Pacific wave of 1901, or the war flurry of 1915–16, or the post-war boom of 1919, for the reason that none of these markets remotely matched it in vigor or duration. As a rule, they lasted two years or three at most; they never succeeded in forcing trading on the New York Stock Exchange above three hundred and fifty million shares a year; and within reasonable limits they conformed respectfully to the scheme of behavior which the experts had charted for them in advance.

By comparison with these earlier waves of speculation, it should be noted of this last great rush that in 1929 it entered its fifth year; that time and again it confounded the experts and robbed the prophets of their honor; that after sixty months of sensational trading the average price of fifty leading securities soared in February, 1929, two hundred and twenty-eight per cent above their level in October, 1923; and that the volume of trading on the Stock Exchange increased so phenomenally as to smother the record of two hundred and eighty million shares in 1924, with a record of more than a billion shares between March 1, 1928, and March 1, 1929.

Tirelessly the brass rollers under the small glass domes of the stock tickers have pounded out new highs in railways, oils, and metals. Tirelessly the pools have thrown their resources behind new favorites, and the market has recovered from successive shocks. Tirelessly for many months a vast public has registered its faith that what goes up need not come down, at least not until it has provided a new set of tires for last summer's car, a closed-in sunroom for the back piazza, and at least one winter in Miami.

II

Thanks to the publication of a good many photographs in recent Sunday rotogravure sections, the market place that is the center of the nation's trading in securities is as familiar to the average man as the interior of Madison Square Garden with a prizefight in full swing. He knows that its walls are high and that they look down upon an ample floor left free for the battle of the bulls and bears. He knows that this floor is dotted with some thirty "posts" where stocks are bought and sold, each post ringed at its top with strips of paper fluttering like prayer-flags on a pole in a Tibetan monastery. He knows that on this floor three million shares change hands on an average day, that this is the place where prices are driven up or battered down by eager traders, and where his own small holdings must be sold when the day arrives for him to lump his loss or take his profit.

It is a scene that often figures in the daily papers and the moving pictures; and the traditional accounts which describe it as a great stone hall in which an apparently disorganized rabble mills its way excitedly from post to post through a shoe-high litter of its own discarded memoranda do it justice. Crowds that have formed as if by accident rotate for a moment around an unseen axis before they fall apart again. A dozen little disagreements coalesce suddenly into a major riot. There is the same panic of motion here as that produced by stirring up an ant-hill. Only, these ants have enormous voices. The high walls echo with the unbroken roar of five hundred bidders calling numbers full of noisy vowels. The blackboards crackle with the sharp staccato clicks of flapping numbers calling brokers to their telephones. Dead paper swirls on the floor like leaves in an October blow. And over the balustrade of the Visitors' Gallery, intent upon the pandemonium which exists beneath them, hang fascinated tourists from Riverside Drive, New England, and the Middle West, wondering whether the market is going up or going down, and picking out Mr. Morgan and Mr. Raskob more or less at random.

This is a scene of intense activity, but the impulses behind this activity are not local within these four Greek walls; they come from a thousand widely scattered towns and cities in a nation which did not really plumb the joys of a series of sudden spurts in American Can or Montgomery Ward until 1926, and the pillars on the floor of the Exchange are simply their converging points.

Somewhere in Oregon lives a banker who owns one hundred shares of Magma Copper which he is willing to sell because the state of the market worries him. Somewhere in Massachusetts lives a doctor who has never owned a share of stock in an active life of sixty years but who is now in a mood for sudden action. For three years he has heard his neighbors boast of the killings they have made in this bull market, of General Motors bought for a song at 99 in 1925 and sold at 212 in time for Christmas, 1928—of Radio picked up casually at 88 in 1926 and sold three hundred glittering points above that mark in February, 1929—and his patience has been worn to the bone by this long vigil. Now a fresh triumph scored by his wife's brother in Imperial Oil convinces him that the time has come at last to discard the notion that it is too late in the day for a small investor to wring an honest penny from the market and present his claims for his own share in these vast mysterious profits. Of Magma Copper he knows only that it has been bought by the neighbor who snapped up Radio in 1926, that his wife's brother has a friend in St. Paul whose uncle has an inside tip, and that either copper or lead has been featured lately on the financial pages of his local paper. More than this, no doubt, would be needed for a complete grasp of the copper situation. But the iron is hot, the chance is there, and in a mood that is at last more eager than reluctant he enters

a broker's office with an order for a hundred shares.

It is the initial phase of a transaction performed with the speed appropriate to such an act as the investment of new money in the industry of a dynamic nation. Within sixty seconds of the time when this late convert has appeared in the branch office of Jones & Co. in his home town with his first order, a clerk has written "Buy MMX 100" on a slip of yellow paper, a telegraph operator at his "bug" has transmitted the message to the main office of Jones & Co. in New York, an order clerk has extracted it from an incoming rush of business, and the telephone number of the floor-man of this company is flapping like a wounded crow on the giant blackboards of the Stock Exchange.

Thereafter, when he has hurried to his booth and received this message, which ought not take much more than another sixty seconds, the floor-man of Jones & Co. buffets his way to Post No. 28 and for ten seconds joins the milling crowd around this particular Mecca. "One hundred Magma at one thirty-seven and a quarter!" This is the voice of a broker commissioned, within the last two minutes, to sell one hundred shares for the banker in Oregon who has his doubts about the market. The floor-man of Jones & Co. calls out, "Take it!" The sale is made and the bargain sealed with a scribbled symbol on two bits of paper. Nobody asks for cash on one side or securities on the other. That will be adjusted later through the Clearing House. Two minutes, three thousand miles of telegraph wire, and a half-dozen shouted words are enough to link Oregon and Massachusetts once two total strangers have made their minds up to do business. From the crowd around Post No. 28 comes an attendant of the Stock Exchange on a gallop with a message for the ticker. The wires hum. And before this latest purchaser of copper stock in Massachusetts has had a chance to ask himself for the second time whether all this really was not rash and wouldn't it have been more statesmanlike to wait until to-morrow morning, the small brass drums under the round glass globes are inking themselves for another go at their strips of paper ribbon. . . . "Click, click, click, M M X, click, click, 7 ¼."

By how many pairs of eyes this latest bulletin from the front is read with interest there is no sure way of telling. Certainly it is safe to say, however, that during the last two years an incomparably greater audience has followed the ticker tape on its endless journey than has ever followed it before in any boom or at any time in the whole history of trading in this country since the first small company of frock-coated brokers met under a buttonwood tree near the site of the present Stock Exchange in 1790. For it is the most impressive fact about this market not that it set an endurance record or raised prices to bewildering levels, but that it succeeded in attracting to itself a great new horde of small investors who were never in this game before and have come out of it with six-passenger coupés or whitened hair. This has been a children's crusade, not an adventure for a few hard-boiled knights; and no historian of the years 1924 to 1929 can afford to ignore the evidence that the butcher and the baker and the candlestick-maker have been in this market on an unprecedented scale.

There is the direct evidence lent by the fact that the persistent orders of the small trader have created a phenomenal business for the "odd-lot houses" which handle securities in blocks of less than a hundred shares; as I write, the New York *Times* reports that odd-lot business is "at the highest level ever recorded" and that "the outstanding feature of this business is the heavy demand for lots of less than twenty-five shares."

There is the corroborative evidence of brokers' loans which increased from three billion dollars on February 1, 1927, to nearly seven billion dollars on February 1, 1929, to the dismay of the Federal Reserve Board.

There is the fact that brokerage firms which are members of the Stock Exchange have been forced to double the number of their branch offices since 1925 to handle the heavy rush of business, and that these branch offices have now invaded territory as remote from Wall Street as Steubenville, O., Independence, Kans., Amarillo, Tex., Gastonia, N. C., Storm Lake, Ia., Chickasha, Okla., and Shabbona, Ill.

There is the telltale evidence of stock reports being put on the radio with vespers, the official time, and chest-expansion exercises, as an indispensable item in the day's routine, and the phenomenal growth, meantime, of stock tables, market lists, and syndicated columns of successful inside tips in small-town newspapers which devoted this extra space to kitchen recipes even as late as 1926.

There is the fact, finally, that this new game of get-rich-quick has been played not only in the New York Stock Exchange, but played at the same break-neck pace in a score of local markets in every section of the country; that the Chicago Stock Exchange has multiplied by seventeen the amount of business it handled even as late as 1918; that the St. Louis Stock Exchange now deals in a million shares a year instead of eighty thousand as it did ten years ago, and that the Los Angeles Curb Exchange, which was not even in existence in the year 1927, handled no less than eighteen million shares in the year 1928.

There are still men left in the spring of 1929 who do not thumb their way straight to the stock news when they have had one fleeting glance at the first-page headlines in their evening papers, but the number of such men is smaller than in the spring of 1928; and the account-books of every brokerage firm in a broad nation show the names of school-teachers, seamstresses, barbers, machinists, necktie salesmen, gas-fitters, motormen, family cooks, and lexicographers who have taken their first dip in the market in the last two years. The ticker tape runs on. And to a greater extent than ever before in its history the whole country has been buying stocks, selling stocks, trading stocks, assessing profits, covering close margins with fresh capital, and following with increasing interest the broad line in the market-graphs that curves between the lowlands and the Himalayas.

III

Much has been written of the causes of this extraordinary market, the importance of easy money in its early stages, the degree to which the mob and the shrewd insiders deserve to share credit for its later peaks, the efforts of the Federal Reserve Board to keep it from taking capital out of the lap of industry, and the effects of this long-sustained trading in securities upon the economics of the nation's business. Much more may be written, before this market is forgotten, of its effect upon matters of perhaps even greater interest: namely, its effect upon the habits and the interests and the loyalties not of the old-timers to whom all this is a more or less familiar story, but of the new clientele of millions of eager people who have found themselves unexpectedly in the fringes of this vast unprecedented trading.

It is possible to hazard a few guesses:

1. It would seem to require no proof that one effect of this widespread interest in the market has been to reinforce the factors which join hands to give this nation a remorseless unity. When ten thousand widely scattered hearts are beating high with hopes of a rise in some favorite discovered overnight, a new persuasive influence has been brought to bear to develop a national likemindedness. When the whole country follows the same tips, shies suddenly at the same suspicion that the time has come to shy, finds comfort in the same reassuring signs that normalcy is here to stay, takes fright again at new phenomena, and opens the door of the storm-cellar with one great resounding bang, we know without doubt that this is a united

people. Mysteriously, new hopes and fears are communicated from one corner of the country to another; and in the influences behind these sudden rushes either to buy in, or to get out from under, students of mass psychology will one day delve for accurate data on the flux of mass opinion.

2. There has been a breaking down, it would surely seem, of certain ethical values and many household mottoes which were only recently in their prime. There was a time when, outside of certain circles in a few large cities, speculation in the New York Stock Exchange was widely regarded as mere "gambling." There was also a time when a host of such maxims as "a penny saved is a penny earned" emphasized the importance of steady application and close-fisted economy, rather than the persistent playing of successive hunches, as the most promising means of self-advancement. The spectacular profits reaped by nit-wits at some points in this astonishing bull market have come among these maxims with the disruptive force of science among the fables of the Bible.

3. Meantime, there is the question of the individual and his job. What is the effect of sudden profits, or of constant angling for sudden profits, on the average investor's relish for the ordinary humdrum task which has hitherto earned his daily bread? It would take a poll of a very considerable number of these investors to furnish a convincing answer to this question. But certainly there is every theoretical reason for believing that a man who is carrying one hundred shares of Calumet & Hecla on a thirty per cent margin and an income of sixty dollars a week, and who has been fortunate enough to have this bull market earn him more in a lucky four months than he has been accustomed to earn in twelve, is less interested in store-keeping or school-teaching or mail-carrying than he was before a broker opened his eyes to this bonanza.

4. The broker himself, meantime, has achieved a new estate and taken his place with the authoritative witch-doctors of a modern age. Like the Advice-to-the-Lovelorn columns and the modern psychoanalyst, he is that combination confessor-advisor which the stress of strenuous times demands, and in an era of wild speculation his prestige has advanced to new-flown heights. Old ladies pour out their troubles in his ears. Young stenographers come to him to make them rich. He is supposed to know how far and in what direction all stocks will move to-day, to-morrow, one week from to-morrow, two weeks from to-morrow, and a year from Christmas. When he is successful in this respect he is honored by having his customers boast of having discovered him with the same pride that they boasted of discovering a dependable bootlegger in 1923.

5. With the rise of the broker to a position of new eminence we have witnessed the rise of a new national literature. The subject-matter of this literature is the future achievements of an ascendent industry—its car loadings, bank clearings, stock dividends, and gold reserves—filtered through a medium of rich romanticism. There are, and have been for many years, a number of reliable publications supplying their subscribers with accurate information regarding the intrinsic values behind various securities. In addition to these publications there now flourishes a sudden horde of "tipster sheets" whose psychology and whose ethics will make an interesting chapter in any painstaking study of the evolution of modern America written fifty years from now. Any newsdealer at any street corner in any large city will corroborate the fact that these publications have achieved enormous popularity. He will also report that the sale of tipster sheets has prospered particularly at the expense of racing forms. Upon the significance of this phenomenon his comment is likely to be, "They ain't playing the ponies any more."

6. There has been rapidly evolving in the United States a new substitute for

the old-fashioned bar, and Prohibitionists may well take heart from the success it is achieving. It has the same swinging doors, the same half-darkened windows, the same community of interest once the threshold has been crossed. This modern bar is the branch office of a brokerage firm which deals in Stock Exchange securities: a low room hung with smoke, furnished with mahogany chairs, ringed with the tall pontifical wicker baskets into which the ticker tape traditionally falls, and walled on one side by a blackboard where the latest scores are tallied. Here all manner of men rub elbows in the tolerant good-fellowship of a common interest, and the ticker tape runs easily through the fingers of professionals who read in its mysterious symbols a coherent story of the day's events, or travels in unpracticed jerks from thumb to thumb in the hands of an amateur who hunts his way half-heartedly among strange figures for his heart's desire, confusing it too hopefully with something else, going back to look for it again, failing to find any trace of it, and often enough concluding that there is no market left for the stock he bought with rosy hopes, and that the bottom has dropped out of the world entirely since ten o'clock this morning. It is true that these dark retreats which give men shelter from the world are still reserved more or less exclusively for the upper crust, and that they have not been democratized; but as time goes by and interest in speculation spreads still wider, there is no reason why they should not become in the long run as common and as popular as the old-time caravansaries dispensing beer and pretzels.

7. The impetus behind the growth of these new-style bars is the emergence of a new national sport which can be played for the price of an evening paper. The most active participants in this sport are those investors who have actually bought stocks, but this is a game that can be played vicariously, through an interest in the investments made by friends. One and a half points up. . . . Three-quarters of a point down. . . . One and a half points up again. . . . The business of following the market is an absorbing game, and it is not to be wondered that no new Ask Me Another craze or no new substitute for the Crossword Puzzle was developed, or was needed, when the bull market reached its crest. This new pastime has vastly stimulated after-dinner conversation. It has provided a new topic on which men can boast of great deeds done and tell one another sagas. It has fitted perfectly into the interests of a highly mathematical nation which can really give its heart to no sport which cannot be tallied in batting averages, fielding averages, goals per game, strokes per hole, team percentages, or stolen bases. Every night the American public knows precisely where it stands in this new contest. There are no uneven edges. Down to the last eighth the ticker posts the winners and the losers.

IV

Finally, whatever else this market has done either to change this nation's interests or upset its habits or dislodge its loyalties, at least there can be no doubt that it has profoundly altered the attitude of a great mass of Americans toward "Big Business." A fabulously rich and prosperous corporation may be an octopus when it is selling gasoline at twenty-two cents a gallon instead of seventeen, but it is no octopus when some of its stock, even on margin, is in the hands of the customer who has recently been groaning. In this case it becomes either a benevolent philanthropic institution whose purposes have been greatly misunderstood and whose services to humanity are ridiculously undervalued, or a jolly partner in an admitted hold-up which must not be complained of too vociferously lest Congress come along with an investigation.

It is obvious that at this point we are reckoning with something more formidable than the emergence of a new game

or the cultivation of a new romantic literature, and that this change in the attitude of a great mass of Americans toward corporate wealth has contributed vastly to the political conservatism which has been characteristic of this country in recent years. The change is unmistakable, and its sharpness can be measured if we look back upon a time less prosperous. For it takes no great stretch of memory to recall the years when the American people were deeply suspicious of huge alliances of capital and stubbornly determined to break them into manageable units. These were the days when party platforms rang with eloquent denunciations of "illegal combinations in restraint of trade," the printing presses panted tirelessly with new books discussing "the trust problem," Mr. Dooley wrote of the "heejous monsthers" that were raising Mr. Hennessey's meat bill, a nineteen-volume report on the sins of great corporations was mere routine work for Congress, and no more familiar figure dominated the newspaper cartoons than the heavy-jowled villain with a silk hat and dollar-spangled waistcoat who had become the authentic symbol of Big Business.

It is surely a sign of the times, and the sign of a time in which stock market speculation has been an important influence in changing popular opinion, that people no longer talk of "Frenzied Finance" or "The System," and that except in a few out-of-the-way corners the symbol of the dollar-studded waistcoat is as extinct as paper collars or the two-step. Ex-Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania issues a broadside charging that a six-sided General Electric-Insull-Mellon-Morgan-Byllesby-Doherty monopoly now controls two-thirds of the electric power of the country, and by both press and public this indictment is received with perfect silence. The newspapers report that in 1928 the net earnings of ninety-five great public utility systems totalled eight hundred million dollars and set a new high record for all time; and instead of an outburst of popular indignation that so vast a tribute should be poured by the public into private pockets for a public service, there is a prompt stampede to buy utility stocks on margin, on the theory that these figures certainly ought to be good for at least a five-point rise. The Democratic party nominates a candidate for President; and instead of attempting to lead the time-honored Democratic assault upon the breastworks of Big Business, this candidate promptly appoints the major domo of General Motors as national chairman of his party; and the new national chairman begins campaigning for his candidate with the plea that Mr. Harkness is for him and Mr. Spreckels is for him and Mr. James is for him, and that Mr. Harkness is "a Standard Oil financier," Mr. Spreckels is "a banker and sugar refiner," and Mr. James is "a New York financier whose interests embrace railroads, securities companies, real estate and merchandising." . . . Not one of these gentlemen, the new chairman triumphantly announces, "considers that his interests are in the slightest degree imperilled." Vote for Smith and a full dinner pail for Wall Street.

For the moment, certainly, a comfortable political conservatism pervades the country, and one factor in this conservatism is the far-flung interests of a public which is deeper in the market than it ever was before: a vast public which is perhaps not quite so certain that God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world, as Mr. Coolidge would have us think as he takes leave of office, but a public none the less content not to disturb the market when the pickings are so good.

Five hundred miles of ribbon, the officials of the Stock Exchange will tell you, run over the spindles of the tickers each time a million shares of stock are sold. The small drums under the round inverted globes beat out a new reveille. And out into a nation that has put its political insurgency in cold storage for the present there runs each year enough white tape to tie an ample four-in-hand around this planet and the moon.

The Lion's Mouth

HOW TO MAKE HOUSEHOLD SCENES

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

IF THE great Episcopal Church—as has been reported—is really going to make a study of training for marriage, with the checking of divorce statistics as a goal, no better topic could be assigned to the ten wisest bishops than a study of the hundred most charming and the hundred most irritating household scenes. Parishioners in each diocese could give them lists.

As an interested parishioner, I have a few contributions to offer for such a list. I have purposely chosen scenes enacted, not by the heroes of modern fiction equipped with cocktails and pistols, but by fine, sensible, busy people who are doing the work of the world without rancor, avoiding fireworks when they can. Yet three of my chosen scenes are warlike, proving that there are some emotional compounds which can cause explosions even among the salts of the earth.

The first is a music-room scene. It includes a pianist; a young baritone, the pianist's brother-in-law, singing with all his heart; and the mother of the baritone, herself a skilled violinist, playing an obbligato for the men. These three, on a Sunday evening, had been giving a program of rare music to a group of relatives and guests. The baritone, exalted by the responsive mood of his listeners, was singing beautifully his sister's favorite in all music, that serene passage in Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" where the andantino begins, "But the Lord is mindful of His own"—when the mother of the baritone suddenly spied a moth. Casting aside her violin, she sprang up and went plunging about the room, bringing her hands together with a sharp percussion, peering into them, plunging again, beating her hands again. Her activity was appropriate to a discerning housewife alive to the fate of woolens. But it was too much for the baritone. An oratorio and a moth-exterminator call for separate platforms.

The mother-and-son scene which followed had for its make-up just one prime ingredient—the comedown. Analyze one whole category of the warlike household scene, and you will find that some emotion, conviction, enterprise, ambition, song, or story was in full swing, and a sudden drop befell it. Down tumbled the diminished human spirit; but it landed on its feet with a rapier in its hand.

My next scene involves a thoughtful scientific expert, his wife, and their eldest son. The lady of this troupe had been called away for a journey that would keep her out of town over night. On the day of her departure she discovered that a certain homemade attachment to the lock on the front door was out of order. Sometimes it would work, and sometimes it would not. There was no time to have it repaired, so she told her scientists that they had better leave the lock absolutely as it was, or, if they felt obliged to snap it off and on, at least they'd better take with them the key to some other door.

The gentlemen, while she was speaking, gazed at her indulgently with keen eyes. And with that, supposing that they had heard what she had told them,

she went off. Toward evening next day she returned, just in time to see her husband in the garden steadying a tall ladder against the house, and her son, high up at the top of the wistaria vine on the third story, preparing to enter through a latticed window under the roof. At her surprised exclamation, both men turned toward her with glances of reproach.

"It's a pity," began her son from his wistaria bower, "that you couldn't tell us the front-door lock was on the blink."

"Did you know," inquired her husband with restrained austerity, "that it was out of order?"

"Why, yes," said she, "and I told you both about it before I left last night. Don't you remember?"

Most emphatically they did not. They were not, they said, in the habit of remembering things that never had been told to them; and in this they backed each other up.

Because the combatants in the scene which followed had so many other interests to attend to, they stopped just short of using the garden hose. But the stopping-place in a scene of this kind always has to be arbitrary. The motif, "I certainly did, you most certainly did not" has been carried to the Supreme Court and to the field of honor. Knives have been drawn, and blood. Multiplied sufficiently, divorces have been had.

The chief ingredient of this scene is what may be called defective mental acoustics. Persons of the abstracted, creative turn of mind can appear to be listening with eyes as bright as buttons, but that is no sign that they have heard. They are aware that syllables have impinged upon their ear-drums; with perfect honesty they can assure you that they have listened. But there is a world of experience behind Mrs. Nickleby's desperate remark to her son, "All I say is, remember what I say now, and when I say I said so, don't say I didn't." We admire Mrs. Nickleby's rhythm of utterance, but we suspect that her hope is vain.

In a similar state of desperation, one wife, whose husband had not heard an important message which she had relayed to his ear, inquired of him earnestly, "Next time somebody gives me a message for you, *what* in the *world* shall I *do* to make sure that you've taken it in?"

"I'm afraid," he groaned remorsefully, "that you'll have to ask me for a receipt."

This would not be such a bad idea. If one has to cope with defective acoustics in a meditative household, a neat card-catalog of one's more important receipted remarks would be a handy thing to have about the house.

Acoustics and the comedown can stir up many a rumpus; but they are as nothing compared with our third explosive, the counter-complex. When one person in a family has a complex, and somebody else has an opposing complex, and the first person's complex hits the second person's complex squarely amidships, what do the psychoanalysts advise?

A popular bachelor headmaster of a preparatory school was obsessed with a mania for promptness. Since he had perfect control of his bailiwick, absolute punctuality prevailed. But in the middle of the winter term one year he married the prettiest girl that anyone who ever saw her ever had seen. He fetched her home to his model campus, introduced her to his model schedule, and discovered that she was incorrigibly tardy, with a brain-set which made her arrive everywhere at least fifteen minutes late.

She could not seem to help it. She loved to attend his chapel-talks, for instance, and would come gracefully up the center aisle in the middle of paragraph five, to the vast delight of the bachelor sub-masters and the boys—but to the infinite irritation of their captain. It was not so much the fact that the unquestioned master of the Ship of State was unable to maintain discipline in his own cabin, though that was the aspect which most enormously tickled his men. Personally, he knew that his margin of command was generous enough so that he could afford to be openly flouted by

his bride. But his lifelong emphasis on punctuality was based upon a very deep thing: the eternal thrill of starting the day with everything shipshape, everything ready, everybody hoisting sail at the moment set. One beauteous female straggler forever clambering up belated onto the poop-deck—the sight of it spoiled the day for him. He had been an only child and a bachelor, and never before had he been gainsaid; consequently he had whatever complex you do have when nobody ever gainsays you. She had the counter-complex of the reigning belle. Therefore, in the privacy of their new home, on their one topic of dispute, they staged some very cranky scenes.

I wonder if there is anything that can be done about a scene of this kind except to drop it and shift life's emphasis onto something else? Certainly there is not necessarily any logical end to arguments on such a topic, because the counter-complex may be coextensive with personality, and personality may be immortal. But there is at least one family that has a convenient watchword which they use as a signal for the sudden shifting of this kind of argumentative scene. It is based on an episode that occurred one day when the family was out for a ride. An argument among half a dozen counter-complexes was waxing warm, when up from the stream beside the road came a little dog, soaking wet, his coat dripping and a spray of watercress clinging to his ear. As the dog stood and shook himself on the bridge, the youngest daughter of the leading debaters remarked wisely, "I guess that dog's been in the brook." No attention was paid to her, and the argument raged on. But each time her elders paused for breath she solemnly repeated her observation, "I guess that dog had been in the brook," until it began to sound as if it had a subtle bearing on the feud. Ever since, in that home, when counter-complexes on a threadbare subject have reached a dangerous point, somebody observes, "I guess that dog's been in the brook," and the meeting adjourns, *sine die*.

Nearly every family that sticks together through the years has known what it was to do this kind of scene-shifting; and the art of doing it in the nick of time calls forth the best talents of all the gods and goddesses of peace.

There is one scene, however, which should always be allowed to run its course: the scene in which the dominant emotion is disappointment, perplexity, or woe. When one member of the family bursts into the house with tragedy in his heart and a story of his dire fate upon his tongue, then is the time for everybody to up and listen. Every person who has a family worthy of the name should be able to rush home with one sure conviction in his soul: "They may not agree with me, they may not be able to help me, but at least they will listen to me."

A bride once told her friends that the very best part of being married was the fact that, when things in the outside world were all against you, you could say to yourself, "Well, anyway, there's *one* person who likes me!" A very great boon in family life is the knowledge that, even when one is most bedraggled and buffeted, one's identity still retains significance somewhere. The building up, in a home, of this tradition of confidence and safe conclave is a very precious art. Homes are not broken up quite so promptly when there is something in them that anybody would hate to smash.

Not often is it recognized that a scene of peace can be as intensely remembered as a scene of wrath. But it can. Such a scene, infinitely enhanced in memory, becomes a returning place for the questing spirit. It may be created from the simplest elements and in the most unpromising hours, as happened in my own early home where the high peak of the day, when we were children, was the moment at which we were normally most inclined to be cross. Everybody knows that fractious hour for children, just at the fag end of the afternoon before it is

quite time to begin to get their early supper. That low point of a child's day was made into a moment of enchantment by our mother.

At every other time she was busy; but when that crotchety hour was about to arrive she would drop everything and sit down by the west window with the youngest in her lap. My sister and I would stand as close as we could get at either side of her, looking out of the window with our elbows on the sill. When there was an early winter sunset, we watched the sunset. When there was a crocus on the lawn, we discoursed upon the crocus. When there was a snowstorm, we watched the snow.

Once in a while there were stories, and sometimes we played the exciting game of guessing which would be the next to pass the house, a lady or a man. What was there about that scene that we and our brother should have remembered it all our lives? The ingredients of it were very simple: a rocking-chair, a window sill, and a fairway to the sky.

Oh, you who still have your day to live, what a panorama is before you. How dramatic a thing is life upon the changeful earth—particularly if, somewhere on the crust of the planet, there is a lively household with whom you can blend your talents in making scenes.

THE SWIMMERS

BY JOHN MACY

THE Chinese poet, leaning from his boat
To pluck a mirrored moonbeam,
slipped, was drowned.
We reach for the delusive beams afloat
Upon the troubled waters that surround
Our fragile craft, but have not Li Po's
luck:
We topple, plunge—and then swim like a
duck!

SO A MAN SUFFERS

BY MACGREGOR JENKINS

I SAT on the edge of my bed irresolute. I held in my hand a tiny thermometer. After hours of indecision I had determined to take my temperature.

I still faltered. This secret investigation seemed cowardly and the whole proceeding unmanly. I sneezed, and a curious sensation of cold crept over me. That settled it. I gave the tiny tube a vigorous shake. I do not know why except that I had seen it done. I placed it slowly beneath my tongue, took out my watch, and sat rigidly upright. What an eternity three minutes is! I hardly dared to breathe, much less move. The minutes passed, and then I was seized with a strange disinclination to know the result.

I nerved myself to know the worst, slowly removed the tube, and turned it in my fingers. I could see nothing. Once I caught a fleeting glimpse of a slender column of silver, but it vanished. I turned the thing over and over without seeing it again. Then I noticed a crude arrowhead in the glass. It evidently indicated something. By watching it intently and turning the tube ever so slowly, I finally lured the silver thread back into my field of vision. Something told me that the arrowhead must point to that highly desirable thing normality.

I gazed at the thread and found it magnified when held at a certain angle. My heart beat tumultuously and my hand shook, but I bravely persisted. Then the whole thing appeared luminously clear. The silver thread reached the arrow. Horrors, it passed it and abruptly ended two or three tiny spaces above it. What the spaces indicated I

did not know. I did not care.

The mounting fever in my body had pushed past the arrow. That was enough. I undressed and went to bed. The sheets felt cold. My head sank on the pillow. I folded my throbbing hands on my bosom. I closed my eyes and waited for the end.

I heard footsteps and I knew my wife had returned home. A sad home-coming indeed, I thought. She came to my door and looked in. I felt her astonished gaze. I closed my eyes and sighed.

"What is the matter?" she asked. I opened my eyes and smiled bravely.

"I am ill," I whispered.

"Have you taken your temperature?"

"I have."

"What was it?"

"Above the arrow," I groaned.

"How much?"

"I don't remember," I said petulantly. I thought her manner too brisk, cold, and unsympathetic.

"Let me see," she said.

I distinctly did not like her attitude toward the situation. She gave the tube a shake, plunged it into my mouth, and left the room. Left the room, I say! Abandoned me in this great crisis! I sighed again and determined to adopt an attitude of resignation. She returned after removing her coat and hat. She took the glass to the window, read it at a glance, and smiled. Smiled, I tell you!

"Three tenths above normal," she said. "Really not enough to notice, but you had better lie still. We will take it again later." She laid her hand on my forehead. It felt cool and soothing, but I drew my head away.

"Perhaps you will go to sleep. You are probably tired." Tired, thought I; woman, I am ill. Ill, I tell you.

"I will send your dinner up. What would you like?"

"I do not care for anything to eat, thank you," I said coldly. She left me with a smile. It was a cold and cruel smile.

It is not my intention to give a detailed account of my brief illness, interesting and instructive as it would be. It is rather to sketch, in broad lines, the mental reactions of the male under such circumstances.

For some reason, from the outset, I was conscious of a cold and callous attitude on the part of my whole family. I adopted at first an attitude of gentle heroism. I did not fail, however, to emphasize whenever possible my great bodily discomfort and to hint darkly at the sinister possibilities lurking in the mild indisposition that had assailed me.

I was disappointed in the results. I could not seem to bring others to share my apprehensions. During a very brief period when I was at what I called the "crisis" of my illness and was really uncomfortable I derived a good deal of pleasure from the dramatic possibilities of really being unable to do for myself. I received unremitting attention, but I like to fancy that it was given grudgingly.

After a day or two I was declared convalescent and encouraged to consider myself so. Here I saw a malevolent motive. I was to be hurried back to health and labor. I was to be got out of bed and out of the house at once to relieve others of unwelcome duties. I determined to get well slowly. It was a little difficult to accomplish. With returning health I craved my normal pleasures. I desired, above all things, a smoke. I had learned to eat in bed. A cigarette with my breakfast coffee now seemed indispensable. But was it not a concession to indulge in one? They had been placed temptingly on my bed-table. I resisted for a day and then yielded on the ground that dying men had been known to smoke with their last breath.

What with a little natural weakness and the burden of constantly acting a part, my resignation gave way to peevishness. I became irritable. I demanded more and more attention as I needed more amusement. I noticed the selfishness of the family in retaining the newspapers below when a "sick man" was

feverishly awaiting this, his only contact with the outside world.

There were extraordinary omissions, intentional I felt, in the meals sent up. No salt on one occasion, no sugar on another. How, I asked, could a man fight his way back to health and vigor if not given proper food?

One memorable day I lay in utter boredom. No one had been near me for hours. People had hurried by my door without even looking in. I lay bathed in the delights of self-pity, reveling in my belief that I had at last been permanently abandoned to a tragic end.

For days I had been encouraged to sit in a great armchair in a sunny window. I had resolutely refused. Such an undertaking was far beyond my strength, though I had made many surreptitious trips to bookcase and table for books and tobacco. I now determined to totter alone and unaided to the chair. But it must be done in the presence of others for its full dramatic effect. I called to someone passing my door. I demanded a sweater. I knew it to be down two flights—that was why I wanted it. My messenger crossed to a closet and brought me a bath-gown with the specious argument that it would answer my purpose better than a sweater.

That was the last straw. I was to be neglected until I was driven out of the house.

"Very well," I said bitterly, "it is good enough for me, I suppose." I was left alone. I kicked the bath-gown to the floor and sprawled in impotent rage. I discovered the bed to be hot, disordered, and crumby. I rose, put on the hated bath-gown and strode vigorously to the window. I grew calmer. Life from the window was interesting.

In an hour my wife came in with a telegram in her hand.

"Isn't it nice?" she said. "Ethel is coming for the week-end."

"I am sorry I am so ill," I said, with a sudden return to the resigned manner. "But have her come just the same. You will enjoy it."

She left to send an urgent wire. I pondered. Ethel I knew to be an attractive person. I did not like to miss her visit. I might be better by the end of the week, I thought.

The lingering remnants of my illness soon vanished before my indomitable masculine determination to share with my wife the social duties of Ethel's visit. When she arrived I was again fit.

My mental processes also became normal. So normal, indeed, that I wondered a little if Ethel's arrival had been arranged for its curative effect.

At all events I am again reconciled to my wife, and I have heard her express an ardent hope that I may continue to enjoy robust health.

EINSTEIN GETS US GUESSING

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE are a number of topics for discussion as composition proceeds for this installment of the Easy Chair, but the important one seems to be Albert Einstein, and whether he has really said something that adds to knowledge, and if so, how much. Doctor Einstein has put out a pamphlet six pages long, which is said to represent ten years of study. The facts of the pamphlet have been communicated to our newspapers, or at least our newspapers have obtained and published them. The publication began when on January 30th the New York *Evening Post* got over Doctor Einstein's remarks in facsimile, somewhat smudged, but still good first-page matter. If these remarks are so important as the few learned persons who think they understand them seem to believe them to be, their appearance at birth, so to speak, is a matter of substantial interest. More legible than the *Post's* offering was the translated text of the Einstein treatise which was published in the *Herald Tribune* the following morning. One can read this translation and the words at least are understandable.

Doctor Einstein's previous exploit as we all know was the discovery of relativity and its effect on Newton's law of gravitation. Relativity seems to have made good, though that is not yet a universal opinion. The new Einstein discovery links together gravitation and electricity. It says they are both subject to the same law. That is important, we are told, because science has already learned how to control electro-magnetism, and if now it is about to develop a capacity to control gravitation, that may lead to extraordinary changes in terrestrial life. "It may be possible," we are told, "through further research in the new theory, to develop means whereby human beings can float in the air and otherwise free themselves from the forces of gravity."

When human beings or other ponderable objects float in the air without visible means of support that phenomenon has heretofore been known as levitation. There are many records of its being done, especially in the sittings of the spiritists. D. D. Home used to do it. The levitation of tables is common. Tambourines that float about are a commonplace. When Christ walked upon the water, that, apparently, was levitation. But about all these recorded phenomena there has existed a large mass of stubborn incredulity. Accordingly, if these incomprehensible formulæ of Doctor Einstein's contain the germs of an explanation of how levitation is done, that will be quite momentous. For really to bring observed, though disputed, phenomena under the law is a very great matter.

Well, we need more knowledge. A lot of things happen all the time which we do not understand. It may be recalled that in the latter part of the 19th century there was a person named Keely, who contrived a motor for which

it was claimed that it involved a discovery of a new source of energy not yet known to science. For the prosecution of his experiments Keely sold stock in his motor, but he was not able to make good on his claims, and finally his pretensions collapsed, to the grief of his stockholders who lost their money. Doctor Einstein has not sold any stock on his formulæ. We all believe that he is a true scientist and not a Keely. One outspoken opponent of his theories is Doctor Poor, Professor of celestial mechanics at Columbia University. Doctor Poor says that "if Einstein has found, as he claims, a general mathematical formula, from which by proper substitutions the laws of gravitation and of electricity may be derived, then he has simply found a mathematical curiosity without scientific or practical value." Other scientists, however, of quite as much authority as Doctor Poor are stronger in the faith, and seem to feel that Einstein has really started something, and that his formulæ are a beginning in the attainment of new and highly important knowledge.

At any rate we see an extraordinarily animated public interest in an alleged discovery which hardly anyone understands and the practical results of which are wholly hypothetical. This generation of men in this country seems to have an appetite for knowledge. If there is anything important going on it wants to know about it. It has been so often astonished by remarkable occurrences that it has come to be in a receptive condition of mind. It will buy and read in great numbers books on solid and serious subjects. One such book was Dr. James Harvey Robinson's discourse on *The Mind in the Making*. Another was Durant's exposition of the philosophers and their theories. Still another book that has had an astonishing success considering its form and subject is Benét's *John Brown's Body*, which is really the spiritual history of the Civil War, and another is Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex* which is a highly psychological narrative. If such books as those named can prove to be best sellers in this community, our country has developed an important company of good readers. The interest in Einstein doubtless includes them but goes far beyond them, being an instinctive, popular suspicion that something important has been discovered. Einstein is a Jew. If his studies and intuitions turn out to be an important new revelation, it will be interesting to observe that they have come through the Jewish mind—that mind through which have proceeded in times past revelations of the highest importance to humanity.

The process by which great discoveries usually come is very curious. They seem not finally to be logically worked out but to flash on the mind which is working on them. There is a great deal to be learned about the mind, how it gets its ideas, its language, its pictures, its plans; and about inspiration, what it is, how it comes and where from. The persuasion is general that there are plenty of inspired writings besides those which are credited to the Bible; and opinion grows that in art, letters, and music most of the great works show traces of derivation from subliminal sources.

THE long illness of King George of England has produced some very interesting reactions. The King at this writing is not yet out of the woods—not what the doctors are willing to call convalescent—but he has prospects of recovery. Most people feel that the time they spend in being ill is wasted. Often it is not. The months that King George has devoted to that occupation have really been very fruitful, since they have drawn into public notice not only the deep-seated popularity of the King in his own country and dominions, but the lively interest which is felt in the United States in the King of England. King George in this country really seems to be a popular character, like Charles Lindbergh or Captain Fried.

The British concern for their King is more or less impersonal. King George as a man is very popular at home and for many and substantial reasons, but besides that there is visualized in him the history and traditions of the British peoples and their form of government. If he is, as appears, the only important King that is left on earth, it is not because of his political powers, though he has and uses more than is commonly supposed; but because he personifies the traditions and the government of the British section of the English-speaking people, and is the leading figure in its ritual.

The good will that has been shown about him here seems to have surprised his faithful subjects. He and his Queen and various members of the English Royal Family, especially the Prince of Wales, have had their pictures in our papers whenever the news about him seemed critical; and many kind and friendly things have been said about him.

But, after all, why not? When the American Colonies revolted and set up for themselves it was not because they objected to Kings, though the British King in that day was much more objectionable than now. So far as royalty went they were not disgruntled. Their objections were to some ministers, some governors, to taxation to which they did not consent, and government from abroad. Virginia and Massachusetts were loyal enough so far as royalty went. The thing which is now important is that as a consequence of King George's illness the British generally have come to feel that the Americans of the United States are more friendly to them than they supposed.

That has a bearing on naval extensions, and makes for a less anxious and certainly less querulous settlement of building programs. There is no good reason why the United States should not build as many cruisers as its interests seem to call for, and of the size required, nor why the British should not do the same. These countries are not going to fight each other; but this is a parlous world just now, and both of them may feel a lawful need to nurse their strength and buttress their influence against the possibility of a sudden call to keep the world's peace.

Universal armament such as we see now proceeding may be an instinct of the nations that war is not yet quite a bygone. The strengthening of the navies of Great Britain and the United States may be a part of a great precaution of the more advanced nations which recognize the brotherhood of humanity against the destructive impulses of more backward peoples which don't yet see it.

So we see a vast, blind contention between agents who do not really know what they are about—who do not, cannot, see the end, and merely follow such promptings as they feel about the means. The whole solicitude about ships of war may be a concern about something that has already become obsolete, or is fast becoming so, because of the rapid development of airplanes; but because warships are still formidable in times of peace, we have to go on with them until it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that they are no longer an important reliance in case of war.

Perhaps something will be done at Paris before these words reach any readers that will make for some abatement of the zeal for armament. The Reparations Committee to settle finally what Germany shall pay and who shall receive it has on its hands as important an international job as any since the War. Presumably, agreement could be had in Europe from all the nations interested to wipe all war debts off the slate. That may be the thing that should be done. If it were done the only loser would be the United States, and it is quite conceivable that the United States would not be a loser. Peace in the world is, of course, valuable to these States, and if cancellation of war debts would promote it, the erasement might well be worth its cost. And possibly they would benefit also from some

abatement in Germany of the intense endeavor, based on need, to sell commodities to other countries. It is quite possible that the reality of the war-debt situation escapes the great majority of observers and that the American position as the universal creditor is much less useful and profitable than most people think it.

PERHAPS we should be better able to consider the medication of the Prohibition law and devise a measure that would retain most of its benefits while diminishing its ill effects if we read up a bit on the history of drinking. Lecky, in his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century* says that the English long ago were reputed to be the most temperate of the northern nations; that they contracted an increased taste for stimulants from their soldiers who participated in the wars in the Low Countries; that they got along well with beer, and that the preference of the richer people who could choose was for the wines of France, but that in the 18th Century when they were fighting France most of the time, those wines became difficult to get and they got into the habit of drinking the heavier wines of Portugal. But, he says, they got along even with that until gin was invented and the making of it was popularized and enormously increased until, about 1725, it was so cheap that its vendors offered a drunk for a penny and a dead drunk for twopence, with straw free in a cellar to sleep it off in. This immense cheapness and profusion of high-power intoxicants, Lecky says, raised hob in England and produced all manner of disorder and crime, so that the government tried to rule it out. First they passed a bill that amounted almost to Prohibition. That was too stiff and would not work and could not be enforced. Bootleggers sprang up just as now, but a less ambitious bill did some good though not enough.

It was in that very drunken England that Methodism started and started apparently with the same indiscriminate bias against intoxicants of all sorts that it has to-day. Everybody knows that Methodism, in spite of all its defects, did a vast deal of good in England and later in America, among the people for whom it most needed to be done. Something like the same effects have been won in our time by the Salvation Army. All the good that Methodism has done, that the Salvation Army has done, that Prohibition has done should be kept. What is erroneous and, therefore, damaging about any of them we should get rid of if we can. That is true about everything we know. Most of our measures for human improvement are imperfect. The tares grow up along with the wheat. We are warned, it is true, not to be too eager to eradicate the tares lest we kill the wheat off too, but to let them all go together to the harvest. That is excellent sense, but still there are times when we have to clean up our crops, and we know from history, if not from Scripture, that when these cleaning periods come they go through.

Now about Prohibition: We learn from experience that there is a difference in alcoholic drinks, that some do much more harm than others, that some indeed are rated as beneficial if used with moderation. Of course moderation is a pretty scarce article, as anyone can observe by inspecting the more urgent Prohibitionists; but there is no prospect of bringing human life permanently to a basis on which the need of moderation in food and drink and most other matters can be eliminated. Immoderate people will always get into trouble. No rum law will ever take care of them altogether, and the best that can be done is to diminish their temptations to hurtful excess. What Prohibition needs is the application of dispassionate intelligence to the problems that it has tried to solve. The wisest of us know little about ourselves, but libraries could be filled with what the legislating and enforcing Prohibitionists do not know about human bodies and human nature.

Personal and Otherwise

THESE are difficult times for parents. Thousands of them will agree with the author of our leading article of the month that it is hard enough to adjust themselves to shifting customs and convictions without having to help a new generation to find a code to live by. ***Lillian Symes,*** a new HARPER contributor, is a San Franciscan who has lived in New York City for five years. Her working life has been divided between journalism (she has written for the *New Republic*, the *Survey*, and various newspapers) and industrial research. Her last piece of research—working in New York candy factories for six months—had such a disastrous effect on her health that she is now a permanent free-lancer. She has a small daughter and thus faces herself the problem with which she deals.

Ruth Suckow owns and manages the Orchard Apiary at Earlville, Iowa, and her stories are true to the rural life of her state. Miss Suckow is the author of *Country People* and *The Odyssey of a Nice Girl;* her two latest contributions to HARPER'S have been "Midwestern Primitive" and "Spinster and Cat," both of which appeared last year.

In a companion piece to his "What Is Religion?" in the last issue, ***Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick,*** pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church in New York (shortly to be established in its new home on Riverside Drive), answers those who assert that all great religions are essentially alike. Dr. Fosdick sets forth the qualities that make Christianity unique with the brilliance and clarity that draw crowded congregations to hear him wherever he goes.

John Langdon-Davies, author of *The New Age of Faith* and *A Short History of Women*, has himself lectured from one end of this country to the other; no one could be better fitted to put in a word on behalf of the much-abused English lecturer.

Those who have not forgotten Mr. Adams's comments on the mucker pose will find an explanation of its prevalence in ***Duncan Aikman's*** discovery of a new and powerful social class in America. Mr. Aikman happens to live in El Paso, where until recently he was an editorial writer for the *Morning Times;* but we suspect that the sub-plutocracy is as firmly entrenched in New York and Ohio and Oregon as in Texas. Mr. Aikman has published *The Home-Town Mind* and *Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats.* The latest of his many HARPER articles, "Ladies and Lawlessness," appeared only two months ago.

Laura Spencer Portor (Mrs. Francis Pope) is a member of the editorial staff of the *Woman's Home Companion* and has long been an occasional but welcome contributor of stories and verse.

Occupying an important position in the Republican organization during the campaign, ***Anna Steese Richardson*** had every opportunity to watch political womankind, on and off its guard. She writes about what she saw with a perspective gained in long experience as a newspaper and magazine writer on feminine problems. Like Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Richardson is connected with the *Woman's Home Companion.*

Harold J. Laski, professor of political science in the University of London, is not only one of the most brilliant English possessors of the academic mind but knows university life on this side of the water as well as in England; he taught for many years at McGill and Harvard. He is vice-chairman of the British Institute of Adult Education and a member of the council of the Institute of Public Administration, and has written *The Problem of Sovereignty, Authority in the Modern State, A Grammar of Politics*, etc.

A few years ago ***John W. Vandercook*** explored the jungles of Suriname (Dutch

Guiana) and gained there an immense admiration for the ability of the Bush-negroes to evolve a manner of life perfectly adapted to their environment. After that experience he wrote *Tom-Tom*, several chapters of which appeared in HARPER'S. More recently, continuing his interest in negro civilization, he has written *Black Majesty* (a life of Henry Christophe, one-time monarch of Haiti) as well as "The Fools' Parade" (a two-part HARPER story of an escape from the French penal colony of Cayenne), and has twice made extended visits to Africa. In an episode of his travels he now epitomizes the black man's tragedy.

We all know that man is gaining the upper hand in his fight against the scourge of tuberculosis, but it takes the thorough evidence collected by ***Louis I. Dublin,*** statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, to make us realize how tremendous and far-reaching the victory already is. Dr. Dublin has written previously for us on such problems as the cost of medical service, the problem of heart disease, and the longevity of college athletes, and the House of Harper has published his book, *Health and Wealth*.

The author of "How the English Middle-Class Lives" has hidden his real identity under a pseudonym in calling himself ***Geoffrey Layman,*** but the article is an authentic account of his way of living and his expenses, some of which will amaze the American reader.

John Frazier Vance of the publishing house of E. P. Dutton & Company made his first HARPER appearance as a short-story writer in January with "Business Trip," and followed it in February with "Beans for Two."

Those who know of ***Max Eastman*** only as a radical in politics and the former editor of *The Masses* and *The Liberator* may be surprised to find him discussing modern poetry with such acute discernment; but those who recall his book on *The Enjoyment of Poetry*, one of the best things ever written on the subject, will be well prepared for his present contribution.

At this writing the Federal Reserve Board is making valiant efforts to subdue the bull market, but we suspect that even if they succeed the public will not quickly lose that intense preoccupation with the tape under the little glass dome of which ***Charles Merz*** writes. Since Mr. Merz contributed to HARPER'S the studies in exaggeration—"The Once Open Road," "Bigger and Better Murders," "Sweet Land of Secrecy," etc.—which were later included in *The Great American Band Wagon*, he has divided his time between his editorial writing for the New York *World* and the preparation of a recently-published book on Henry Ford.

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The poet of the month is ***Robert Nichols,*** versatile English writer, former professor of English in the Imperial University at Tokyo, and co-author of the play "Wings Over Europe."

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In the Lion's Mouth appear ***Frances Lester Warner*** (Mrs. M. D. Hersey) of Washington, who used to teach English at Mt. Holyoke and Wellesley and has published several amusing volumes of essays; ***John Macy,*** whose observations on feminine limitations have enlivened several recent issues of the Magazine; and ***MacGregor Jenkins,*** former publisher of the *Atlantic Monthly*, with which Mrs. Hersey was for a time associated.

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Eugene Speicher, whose study of "John Hommell, Quarryman," is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, was born and brought up in Buffalo; studied art in Buffalo, at the Art Students' League and the Henri Art School in New York, and abroad; has won a long series of awards for his portraiture, and is a member of both the National Academy and the New Society of Artists. After two or three years of unremitting work at Woodstock, he has recently gone to Europe to rest and study the work of contemporary European painters.

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Bishop Fiske's article inquiring whether America is a Christian country has brought a

flood of letters representing every conceivable point of view and varying in length from a few lines to fifty-four pages. Here is one that testifies to excellent progress in divine grace:

I am distressed at the declaration that Christ's teaching must be freely interpreted, not literally obeyed. What about such a saying as: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect"—does it not mean to follow literally to perfection? Jesus does not think this impossible and many who have taken Him at His word know that it is not . . .

Another letter interests us on account of the measure of blessedness which the author sets up:

Bishop Fiske is entirely mistaken in saying that the teaching of Christ is not to be taken literally. Not only must we follow Him in all that He asks of His disciples, but if we do this, we receive a blessing here in this world, full measure, pressed down and running over. I know that this is true, for I have tried it. Ever since I became a follower of Christ, God has blessed me abundantly so that my income is now four times what it was when I began.

Upon this delightful testimonial Bishop Fiske comments as follows:

Had he "followed Christ literally," what about the command to "give to him that asketh thee and from him that would borrow of thee turn thou not away"? Evidently his "literal obedience" is along the very lines of interpretation that I laid down, viz., to discover the real principle underlying the aphoristic saying and apply it in one's own circumstances and conditions. Would this correspondent accept literally such a saying as "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out"?

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Speaking of religion, here is a novel suggestion for the clergy from one of our readers:

Why not a discussion of "Consumer Demand in Religion for the Spring Season of 1929"?

The consumer class outnumbers the theologians hundreds to one, but has no champion to present its cause. There are plenty of articles in the Magazine on religion, but has any article ever appeared on the kind of religion that the consumer wants? There has not.

We would like to have preached to us the belief in *God as He is to-day*. It sounds simple and sensible, but of course it's heresy. No church will admit one to membership on that basis. It doesn't imply any disrespect toward God, but it may slight Organized Religion. It's something like the "direct to consumer" idea in business.

And it's very different from the Church creeds. The Apostles' Creed, for instance, covers the time from the Creation to the crucifixion and ascension of Jesus, skips from there to the Judgment Day, and says "Amen."

The period from about 30 A.D. to a million years in the future didn't interest the Fathers that drew up the creed. They didn't mention it. But it's the one that interests us most. It's our vital concern. We want a religion that has to do with the "Now."

While God must be the same in all ages, the picture in the Bible doesn't look quite like the God that runs the Universe to-day. In adjusting the differences we are inclined to believe that He was the same then that He is now, but the Church spends all its time trying to convince us that He is the same now as He was then. And these are two things equal to the same thing but not equal to each other.

Modernism in the pulpit hasn't helped. A minister throws away Genesis, Revelations, the Virgin Birth, the Miracles, and the Atonement. Does he then throw the energy of his preaching into what's left? He does not. His whole life from this point is spent in telling how wonderful it is to be free from the weight of the Creation and Atonement. And it doesn't interest us.

If you begin with God as He is to-day, all the problems of the past and future come to a friendly solution.

I suppose it's too simple to be a religion. But it's what most of us want.

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Readers of "Women in the Campaign," and particularly Southern readers, may be interested in this item in a letter from Mrs. Richardson which came to us with her proofs. It is based on her observations during a post-election Southern trip:

To my amazement (I might say horror) I learned that Southern women as a class, urban and rural, actually believe that Mr. Hoover can and will enforce the Prohibition laws. They were so told during the campaign by political and church leaders and by representatives of the Anti-Saloon League. When I tried to explain the limited powers of the President in all law enforcement, they looked at me with the patient, pitying air of women completely enslaved by church and tradition. I had heard of Southern ignorance, but direct, close contact with it really appalled me.

The arguments in the following reply to Mrs. Armstrong's "Have Women Changed Business?" might perhaps serve also as a rejoinder to Mrs. Richardson's paper in the current issue. After pointing out that it is a mistake to regard women as "the natural uplifters of the world," our correspondent goes on to say:

Women who go into business, politics, or the professions have to take conditions as they find them. And although women have been browsing, more or less surreptitiously, in these newer pastures for thirty years or more, the breaks are still, and naturally, all to the men. The breaks have, of course, always been to the men. Even when Woman was living a purely natural life in caves and open spaces, she lived by her wits and the grace of Man, for he was the stronger, and they both knew it. So, if she shows a streak of the opportunist even at this late day, it probably survives from her cave days when she kept her family alive by dint of edging around the old man and keeping him from batting out the brains of her babies when he felt annoyed. The conditions of the game have always been set by Man, and Woman has tried to play it as she found it (even when it didn't come natural), often to her discomfiture and the critics' contempt.

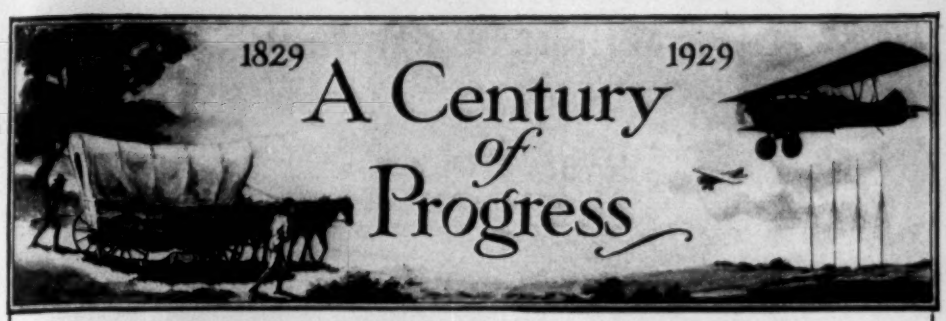
This must be taken into consideration in any estimate of Woman's present status, or of her shortcomings in public relations. For the world as a whole being always in transition, Woman alone cannot be separated from it and, in fairness, be expected to be static, either in her characteristics or in respect to her job. She is—along with Man, and Inventions, and Education, and Political Systems, and Fashions in Clothes, and Modes of Thought—being adjusted, with or without her consent, to changing conditions.

Just now, in business, as in politics and other fields where the terrain is new and uncertain, women are probably using all their energy in getting a toe-hold, and hanging on, and are content to hold their reforming instincts, if any, in abeyance, until a more favorable day. It is probable that such a day is a long way in the future. All the women in business for themselves put together are a mere drop in the bucket compared to the total number of men in business, and the men have a very solid background of training and tradition, so that business sense and business judgment seem almost to have been born with them, like an instinct. The women have nothing like that. But they have a quicker, and more sympathetic, intelligence than men, and lots more curiosity, and with a little experience their ancient genius for managing their cave daddies will be easily converted into first-class diplomacy in politics and business.

Just now, however clearly they may see the need of improvement in present business and political methods, nothing very much can be done about it while women are so greatly in the minority, in numbers and in power, among the practitioners in these fields. Given time, and the opportune boost of a possible feminine Ford, or Rockefeller, or Pulitzer, the expected definite, general improvement in ethics and customs will be forthcoming, no doubt. By that time the men will see the need for it, too.

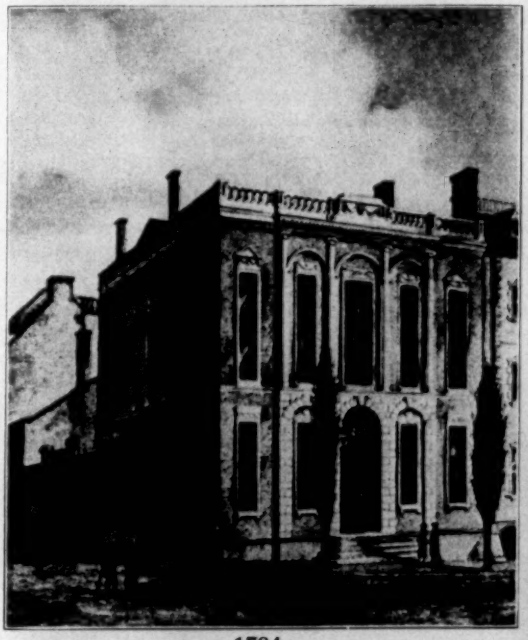
G. M. A.

Those who enjoyed the delightful stories and articles of Harvey O'Higgins and his serial, *Julie Cane*, which we published in 1924, were shocked to hear of his death from pneumonia on February 28. Less than a week before this he had come into our office, apparently in perfect health, with an article on Walt Whitman, which will shortly appear in the Magazine. We looked forward to many years of further close association with him. The Magazine will miss him for the unfailing distinction of his work, every line of which was written in a style of perfect clarity and superb rhythm; his friends, for the integrity and friendly warmth of his character.



The following pages are devoted to the announcements of corporations and firms whose reliability and progressiveness of over seventy-five years have earned the right to merit your continued confidence and patronage.

Always in step with the times, their uninterrupted existence for over three-quarters of a century is a remarkable tribute to their unswerving integrity.



1784

Bank of New York and Trust Company

The new thirty-two-story building of the Bank of New York and Trust Company appropriately combines utility and the traditions of that institution. Its architecture is colonial as are the interior decorations. Of especial interest are the eight mural paintings by J. Monroe Hewlett in the Banking Room which trace the progress of commerce, industry, and finance from the eighteenth century. Running through this theme are suggestions of the Bank's early history. There is another interesting mural painting by Ernest H. Peixotto over the mantel in the Trustees Room depicting Alexander Hamilton reading the Bank's Constitution to his fellow-directors.

1929

A BANK WHICH HAS MADE HISTORY

The Bank of New York and Trust Company

ONE hundred and forty-five years ago last month — or, to be exact, on the twenty-third of February, 1784 — the following notice was printed in the New York *Packet:*

"It appearing to be the disposition of the gentlemen in this city to establish a bank on liberal principles, the stock to consist of specie only, they are therefore hereby invited to meet to-morrow evening, at six o'clock, at the Merchants' Coffee House, where a plan will be submitted to their consideration."

In these modest terms was announced the meeting which, held the following day, led to the establishment of the Bank of New York — the first bank in the city.

It is hard for us in these days to realize what difficulties the founders of the Bank surmounted. The Revolution was hardly over. The framing of the Constitution was still four years in the future. The United States dollar had neither been coined nor defined. Foreign gold coins which the Bank was called upon to receive and pay included "Johannes," Spanish doubloons, Spanish pistoles, British guineas, French guineas, moidores, "Carolines," and chequins. There was no standard banking practice to follow; and such was the hostility of a large section of the public that the Bank did not receive a charter from the State until seven years later. Under such conditions it was a remarkable achievement to establish the Bank of New York on sound and conservative principles.

Alexander Hamilton drew its constitution and became one of its first directors. His influence, and that of other able and far-seeing men among the organizers, led to the decision that the capital should consist — as that quaint notice in the *Packet* put it — "of specie only." (It was made up of $500,000 in gold and silver.) After Hamilton retired as a director of the Bank to become the first Secretary of the Treasury, he relied upon it for co-operation in shaping the finances of the new nation. As early as 1789, at his request, it loaned the Federal Government $200,000; in 1790 it was employed as a fiscal agent; and that same year it assisted, upon Hamilton's authorization, in relieving the financial strain which followed the speculative mania of the time, by buying Government issues at par to a total of $150,000.

The Bank's readiness to assist the Federal Government on many occasions at Hamilton's request led Hamilton to write in 1794: "It gives me pleasure to have this fresh opportunity of bearing testimony to the liberal and patriotic zeal for the service of the United States which the Bank of New York has on every occasion evinced."

The first home of the Bank — then generally known simply as "the Bank" — was in St. George's Square, later renamed Franklin Square, close to the spot where, a generation later, the brothers Harper developed their printing and publishing business.

In 1796, however, the Bank moved to the corner of Wall and William Streets; and there it has remained for no less than one hundred and thirty-three years. There are in America few such records of business continuity on a single spot. During that time Wall Street has been transformed from a quiet tree-lined street of three- and four-story houses to a canyon between skyscrapers; the Bank has occupied successively on its site a two-story building, a six-story building, and a thirty-two-story building. But it has held both to its historical location and to the sound principles laid down for it by the most astute financiers of early New York. The change of name to that of Bank of New York and Trust Company dates from 1922 when the Bank merged with the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company, an institution organized in 1830 to serve successive generations of New York families in a trust capacity.

The Bank of New York and Trust Company has grown with the nation to which those same financiers gave financial stability. It has always been progressive, adopting new ideas and new facilities without hesitation. Throughout its history, however, it has represented to generation after generation that quality of stability, of solidity, which the public rightly looks for in old and tried institutions. An unbroken dividend record of one hundred and forty-five years attests the success of the sound and approved banking methods employed by this institution.

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By DON E. MOWRY

THE San Diego-California Club is the pioneer organization of its kind on the West coast, having started in 1919 and continued in operation since that time.

This club, in affiliation with the San Diego Chamber of Commerce, has as its objective the dissemination of authentic information about San Diego city and county through the medium of national advertising and publicity.

It is believed that this organization spends more per capita for community advertising than any other city in the country, the amount being nearly one dollar per year per inhabitant. The fact that the population of San Diego has more than doubled since community advertising was started indicates the effectiveness of this activity.

By 1921 Southern California had a fair, although brief, winter tourist season but virtually no summer tourists. Seven years ago the All-Year Club of Southern California was created to tell the nation, through national magazines and other forms of advertising, of the climatic, scenic, and recreational attractions of this section. At that time tourist visitors from the East and Middle West came, usually, around January 15th and left March 15th. The resort hotels, naturally, had to levy a tariff that was fairly steep, as overhead was running through the year. Keeping the hotels open the year round was obviously the solution, but the question was how to do it.

It was indicated that the local residents, when it came to a choice of seasons, preferred the summers in Southern California. The winters were delightful, it was asserted, but the experience of being able to sleep under blankets ten summer nights out of eleven, with a summer period that was practically rainless, giving ample opportunity for recreation, was an important talking point. Then, too, practically everyone knew that Southern California was a winter resort. The outside opinion prevailed that since the winters were balmy the summers must of necessity be unbearably hot. It was difficult for the national mind to realize that any one section could have both a mild winter and a cool summer.

At the particular time these discussions were going on, in 1921, the nation was in a post-war business slump. Business in Southern California responded to the national trend. A fund of $46,000 was underwritten to tell of Southern California's summer climate. They knew the hazards which must be overcome. They knew that the campaign must start right and continue right or it would be wrecked before it started. Tourist development was the sole objective of the organization.

They determined to use only advertising methods which had stood the acid test of the experience of the most successful national advertisers. National magazines and metropolitan newspapers were selected. That other methods had considerable merit, was admitted, but with the modest amount to be spent, the line had to be drawn somewhere.

It was then determined that the inquiries should be handled exclusively by the All-Year Club office and under no circumstances be parceled out to subscribers for their own exploitation work. They realized that repetition was vital to success in advertising, so they determined at the outset that the campaign should continue year after year. It was also agreed that the fund should increase annually so as to keep abreast of changing conditions and new problems.

From this beginning the campaign has grown. For the first three years the appeal was solely to summer tourists. In 1924, the winter tourist appeal was added. The amount of advertising was increased annually until, in 1928, over half a million dollars was thus invested.

There was no lack of material on which to base the story. The almost perpetual sunshine, the

(*Continued on page following*)

American History
Roads are White Pages of History in VIRGINIA
YELLOW TAVERN
AN OLD TAVERN THAT STOOD NEAR THIS SPOT GAVE ITS NAME TO THE CAVALRY ENGAGEMENT JUST TO THE NORTH, IN WHICH STUART WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED, MAY 11, 1864.

To the motorist in Virginia, his car is an easy chair and the white roads are open pages in the most thrilling history of the Nation.

The State has placed 650 Historic Markers along Virginia highways. Upon these are written the story of the first colonists—the War of Independence—battles—birthplaces of famous men—and the most poignant scenes of the War between the States. In addition there have been marked the many natural wonders of the State, and also notable industrial achievements.

There could be no more delightful way of teaching American History to your children than a tour along the 4,290 miles of perfect roads in Virginia.

A profusely illustrated booklet of 40 pages with maps has been prepared to help you plan your trip. This booklet, "Virginia, The Beckoning Land," will be sent you FREE.

State Commission on Conservation and Development
Room 164, State Office Building
Richmond, Virginia

Write for this FREE booklet

VIRGINIA
"THE BECKONING LAND"

Advertising on the Pacific Coast

(*Continued from preceding page*)

infinite variety of scenic backgrounds—pines and mountain streams of the north, sub-tropical foliage and Sahara-like deserts in the south—caught the attention of the moving-picture producers. They decided to make their movies in this section. To-day, all mankind—white, yellow, black—knows Hollywood, and most of mankind possesses a secret desire to visit the center of the moving-picture world.

To-day, Southern California tells its story to the nation from October to June each year. During the fall and early winter the appeal is for winter visitors. The invitation then turns to the discussion of the summer advantages of the place. During the 1927–28 campaign, 244,669,951 individual invitations to visit Southern California appeared in the form of copies of advertisements.

In response to the thousands of inquiries received from these advertisements, a beautiful 48-page book, *Southern California Through the Camera*, is mailed. As the name suggests, the book is exclusively pictorial—73 large photographs in rotogravure. Unbiased facts regarding all resorts, transportation facilities, and accommodations are given to inquirers. This has resulted in personal correspondence with thousands of people who desire an unprejudiced analysis of various matters in their contemplated pleasure trip.

The results are shown in the increase from an estimated total of 300,000 tourist visitors in 1921 to about 1,500,000 in 1928. Beginning with practically no summer tourist business in 1921, the region attracted over half a million summer visitors in 1928. The winter tourist season, formerly limited to two months, has been lengthened. Hotels were formerly closed in summer. Now most of the leading resort hotels are open the year round.

The activities of San Diego and the All-Year Club, in attracting summer business and at the same time increasing the winter business, in interesting all elements in the communities to increase the funds yearly, in handling the activities on a business basis, in heading up these activities with some of the most prominent executives of the region, and in holding to an advertising policy—adopted at the outset—which had been proved sound by the experience of the majority of successful national advertisers, has resulted in more community advertising by various communities.

During recent years, Los Angeles, through her Chamber of Commerce, has been conducting a national campaign for industrial prospects. This effort is considered an essential aid to the regular negotiations with industrial prospects. Between forty and fifty thousand dollars is being expended annually in this way.

Long Beach has expended seventy thousand dollars during the past four years in tapping

(*Continued on second page following*)

Enough sales? Enough profits?

Metropolitan New York will help IF you can distribute

your product there promptly, economically, with satisfactory service.

Because New York is a huge, compact market it presents extra difficulties in moving goods. One difficulty is the immense population and its hurry and rush in congested streets that are flanked by towering offices, mammoth emporiums and enormous apartment houses and filled with automobile traffic. The other difficulty is the expense of floor space which makes the costs of local stock rooms excessive.

But with Bush Distribution Service you can distribute right—

these difficulties vanish. Bush Service has warehouses on tracks and at pierside where cargoes and unbroken car-lot shipments come direct. Bush Service has lofts for manufacturing with power, light and labor at advantageous rates. Bush Service has space for warehousing—you pay for what you actually use. And above and beyond all this, Bush Service has delivery facilities, inventory and stock systems planned and executed by experts.

Write for booklet Distribution Perfected

This Bush booklet will tell you our essential standardized practice and what it has accomplished for many concerns operating in New York City. Ask for a copy on your business letterhead. If you will add a brief outline of your particular problems, we will tell you how we can make specific adaptations of Bush Service for you, for your sales, and for your profits in Metropolitan New York.

BUSH DISTRIBUTION SERVICE

Bush Terminal Company

100 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

Please mention this issue of Harper's

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

What's your baggage worth?

Maybe you have been lucky—so far. But somebody's baggage IS lost or damaged or stolen *every day.* A North America Personal Effects policy gives you broad protection and its cost is trivial. Ask your insurance agent or broker.

North America agents are listed in the Insurance sections of classified telephone directories under "INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA."

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

"The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company"

Founded 1792

Or mail this coupon—

Insurance Company of North America
1600 Arch Street
Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. H-4

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

wants information on Personal Effects Insurance

Advertising on the Pacific Coast

(Continued from second preceding page)

Canada, the Middle West, Arizona, and the Los Angeles market itself.

Smaller communities in Southern California like Santa Barbara, Santa Ana, Riverside, Ocean Park, San Bernardino, Pasadena, Alhambra, Hollywood, and others, not to omit special appropriations by counties, spend an annual total of more than $50,000 in what are termed regional campaigns in Southern California, for the most part designed to feature their attractions after people arrive on the Pacific Coast.

The All-Year Club of Southern California, located in Los Angeles, operates for Southern California and has Southern California interests constantly in mind. However, the organization speaks of all of California to the visitor when he comes and urges him to see all of it, north and south. Other points of interest to visitors, such as Yosemite National Park, are conducting similar campaigns.

The San Diego-California Club has expended during the past five years about $500,000 with three objectives: tourists, residents, and industry. Each of these objectives has been handled by a separate agency. A large percentage of the budget is expended for national magazine advertising and for the development of industrial and port activities.

During the past five years the All-Year Club has expended nearly two million dollars in its campaigns. The two organizations, then, have expended two and one-half million dollars to draw patronage to Southern California. If we add what has been expended in various ways to attract the attention of visitors after they have reached the Pacific Coast, the total sum would undoubtedly run to more than three million dollars during the past five years.

Detailed figures are available on actual increases brought about by this consistent advertising policy. The railroads have kept track of westward train movements. The Automobile Club of Southern California has an interesting set of records. Hotel facts are available in many instances.

Changing conditions make it necessary to adopt new community advertising methods. Unquestionably the signing of the Boulder Dam bill will center the attention of industry on the southern end of California because Los Angeles, San Diego, and all Southern California, including Arizona, will benefit materially from having a reserve water supply, as well as great potential electrical power.

Community advertising will continue to play an important part in the development of Southern California because the people there are awake to possibilities and to opportunities and are not afraid to carry on each year with an increasing advertising budget. Their experience has given them added confidence and renewed inspiration.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

Experts Who Invest for Laymen

By PAUL TOMLINSON

"THE investment trust, properly organized and prudently managed, can render a service to the investing public that can be rendered by no other type of organization." This is a strong statement, but it was made by a man who has had many years' experience in selling and managing investments and, expressing as it does his honest and mature opinion, it is worthy of careful consideration. This article will outline briefly what investment trusts are and treat in a general way of their operation; and it will attempt to do these things in a manner which will permit readers to form an opinion of their own concerning the desirability of this rapidly developing form of investment.

INVESTMENT trusts were known in the British Isles as long ago as the middle of the last century. In the United States their origin and growth, for all practical purposes, have come about in the last ten years. Broadly speaking they are of two kinds: (*a*) the discretionary type where a change in the investments held takes place from time to time through substitutions, and (*b*) the non-discretionary type where no substitutions may be made in the securities selected.

SUPPOSE that you and ninety-nine other people put up $5,000 each, invested the half million dollars thus raised in fifty different securities, and each of you received a certificate stating that you own a one per cent interest in the total fund. You would own stock in an investment trust. If it was agreed that no changes could ever be made in the fifty different securities purchased your trust would be of the non-discretionary type. If, on the other hand, you and your ninety-nine partners agreed that a committee of your members should have the power at any time to sell whatever securities they desired and buy others in their place, this would make the undertaking a so-called management trust of the discretionary type. Of course there are variations from these two main types, but fundamentally they are all of this one sort or the other.

IN the investment trust of the non-discretionary type it is essential, obviously, that the original selection of securities be sound if the trust is to

prosper. Management, equally obviously, is the important factor in the success of the discretionary type of investment trust, and the managers must be honest, capable, and fully conversant with security values and economic conditions and laws. Management trusts—where the managers may change investments at their discretion—are the more popular type, for conditions are constantly changing and most people believe that it is wise to be in a position to take advantage of these changes.

THE underlying and fundamental principle of all investment trusts is, of course, distribution of risk or, to put it another way, diversification. In the example cited above it would scarcely be practicable for a man to invest $5,000 in fifty different securities; the amount invested in each would be too small, and the work of looking after fifty different investments of $100 each would be out of proportion to the benefits obtained. By participating in this particular investment trust, however, he acquires an interest in fifty different securities and benefits from this wide diversification while having only one investment to look after. Has any more practical form of affording the investor a safe channel for profitable investment ever been devised? It is credibly stated that well over a billion dollars have been put into investment trusts in this country during the past few years. Buying by investment trusts has been given credit, furthermore, for much of the strength shown by the stock markets in the past two or three years.

ANY individual can make arrangements with a banker to look after his investments for him. If a large number of individuals make such an arrangement with any given banker, however, said banker (as the lawyers express it) would presently be swamped with such a mass of detail that he could scarcely do justice to the task he has accepted. Because of this fact many investment banking houses have proposed to their clients the formation of an investment trust, the management to be in the hands of the banking house and the ownership in the hands of their clients, this ownership being evidenced by bonds, shares of preferred or common stock, certificates of beneficial interest, or whatever is designated by the terms of the trust. The banking house then has one big fund to look after and manage instead of scores or hundreds of small ones, its work is simplified, and the service it can render is greatly improved.

SUPPOSE an investment trust is being formed with a capital of $10,000,000, divided into 100,000 shares of stock having $100 par value. This stock is offered to the public and the money received from the sale is invested in various securities, bonds, and stocks. Each purchaser receives a certificate of stock showing that he owns a specified number of shares in the Blank Investment Trust, and the market value of his shares depends upon the market value of the bonds and stocks purchased by the managers of the trust, and held by them for his and the other shareholders' benefit. If he owns a hundred shares his interest in these securities is in the proportion of one hundred to one hundred thousand. In other words, he owns a one one-thousandth interest in these bonds and stocks, and as they pay dividends or interest into the fund's treasury he has a proportionate claim upon this income.

WHEN a man buys shares in an investment trust he is not putting his money into anything productive. The trust does not produce anything; it merely offers the investor an opportunity

NEW ENGLAND'S LARGEST TRUST COMPANY

BOSTON TO LAWRENCE — THE ANTELOPE — 26 MILES IN 26 MINUTES

THE FIRST "MILE A MINUTE" FLIER

CHARLES MINOT *of the Boston & Maine Railroad — alert to make his line stand among the first in the country — built, in 1845, a locomotive called the 'Antelope' — declared it should run a mile a minute — or go back to the shop.*

¶"Can you put me into Lawrence in twenty-six minutes, Pemberton?" "Yes, Mr. Minot," answered his engineer . . . "Good! I'll ride with you."

¶The 'Antelope' gathered headway over a cleared track . . . . annihilating space at a rate before unheard of . . . Just as the 'Antelope' roared into Lawrence, Minot's timepiece marked the twenty-sixth minute!

¶Today crack B & M trains fly through five states — over 4049 miles of modern trackage. With such enterprises foremost in the development of New England transportation, the OLD COLONY TRUST COMPANY has been long identified . . . As New England's largest Trust Company, we are well equipped to offer our services for the needs of healthier commerce.

★ OLD COLONY ★

TRUST COMPANY

17 COURT STREET BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS

© 1929

to share in an undertaking organized for the purpose of safe, profitable, and well diversified investment of funds. It is to be presumed that the money he and his associates put up is to be invested by experts, men who know a great deal more about the business of investing than he does; in other words, he buys an investment selected by men who are familiar with this intricate and technical business, whose business it becomes to see to it that his money is invested to the best possible advantage. This is a real opportunity for the layman who is unfitted by training and experience to invest his own funds to advantage. Of course the managers of an investment trust are entitled to some compensation for their services, and there are bound to be certain expenses in connection with the operation of the enterprise; a small fee is customarily charged, in one case one-eighth of one per cent every three months of the asset value of the securities held. This is a pretty small fee to pay for expert supervision and advice, and is more than counterbalanced by the results.

HERE are some of the things that the managers of a well-organized investment trust will do. Parenthetically, of course, it is assumed in the first place that the personnel of the management is capable; if they are not, the purchaser of investment trust shares is running a big risk, for he is entirely in their hands. But he will satisfy himself on this point before he goes in.

FIRST of all, the managers of an investment trust will work out a sound investment plan and decide whether they will buy bonds or stocks, or both, and in what proportion—and they will have good reasons for every investment

MEMBERS:
New York, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, and Hartford Stock Exchanges
Chicago Board of Trade
New York Cotton Exchange

OFFICES:
Boston
New York
Chicago
Springfield
Worcester
Providence
Portland, Me.
Concord, N.H.
Albany
Syracuse
Philadelphia
New Haven
Hartford
Milwaukee
Minneapolis
St. Paul
Duluth
Detroit
Cleveland
Houghton
Grand Rapids

Increasing Safety of Modern Airplanes

An Important Factor in the Development of Aviation

IMPROVED design of modern airplane construction; the development of safety devices; adequate landing fields and beacons; activities of the Department of Commerce in the rigid examination of pilots, airplane equipment inspections and weather report services—these are only a few of the painstaking precautions that have contributed to the growth of aviation.

The field of aviation insurance has progressed with this increased safety of licensed flying. AERO UNDERWRITERS CORPORATION owns and controls successful aviation insurance companies, insuring only licensed pilots and equipment, and serving the leaders in American air transportation.

The Company's capital stock is recommended for investment.

Paine, Webber & Co

Founded 1880

BOSTON 82 Devonshire Street | NEW YORK 25 Broad Street | CHICAGO 209 So. La Salle Street

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The New York Trust Company

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits $35,000,000

INSURANCE TRUST

CORPORATE TRUST

PERSONAL TRUST

---

100 BROADWAY

40TH STREET AND MADISON AVENUE

57TH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE

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A story of a $1,000 bond

CUSTOMERS of this company received a total unexpected profit of $2,521,507.50 during 1928. This was because 59 bond issues originated by S. W. STRAUS & CO. were called, in whole or in part, at a premium. These called bonds represented $76,507,500. On an average, these bonds had been outstanding less than six years. The premiums represented from $20 to $75 additional on every $1,000 bond.

Take, for example, the experience of a typical investor in one of these issues.

On the date of issue, he purchased a $1,000 bond of the $10,000,000 first mortgage bond issue on the Graybar Building, New York, and long term leasehold estate. Its coupon rate was 6.25%.

When the bonds of this issue had run three years they were called at a premium of 4%—giving this investor a profit of $40.

In the three years he had held the bonds, he had received $62.50 yearly in interest—a total of $187.50. Adding to this the premium paid when the bond was called, this investor's $1,000 earned him $227.50—or at the rate of 7.48% a year.

If you, likewise, are seriously interested in high grade bond offerings, send for our current investment offerings. In addition to Straus real estate first mortgage bonds yielding from 5.75 to 6.25%, they include a highly diversified list of municipal, public utility, railroad and foreign bonds yielding from 4.10 to 7.35% at present market prices.

In writing, ask for

BOOKLET D-1009

S. W. STRAUS & CO.

Investment Bonds Incorporated

STRAUS BUILDING, 565 Fifth Avenue at 46th St., New York

STRAUS BUILDING, Michigan Ave. at Jackson Blvd., Chicago

STRAUS BUILDING, 79 Post Street - San Francisco

ESTABLISHED IN 1882

they make. Second, they will be in touch constantly with every investment, be familiar with changing conditions, and be prepared to swap one investment for another whenever in their opinion conditions demand such action. They will not speculate, but will buy only investments which their investigations tell them have real value; in some cases this may mean future value, securities which in their opinion will show larger earnings in years to come regardless of their earnings and income return at the time of purchase. This, of course, means that they are familiar with the financial structure and the management of the corporations whose securities they purchase, and that they adjudge both to warrant their confidence. They will keep in close touch with conditions in these individual enterprises as well as with economic conditions generally. And obviously they will see to it that their investments are properly diversified, scattered enough for safety but not so widely that the task of watching them becomes too great.

HOW many laymen are there who could do all these things for themselves, even if they had the time? Figure it out from the layman's point of view. He has money to invest, and he wants it invested safely, profitably, and in something that has a ready market. He may decide for himself what securities fulfil these requirements, and he may hit it right. Or he may not. The investment trust offers him an opportunity to enjoy the services of trained experts, men who will take his investment problems out of his hands and solve them confidently and profitably to his financial benefit. If he owns 20 shares of some oil stock and the business seems to be having a hard time of it, he is probably in a quandary as to whether he ought to sell and take his loss or hold on

Custody of Securities in New York

MANY corporations and individuals have their bonds and stocks in this Company's care, as custodian, always at their disposal by mail or wire instructions.

This availability in the financial center means a saving of time, trouble, and often money in effecting transactions.

We collect income for the owner; we watch for and endeavor to advise promptly regarding developments affecting the securities, such as conversion privileges, rights, redemption calls, etc., and render other services.

The deposit of securities in New York by non-residents does not subject such securities to any New York tax.

The three buildings comprising our Main Office, occupying a block frontage on Broadway.

This Company affords the complete and varied facilities of a banking and trust institution of international scope. A booklet describing all our services will be sent to executives on request.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

140 Broadway

LONDON PARIS BRUSSELS LIVERPOOL HAVRE ANTWERP

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in hopes that all will soon be well again. If the investment trust in which he owns a share held some of this stock the chances are that the managers knew that there was trouble ahead long before he suspected it, and got out and into something else without sustaining any loss. Managers of an investment trust will know better than any layman where there are opportunities for profit; he must rely largely upon tips, while they act from knowledge. Stocks in good investment trusts are readily marketable: some of them are listed on the exchanges, there is an active "over the counter" market for others, and some can be turned in and redeemed from the managers at any time. And it is fairly obvious that men who are financially capable can, through careful selection and turnover of investments, show a larger return on invested capital than a layman who knows little or nothing about such things.

SOME people are not quite sure how the value of shares in an investment trust is determined. A simple example may be helpful in explaining this point. Suppose an investment trust has 100 shares of stock outstanding and owns ten different securities having a market value of $12,000. Divide this $12,000 by 100 and you will find that each share has a value of $120. Suppose there is a bad break in security prices and tomorrow the market value of these ten different securities totals only $10,000; the shares will then be worth $100 apiece. If next year things are better and these ten investments have a total market value of $15,000 the shares in the investment trust will be worth $150. As the market value of the securities held by an investment trust fluctuates from day to day, so does the value of the shares of the investment trust itself, and the managers at any given time can tell exactly

Associated System

Founded in 1852

13% Annual Growth

The Associated System had a 138% increase in kilowatt hour sales of electricity from 1921 to 1928, an average annual gain of 13%.

The New Business Department of the Associated System is actively developing the marked opportunity for increased uses of electricity and gas as shown by 333% greater sales of appliances in 1928 than in 1927.

Above Average Growth Possibilities

The high purchasing power is indicated by an annual value of basic products (Government Reports), 2½ times greater in the counties served by the Associated System than the county average for the United States. Savings Deposits in these states are 30% higher.

Associated Gas and Electric Company

Incorporated in 1906

Write for our 16-page booklet "H" on the Class A Stock

61 Broadway **New York**

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No. 4 of a series of Advertisements of American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated

More than Spain...

SPAIN, realm of romance and enchantment, is rapidly growing in industrial and commercial importance.

But last year the electrical properties of American Water Works and Electric Company, in a territory of twenty-two thousand square miles, delivered more electricity to homes and industries than was used in all the wide kingdom of Spain.

The growing use of electric light and power by progressive American homes and industries is one source of the strength of the securities of the American Water Works and Electric Company and those of its subsidiaries.

An Industry That Never Shuts Down

AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED
50 Broad Street, New York

[Information about this Company, or any of its subsidiaries, will be furnished on request. Write for Booklet K5]

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LIKE superpower in the electric industry, the economical distribution of gas from central manufacturing plants through long distance transmission lines to neighboring cities is being accomplished by the more aggressive companies.

Operating subsidiaries of Midland Utilities Company—an investment holding company of national reputation—are pioneering this activity, just as their associated companies pioneered electric interconnection.

Subsidiaries of the Midland Company operate a gas transmission line extending across seven Indiana counties. It connects East Chicago with Kokomo, with spur lines to Valparaiso and Michigan City, and to Logansport, Peru, and Wabash. Other lines connect important areas, such as Goshen, Elkhart, and South Bend.

We distribute the securities of Midland Utilities Company, its operating companies, and other outstanding companies in 30 states. Send for our current list of security offerings yielding 6% and more.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY

230 So. La Salle Street, *Chicago*

New York St. Louis Indianapolis Louisville Minneapolis Milwaukee Richmond

what this value is. There is no guesswork about it; there is no question about inventories, accounts receivable, or good will; there is a definite, fixed value always, and one that is easily and quickly determined.

THE investment trust does not create wealth, but it does attract capital which is seeking investment, concentrate it in the control of skilled investment experts, and employ it for the purchase of sound securities which deserve support, which are really contributing to our modern civilization, and which in the great majority of cases reward handsomely those who show confidence in them. In other words, the investment trust, under the management of experts, is investing the layman's money to better purpose than he could himself, and one of the best things about it is that money which might otherwise be dissipated and lost is being used to good advantage not only from the standpoint of the investor, but from that of business and industry as well.

ONE of our prominent periodicals says, "It is probable that never before in history has the stock-buying public been invited to participate in a new development in which it had so little chance of losing and such a good chance of making money as at the offering prices of investment trust securities." This is the second strong statement we have quoted in this article, but it is not unwarranted by investment trust history. Of course it is not wise to buy shares in any old investment trust, any more than it is wise to invest in any old corporation. There can be no question, however, that the investment trust idea is an excellent one and richly deserving of popularity. In what other way can the layman so easily secure the services of experts to do his investing for him?